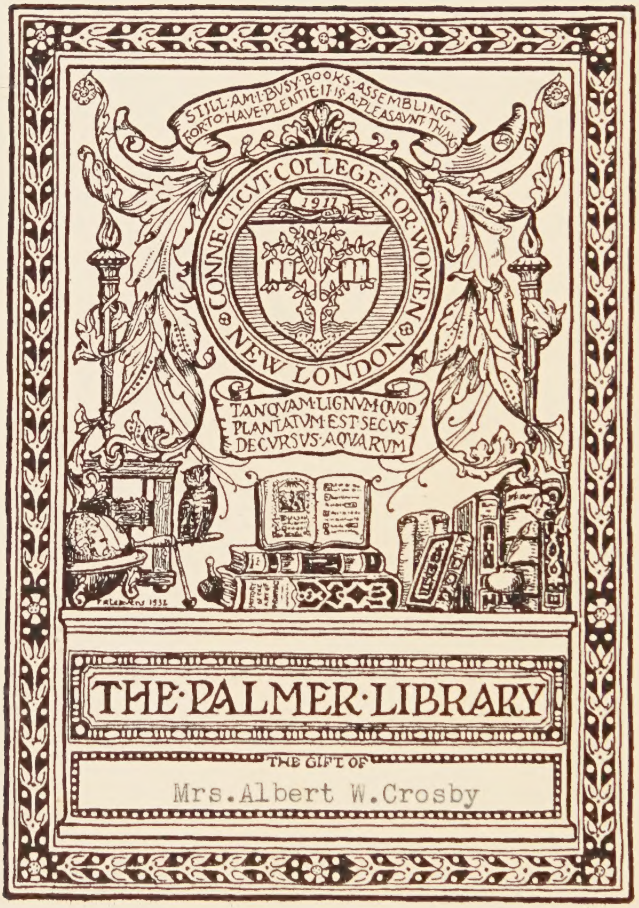
The Memorial Quadrangle

A BOOK ABOUT YALE


STILL AM I BUSY BOOKS ASSEMBLING
FOR TO HAVE PLENTIE IT IS A PLEASAVNT THING
CONNECTICVT COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
1911
NEW LONDON
TANQVAM LIGNVM QVOD
PLANTATVM EST SECVS
DECVRSVS AQVARVM
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The

Memorial Quadrangle

A Book about Yale

Harkness Tower

The Memorial Quadrangle

A Book about Yale

Compiled by Robert Dudley French
of the Class of 1910

Including Biographies
of Forty-three Eminent Yale Men
written by various hands

New Haven: Yale University Press
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The Founding of a College in This Colony

SEE, in each village, treasur'd volumes stand!
And spread pure knowledge through th' enlighten'd land;
Knowledge, the wise Republic's standing force,
Subjecting all things, with resistless course;
That bids the ruler hold a righteous sway,
And bends persuaded freemen to obey.
Frequent, behold the rich Museum yield
The wonders dread of Nature's fruitful field!
See strong invention engines strange devise,
And ope the mysteries of earth, seas, and skies;
Aid curious art to finish works refin'd,
And teach abstrusest science to mankind.

From "Greenfield Hill"
by TIMOTHY DWIGHT, B.A. Yale 1769.

THE FOUNDING OF A COLLEGE IN THIS COLONY

ALONG the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, the sun falls, here and there, upon islands of rusty granite, where the rocky frame that underlies New England, twisting its surface into narrow valleys or tossing it into mountain heights, breaks through the waters in the midst of the sea. In the sunburnt ledges of these islands, one recognizes something more animated than is usually to be found in the dumb kingdom of the minerals. The weather-beaten granite has an individuality which belongs to this corner of the land and marks it as a stone fit for our builders' purposes. Under every sort of weather—and we have them all in Connecticut—it throws back the light in a warm and friendly glow. Its texture is as rough as homespun, its strength as rugged as the pioneer's; yet in the late afternoon, its surface seems to grow softer and more mellow, under the slanting rays of the sun, much as a face that is usually a little stern and rigid may melt into more genial lines under the influence of friendship. The character of New England is stamped upon this stone.

The visitor to Connecticut, however, is as little likely to catch glimpses of the naked granite of our islands as he is to find any reflection, in our modern cities, of the life of puritan New England; for the post road by which he will travel lies far back from the coast, taking its way through towns that have grown farther and farther away from the simplicities of the pioneer. The road is now a hideous thing of concrete and efficiency, which eschews the picturesque windings of a more leisurely age and does not care to acknowledge the mud of its colonial ancestry. Time was, however, when it was little better than an Indian trail, and whoever had business that carried him from one settlement to another found his journey a bitter trial for horse and man. If he were a layman, and not too much in awe of the Third Commandment, he might find easement for his soul in cursing his horse and the misbegotten knave who laid the uneven corduroys. But how if he were a clergyman, traveling, shall we say, toward a meeting of the trustees of the new Collegiate School at Saybrook? If he blackened his record

with some mild expletive, spoken in the solitary places of the forest with none but his horse to hear him, we may hope that it will not count heavily against his soul in the Great Day, in dread of which he lived. Had it not been for these weary journeyings of his and all his patient nursing of the infant college, we should not now go whirling over this road toward boat races at New London and football games at Cambridge. A long and restful sleep to him, and to his well-deserving nag!

The great road now rolls smoothly over his rough course. The virgin forests through which men had to make their way, in the days when the Collegiate School was young, have vanished utterly; but even along the post road, there is still unkempt country enough, with raw-boned hills and shaggy thickets, to give evidence that this was a region that came but stubbornly under the plow. It has, indeed, been no easy corner of the world to tame and cultivate. The farmers well know that its soil grows rocks and will yield nothing else until this first, stony crop has been harvested and laid up in long windrows and huge heaps. If the earth is not propitious, the heavens are little better, for they plague the settler in these parts with bitter alternations of frost and heat, which surprise the most godly into swearing. There is a similar tantalizing alternation between days of sparkling gold and days of chilly drizzle, when the whole world seems suddenly to have turned gray, and the very taste of the air is dispiriting.

The reflective traveler, therefore, will consider with some respect the harvest raised on this not too promising soil. Three hundred years since the white settlers snatched their first, perilous sustenance from these fields and woods; and in that time, under frost and heat, under blue skies and gray, the land has blossomed and prospered. It has yielded good grain for the millstones of Killingworth and Saybrook and Branford; it has given up its wood and stone for buildings of every conceivable sort; it has grown villages and towns and cities; and it has produced men.

Not the least surprising growth that has appeared along this stretch of seacoast is the city of New Haven and what it contains. The little settlement must have looked unpromising enough after its first winter of existence. It was in 1637 that Theophilus Eaton, acting as scout for John

Inglewood Court

Davenport, explored the harbor at the mouth of the Quinnipiac and raised a few shacks on the mud flats along the river bank; but when Davenport himself arrived in the following March, to consolidate his new empire, there were discouraging tales to meet his pioneer's enthusiasm. Winters in this new haven were severe and treacherous, he learned,—as all the sons of Yale have learned, to their sorrow, in their turn. Bleak fogs and unwholesome drizzles bred agues and set the bones aching and the body shuddering. In the dark forests back from the seacoast, Indians and wild beasts were all too threateningly close.

Still, the harbor was a good one, and the land curved back from it in a broad crescent, rising gently toward two red hills, which stood some three miles inland. There must be rich soil in this broad sweep of plain. Here, if anywhere, New England might be made to blossom and take on the vesture of a promised land. And doubtless, for this especial occasion, the versatile climate of Connecticut produced one of those rare days of gold and blue, which descend sometimes like a spell upon New Haven, enchanting the whole landscape into dancing radiance.

By such arts the excellent Mr. Davenport was bewitched, and this curving strip of land, lying in the arm of the red hills, was the place he selected for his settlement in the new world. Come out of a land of dissensions verging on the tumult of civil war, Davenport had dreams of peace and order for this new colony of his. It was to be a unity of Church and State, where sedate and reasonable folk might dwell together, working out their common future, and regulating their lives by the discipline of a common religion. His hopes communicated themselves to his fellow settlers. They cleared their lands and built their houses with a zeal that was driven forward by a conviction of the almost holy purpose of their new venture and of the overwhelming importance of their little community. The larger world lay well beyond the wall of forests and of ocean, and their secluded commonwealth was sufficient to call out the highest service of their hearts and bodies. Some say they looked for the Second Coming to take place here, in this New Jerusalem they had built in the wilderness.

Among the dreams that John Davenport had brought with him out of England—especially out of Coventry, where he had been a pupil

at the free school, or out of Oxford, where he took his degree—was the dream of a community that gave all its sons the benefits of learning; and quite early in the history of the new colony, he took pains to provide school and schoolmaster for the young. On the central square of the settlement, probably just northeast of the present site of the United Church, Dominie Cheever opened his schoolhouse in 1644; and New Haven began to grope its way, under the impulse of frequent birchings, toward a position as a place of learning. It was no very liberal curriculum which Cheever's school provided, but it was stern and thoroughgoing and laid steady foundations for a higher educational venture.

But the higher venture was not yet to come; not in Davenport's time, at any rate, though he certainly had dreamed of something for his new commonwealth more ambitious than a village school. His new home of the Truth must be prepared to go at least as far along the road of learning as Boston; and at Boston, even before he had set out for Connecticut, he had found them inspecting a tract of land across the Charles, with an eye toward the establishment of a college. Nay, before his days in New Haven had drawn to their close, Boston's college had become a fact, and still New Haven lagged in the rear; somewhat short, in this respect, at least, of its founder's dreams. It was not till John Davenport had lain some forty-six years in his grave that his dream came true.

It were hardly to our purpose to recount here the chaffering and quarreling that preceded the establishment of a college in New Haven. There is nothing so thoroughly dead, thank God, as a forgotten quarrel, and our story shall not trouble the dry bones of this particular squabble. We shall not recall the names of the misguided men who thought they saw reason for planting the college elsewhere. More profitable to leave them in the oblivion to which this blunder of theirs consigned them, and to turn our attention with gratitude toward the men who established the Collegiate School in Connecticut and who, by generosity of purse or of effort, kept it alive and finally established it in New Haven.

It was in Samuel Russell's parsonage at Branford, probably in October, 1701, that a number of clergymen from the sparse settlements of Connecticut met and made a gift of books "for the founding of a College in this Colony." The project of a Connecticut college, which had

languished as the ghost of a dream since John Davenport had left New Haven in 1668, had recently been galvanized into new life through the energy of this group of clergymen. Their leader, it would appear, was the minister of the church at New Haven, young James Pierpont, who had married Davenport's granddaughter and had inherited the books which the founder of New Haven had collected for a possible college library. There must have been earlier meetings of this group for the discussion of the project, but the gift of books at Branford, whether it was made in kind or merely by promise, was their first deliberate act toward the realization of their ideal. It has been sufficient, at any rate, to give Branford its place of honor in the annals of Yale, as the birthplace of the college.

The old town, whose name has been given to the central court of the Memorial Quadrangle, was then a rambling little settlement, stretching up from the Point to the open space which is now the village green. The parsonage of Samuel Russell—a large stoop-shouldered house, with a long back roof—stood south of the present burying ground. Its windows looked out over the green, which seems, at that period, to have been left much as Nature made it,—a bit of untamed antiquity, wearing the huge bowlders that the Ice Age left there as mementos of a very ancient tussle between New England and the glaciers. The wooden church (we should say "Meetinghouse," I suppose) stood as the outpost of civilization upon this open tract, and another institution of puritan culture gave its name to "Whipping-post Hill," which sloped away from the green.

And so, with the Church and the Law standing by, the infant Yale was born into stormy New England. Puritanism of a very starchy sort was midwife to this new birth, and the infant was looked to as heir to the stiffest traditions of puritan orthodoxy. Harvard College, which was now approaching adolescence, was manifestly becoming obstreperous and heterodox, to the great distress of Cotton Mather and others among her graduates. It was agreed that this youngster should be carefully guarded against all that, and there was hope that he might yet grow up into a stout champion of the Truth against these Harvard infidels.

In the meantime, he must be clothed and fed and housed. The prob-

lem of physical sustenance was baffling enough, but where the college should have its habitation was the most immediate question. In fulfilment of John Davenport's prophetic visions, it should, of course, have been placed at once under the nursery of New Haven. At this point, however, I hear the bones of the old quarrel rattling, and since I have promised to keep that skeleton in its closet, I can only say that there were certain obstacles in the path and certain compromises that had to be made. It was not yet possible to place the college in New Haven, though James Pierpont and many others were earnest enough to have it there.

The question of a site was finally settled by the choice of a rector. The man selected was Abraham Pierson, minister of the church at Killingworth. This first president of Yale was a Connecticut man by birth and inclination. His father had been minister at Branford and an early missionary among the Indians, whose savage breasts he fondly imagined might be softened by Calvinism. Young Abraham learned the rudiments of Latin from his father, and then, if legend speaks truly, was prepared for college in New Haven, under the eye of John Davenport himself. He was one of five youths graduated at Harvard in 1668. Thereupon, he returned to Connecticut, where he studied theology under the Reverend Roger Newton at Milford. This was in the days following the restoration of the Stuarts, and two miserable fugitives, the regicides Goffe and Whalley, were also resident at Milford—lying in hiding in the cellar of the Treat homestead. Their weary hours were sometimes lightened by the singing of young girls, busy at the spinning wheel in a room above them; and they soon learned to distinguish the voices of two vivacious ladies, the daughters of George Clark, an original settler of Milford. Young Abraham Pierson, too, knew these two voices, and one of them pleased him more than well: when he left Connecticut, in 1673, to become his father's assistant in erecting a new theocracy in Newark, New Jersey, he took Abigail Clark with him as his bride.

For twenty-two years, Pierson labored to establish the Newark commonwealth on the plan which Davenport had tried to put into operation in New Haven. When his father died, he was made minister of the

church, with prospects of a settled and fortunate career ahead of him. He had the affection and confidence of all his father's flock. One of them describes their minister as "a young Timothy—a man after God's own heart, well rooted and grounded in the faith." But in the course of twenty-two years, some friction may develop, even among the best of friends. Pierson had leanings toward Presbyterianism, which did not altogether please the rigid Congregationalists who sat under him, and the unanimous support which he had known at first began to crumble. His salary—it was only £80—remained unpaid for two years, and other affairs of the church sometimes went neglected. In 1692, he was dismissed.

Coming back to Connecticut, he was called to fill the vacant pulpit at Killingworth, and there he was established, on his two hundred acres of farm land, when James Pierpont hit upon him as the proper man to head the new Collegiate School. It had been supposed that he would come to assume his duties wherever the trustees of the college might call him, and Saybrook was selected, as a compromise between two other locations which jealousy made impossible. But when Pierson's congregation at Killingworth were consulted, it was found that they would not let him go. Once more a compromise was necessary, and Pierson found himself obliged to carry on his new duties in addition to his old. In March, 1702, he received his first pupil at the parsonage in Killingworth, and the work of the Collegiate School began.

The town of Killingworth was settled by good Warwickshire folk, who intended that its name should be Kenilworth; but unfortunately, in his dealings with the consonant *g*, the native New Englander has left undone those things which he ought to have done and has done those things which he ought not to have done. By the operation of this law of morphology—and of others that are more recondite—"Kenilworth" became "Killingworth." A more tragic disaster was later to alter the name of part of the village to "Clinton." If you go searching for Killingworth today, you will find it far inland, a sparsely settled region of alluring, twisted roads and incredibly steep hills, remote enough from all the recent development of New England. The part of Killingworth known to the first Yale student remains, under the name of Clinton,

along the New London road. It is a fine old town, with more than one house that remembers the Revolution standing in the main street; but all traces of the parsonage of Rector Pierson have vanished, though a monument, standing on Meetinghouse Hill, indicates its approximate location. The old well from which the earliest Yale students drew their water has recently been uncovered.

Not that they confined their liquor, like Chaucer's Sir Thopas, to "water of the wel." Rector Pierson's farm included a great apple orchard, containing a hundred trees; and cider, supplemented by beer, probably appeared each day at the substantial midday dinner. Accounts of the days of the college at Killingworth are meager enough, and the men who were students there seem very far away and rather unreal, but somehow this apple orchard and the thought of its rich, annual crop of cider bring them nearer to us.

There were very few of them: only thirteen, in all, in the five years at Killingworth. One Jacob Heminway, of East Haven, was the first student. To quote his own words, he "*solus* was all the College the first half-year"; and in those six months, the solitary undergraduate must have had to endure many things at the hands of his instructor, with no other novice to divert attention from his ignorance. But the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges: a descendant of Rector Pierson, entering Yale two centuries and more after the opening of the Collegiate School at Killingworth, found that the instructor in his first class was Professor Hemingway, a descendant of Yale's first freshman.

With the sudden death of Rector Pierson, in March, 1707, the Killingworth days of the school came abruptly to an end. Attempts had been made, from time to time, to transfer the first rector and his school to Saybrook, the spot originally chosen for the new venture; but each time, the congregation at Killingworth had blocked what seemed to them an attempt to steal away their minister. Indeed, they had even grumbled a good deal at his spending what they conceived to be their time in teaching school, and it had looked as if they might cast the college out of their midst, retaining their hold upon its rector. With the death of Abraham Pierson, these difficulties were suddenly resolved, and the trustees were free to move as they saw fit. The senior class was estab-

lished at Milford, at the parsonage of the Reverend Samuel Andrew, Rector *pro tem.*, and the rest of the students, with Tutor Phineas Fiske in charge, were transferred to Saybrook.

Of the three towns whose names are celebrated in the courts of the Memorial Quadrangle, Saybrook is historically the most interesting, both in its own right and in its relation to Yale annals. Before Plymouth was settled, if tradition speaks the truth, the long neck of land, which reaches out into the Sound along the west bank of the mouth of the Connecticut, was known to Dutch sailors, and for some years they had a trading post there for traffic with the Indians. In 1632, or thereabouts, through the interest of Lord Brook and Viscount Say and Seal, an English settlement was established on the spot by John Winthrop, later to become the most distinguished of Connecticut's colonial governors. A fort was erected on the Point and manned with men and guns; and not a moment too soon, either, for the Dutch were convinced of their prior claim to the ground and were ready to dispute the title *vi et armis*. Having repelled their hostile incursion, Winthrop consolidated his position, building a fort along the river front and shutting off his settlement from attack in the rear by raising a stockade across the low strip of land which connected the Point with the mainland.

He then set about preparing the ways of peace, laying out the plans for a future trading center, with high visions of a prosperity which he felt was sure to come. A large market place was set apart in the center of the settlement, as in New Haven, and the rest of the ground was surveyed into lots for burgesses present and to come. The names of the two patentees, Lord Brook and the Viscount Say and Seal, were combined and given to this promising outpost of England's growing commercial empire.

Even so far, the story is romantic enough, with something of the same glamor upon it, had the event been equal, as that which surrounds Virgil's story of the founding of another hopeful city. But more picturesque features might be added, were we permitted (like Virgil) to draw upon our imagination. It is said that this place was prepared as the immortal city of a new republic, whose *patres conscripti* were already chosen and ready to bring their gods out of a fallen kingdom.

Hampden and Pym, Milton and Cromwell, so legend tells us, did actually contemplate such a step. How if their project had actually been carried out and become a part of our history? Might not Saybrook then have become the center of the destinies of our new land? For Oliver Cromwell, however we may regard him, had a way of taking storm and destiny with him when he moved about the surface of the world. Had he sought out these far shores, a fugitive of Fate, the epic of American history must have begun at Saybrook Point,—with arms and the Man! At any rate, Connecticut literature would have been enriched by such a company of immigrants, for *Paradise Lost* might have been written at Saybrook; though it is more likely that it would never have been written at all, since Rector Milton would have had his hands full imposing his utopian schemes of education upon the new Collegiate School.

All these might-have-been's are of little profit, save to amuse an idle fancy. Neither Milton nor Cromwell came to settle Saybrook, after all. Indeed, so few settlers of any sort were attracted to this new-world metropolis that the little town never grew to any importance. Today, the houses of the original settlement have vanished utterly—save only those built by the grave-maker, who knows how to build stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter. Modern Saybrook lies farther inland, along the main road, and the settlement at the Point, where Cromwell should have lived, has dwindled into nothingness, forgotten by the world. Twice Destiny has given it a thoughtful glance, as if she had it in mind to make something of it: once, when the great puritan leaders were considering it as a possible haven of refuge; again, when the young Collegiate School was established there; but each time, her interest has proved but fleeting.

On experience, Saybrook Point turned out to be a poor location for the college. The first treasurer of the school, Nathaniel Lynde, who owned property at the Point, had placed a house at the disposal of his fellow trustees; and a fine house it must have been, with its floors of great oak planks, its oil-paper windows, and its stone fireplaces. Although this house furnished a recitation hall and a domicile for both the tutors, it was certainly not adequate for a dormitory as well. There were

few houses on the Point where students could secure room and board, and many of them had to live in the scattered farmhouses farther inland, with a long, cold walk between their chambers and early morning prayers. Under the blizzards and sleety drizzles of a Connecticut winter, they must have arrived at the college in no very suitable mood either for devotions or study.

On the whole, the days of the college at Saybrook include the darkest in the history of Yale. The difficulties of conducting the school in such a place were only one factor in the problem. Financial depression in the New England colonies most naturally made itself felt in this enterprise, since education is always something of a luxury. Moreover, the teaching was not always of the best, and toward the end of the Saybrook days, there were actually some bumptious undergraduates—the future President of King's College (Columbia) among them—who felt that they knew nearly as much as their instructors. The number of students approached the vanishing point. In 1712 there were but two seniors and three juniors.

Nevertheless, during the ten years at Saybrook, the college did contrive, after some fashion, to educate forty-two Bachelors of Arts. Not many of these young men, I imagine, realized the difficulties that were threatening to wrack the meager body of the college apart. On the surface, life went on evenly enough. Commencement was held in September, and school kept throughout the year, with no long vacation, though the seniors finished their studies in mid-July. Month after month, the students assembled in the dawn of every day—and even before the dawn in winter—for early devotions. Thereafter, there were classes and study through a long morning, with breakfast coming after some hours of work, and only as an afterthought, a concession to human frailty. Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were the food these young men were supposed to crave, and such pabulum was supplied unstintingly. For the upperclassmen, there were also metaphysical studies and the rudiments of mathematics, with something that called itself "Physicks" as *hors d'œuvre* to the feast.

It seems probable that this branch of learning was not yet thoroughly understood among us, if we may judge from some remarks "Concern-

ing Lightning and Thunder" by Noadiah Russell, one of the trustees of the school. "Lightning," says this learned gentleman, "is an exhalation hot and dry, as also hot and moist; which being elevated by the sun to the middle region of the air, is there included or shut up within a cloud and cannot ascend; but by an antiperistasis grows hotter and is enkindled, attenuated, and so seeks for more room, which it not finding in the cloud, violently rends the same, breaks out of it and continues burning so long that it comes to the very ground. By its rending the cloud there is caused a most dreadful noise or rumbling, and this we call thunder." But if our young men did not see quite to the bottom of natural phenomena (as we fondly imagine that we do), it is comforting to reflect that not one of them would have stood aghast and helpless before such a word as "antiperistasis." Long hours over the lexicon, in Nathaniel Lynde's great house, must have given them power over any sesquipedalian monster in the so-called English language.

After long morning labors and the heavy midday meal that followed, there was a short intermission for recreation. Then we were at it again, with more hours over the lexicon, until evening prayers at early candlelight. Perhaps some midnight oil was burned here and there in Saybrook, either by earnest students, or by the harassed teachers, frantically endeavoring to keep ahead of classes that contained a few arrogant minds not easily convinced that a man had a superior intellect simply because he was called "tutor" and wore the title "Sir" as prefix to his name. Save for a few windows that burned bright, the lights were out at the Point, and in the scattered farmhouses farther inland, by nine o'clock.

So life ran placidly—upon the surface, at least—during the better part of ten years. But if the students at Saybrook had no more pressing difficulties to encounter than the daily tussle with the Greek aorist, not so the trustees. This business of starting a university was not so simple a matter as the Greek aorist. The problem of funds, which is still a long way from a final solution at Yale, raised the first of its Hydra heads at this period in our history. The Connecticut Assembly, almost from the first, had granted the school some financial aid, which had come close to meeting the rector's salary. Tuition from the students was of some

assistance; but as this was paid more often in firewood, live stock, and farm produce than in pounds sterling, it must have been a knotty problem to arrange a budget. It was not long before the trustees discovered that private donations were their only hope, and the more energetic among them set about to secure this kind of assistance.

The first private gift to the Collegiate School had been made on the very day that the charter was granted by the Connecticut Assembly. Major James Fitch of Plainfield, on October 16, 1701, gave to the board of trustees, created by act of the Assembly that day, 637 acres of land in the town of Killingly, and a promise to supply glass and nails for the first building the college should erect. This prompt offer of assistance must have been vastly encouraging; but during the school's early struggles, its benefits were moral rather than tangible; for there is no record of any income from the lands at Killingly, and as the college was doing no building as yet, the glass and nails were of little service. A plan to solicit donations from prosperous individuals in the colony progressed as far as a petition for permission to conduct such a canvass, presented to the Assembly in the third year of the school's history. The permission was very readily granted; but if the plan went any farther, it certainly yielded no fruit. Connecticut, in the days of the French and Indian wars, was too lean a territory for the success of such an undertaking.

In the midst of these difficulties, James Pierpont determined to seek assistance overseas. Though others might grow discouraged and might come easily to an end of their resources, here was a man whose devotion to the Collegiate School was not of the sort that tires in the first hard lap of the race. It was he who had revived the old project for a Connecticut college. By skilful generalship, he had held a group of men steady to the purpose of making the project a reality, and had seen to it that petty local jealousies did not grow so powerful as to defeat their common hopes. He had conducted the campaign which secured the charter from the Colonial Assembly, without jeopardizing the trustees' control over their own institution. He had chosen the first rector and had been the directing force through the doubtful years of the beginnings at Killingworth. And now, since others seemed unable to find any way out of the doldrums of poverty in which the college

lay becalmed, he took this problem, also, on his shoulders. There was need of money and, most especially, of books. Both these commodities were rare in New England; but in London, prosperous under Queen Anne, there must surely be enough fat bank accounts and enough overstocked libraries to supply an alms for this foundling of the western world. Scanning the horizon for a suitable New Englander in London, Pierpont soon discerned the man for his purposes and put himself at once in touch with him.

This man was Jeremiah Dummer, agent in London for Her Majesty's colony of Massachusetts Bay. The trustees of the Connecticut school had heretofore been a bit wary of Massachusetts men, particularly if they had the Harvard taint upon them; and Dummer had been born in Boston and was graduated at Cambridge two years before Yale was founded. But this was no time to stand upon dignity, and Dummer was known to be a capable fellow, who had contrived to make himself popular at many coffeehouses and in many prosperous homes. A friend of the great Bolingbroke, he must certainly have connections that might be made useful to the interests of the starving young college.

Dummer was naturally an active man, with a genuine liking for the difficult business of interesting eminent men in remote projects. Pierpont's letter brought a speedy reply, in which Dummer assured the puritan minister that his name had been mentioned in London as "the head of a college," and gave assurance that the rich and great should not have an opportunity to forget this young stranger begging at their gates. More substantial evidence of his cheerful and effective assistance was shortly to appear upon the shores of Saybrook Point. In the course of the summer of 1714, nine boxes of books were unloaded at the wharves along the mouth of the Connecticut, to be followed presently by more, until the fruit of this windfall could be reckoned at seven hundred volumes in all,—as large a single collection of books as one would have been likely to find anywhere in New England.

The enterprising Jeremiah had gathered this donation book by book, purchasing not a few of them at his own cost and receiving many volumes from the very shelves of the authors. Dick Steele sent all his *Tatlers* and *Spectators,* neatly bound in eleven volumes. Sir Isaac New-

ton had taken down a second edition of his *Principia* from his shelves and handed it to Dummer—as if he were aware of a sore need, in darkest Connecticut, of more certain instruction in "Physicks." That writer of stupendous epics, Richard Blackmore, had come to Dummer's lodgings in his chariot, bringing four volumes of his own works—and it is a safe guess that the horses found them not so grievous a burden as many of the poet's readers.

One likes to imagine the effect of these books upon the minds of the earnest young students at the Saybrook college—strong, rugged minds, for the most part, as ready for tough labor as the pioneer bodies that harbored them, but little enough acquainted with the realms of gold. And here were the works of high-hearted poets spread out before them —Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, Ben Jonson! Who was the first Yale student, I wonder, to taste the wicked delight of a furtive reading of the Miller's Tale? Among these farmers' sons, was there any young dreamer, who lost himself in the enchanted country of the *Faerie Queene?* And for what colonial Lavengro did Sir Edmund Andros provide his curiously assorted gift, which included the works of Josephus, Browne's *Vulgar Errors,* and an Armenian dictionary?

These are idle speculations. It is quite possible that the poets lay undisturbed upon the shelves, where other generations of Yale students have been known to leave them, and that the only books in the Dummer library which attracted these young men were the very ones that would seem least likely to enlarge their minds: volumes of stale sermons and heavy, theological tracts. That these latter works did find their way into the students' hands we have abundant evidence. While the rigid-minded tutors went on expounding the narrow theology in which they had been reared, a few of the rebellious young minds under them were conducting investigations of their own among the Dummer books. They found a different sort of theology there, and a conception of a church that was quite unlike anything they had been taught to revere. The time was to come when one of these Saybrook undergraduates—by this time a tutor at the college—was to stand up before the assembled trustees and declare for the frightful heresy of Episcopacy. Such dangerous explosives the trustees had all unwittingly accepted, at the generous and heedless hands of Jeremy Dummer.

The books themselves were to have one more journey before they found a permanent abode. When the college at Saybrook broke up—as it was shortly to do—the books were left in the hands of Daniel Buckingham, the son of the village minister, until the question of a permanent site should be settled. Not altogether pleased with the decision that was made, in this matter of the site of the college, Buckingham stubbornly kept his hands upon the books, resting his case, apparently, upon the assertion that they had been given to the "Collegiate School at Saybrook." Requests from the Rector of the college, authorization from Jeremiah Dummer, and even orders from the Governor of the colony had no effect upon him. He steadily refused to part with the books.

Finally, under authority from the Governor, the Sheriff and his constables visited Saybrook and seized the disputed property by force. It seems to have been no very easy job, with half the village participating in obstructive tactics; and the early December dusk had fallen upon them before the last of the books was loaded in the oxcarts that had been impressed for this service. In the course of the night, a surprise attack routed the forces of the invader. The oxen were turned loose, the carts were overturned, and bridges were torn down to the westward toward Killingworth. One quarter of the Dummer library vanished mysteriously into the night, never to be found again. The rest of the books, in a slightly damaged condition, the Sheriff contrived to rescue, and the next day saw them safe in Guilford. Oxcarts from New Haven later carried them on into their final home. The curious may still see some of them, if he wishes, at the University Library.

We are come, now, it will be seen, to the accomplishment of John Davenport's dream and the establishment of the college in his city of New Haven. Obstacles not a few were placed in the way, as the project neared fulfilment, and for a season there was defection among the students themselves, with a rival establishment in full blast at Wethersfield. But forceful hands were shaping the destinies of the college, and a strong personality was at work to compose all differences and to establish a reunited school in the spot that should always have been its home.

This new force was Gurdon Saltonstall, for seventeen years governor of the colony. His eminence in the affairs of Connecticut seems to have

been well deserved, for he had rare personal charm, a well-trained mind, and genuine spiritual force. As a preacher, his eloquence went so far beyond the ordinary that he might preach for hours and still leave his congregation thirsting for more and complaining "that he Left off, & Robb'd them of their Happiness too soon." As a scholar, he was especially well grounded in theology, law, and mathematics, and had amused himself with what a Boston paper, writing his obituary, calls the "lighter Studies of Philology, History, Geography, &c." As a man, his charm warmed Cotton Mather to such enthusiasm that he describes him as a "Silver Basket of a comely Body, carrying in it the Golden Apples of a well-furnished and well-disposed Soul. . . . We will not call him a Star," declares Mather, in a final effort to appraise the man at something like his worth, "but even a Constellation of the most fulgid Endowments."

The Governor had his residence in a stately mansion on the shores of the lake that now bears his name, a few miles east of New Haven. The lake, as well as the man, has a place in Yale annals, for it was the scene of many boat races—until the laws of sanitation were discovered and enforced against the possible pollution of one of the sources of the city's drinking water. The elder alumni, at least, still understand the allusion in the old song:

> And if it is a girl, sir,
> I'll dress her up in blue,
> And send her out to Saltonstall
> To coach the freshman crew.

The name of Saltonstall may well be associated with Yale for, of all those whose efforts were given to the establishment of the college in New Haven, he was the man who gave most effective aid. It was he who persistently advocated a grant from the treasury of the colony, for the building of a suitable home for the college and for the famous library that Dummer had procured. Twice the appropriation was denied, but when an unexpected windfall fell into the colony's lap from the favorable settlement of a boundary dispute with Massachusetts, the Assembly was induced to promise £500 for the Collegiate School. This

generous provision would never have been made by so crabbed a stepmother as the colony, but for Saltonstall's persistence.

Again, when the trustees of the school were disputing the site of the proposed new building, for which the funds were now in sight, and two opposing factions were almost at each other's throats, it was Saltonstall who brought quiet among them—if not peace. His influence in the upper house of the Assembly blocked successive efforts to have the school located elsewhere than in New Haven by official act of the colony, and finally proved so great, even in the lower house, that that body voted for the New Haven site by the majority of thirty-six to thirty.

So, by the strength of Gurdon Saltonstall, the old contest was settled and the old dream fulfilled. On October 8, 1717, work on the new home of the Collegiate School was begun in New Haven, across the street from the upper market place. Two hundred years later, to a day, the corner stone of the Memorial Quadrangle was laid.

The new building, if our reports of its dimensions are correct, must have been a rather ungainly structure; for its length, along College Street, was 165 feet, while its depth was but twenty-two. But if a little pinched in its proportions, the new college was commodious, and must have appeared a palace to the tutors and students who had known the cramped quarters and inconvenient domestic arrangements of Saybrook. There were twenty-one suites of rooms for students, a long hall with a large fireplace, for the commons, a library above the hall, and a kitchen in the ell. We know that in the days of President Clap, in the fifth decade of the century, it proved large enough to accommodate more than sixty scholars.

To the graduates of the early eighteenth century, this first building of the college was known as "Mother Yale." The name of Yale was another gift which we owe, in part, to Jeremiah Dummer. When he was looking about in London, under the impulse of James Pierpont's suggestions, for wealthy men who might give assistance to the Collegiate School in its dire need, he had bethought him of Elihu Yale, "formerly Gov. of Fort St. George in the Indies, who has got a prodigious estate." Father Elihu, as Dummer had taken pains to ascertain, was of

New Haven lineage and had been born in the colonies, probably at Boston. Returning to London for his education, he had been a pupil at the Merchant Tailors' School and later studied under Master Dugard in Coleman Street. Like other ambitious young Englishmen of the late seventeenth century, he had sought his fortune in the Orient, going out to Madras as agent for the East India Company. He had, indeed, been governor of Fort St. George and had returned to London, at the end of the century, with much gold sticking to him. The loyal sons of Yale will not question too closely the sources of this nabob's wealth, since a part of it, at any rate, turned eventually to good. If it was not too scrupulously come by, it could be no dirtier than part of the money that founded New College, Oxford, and the College of St. Mary at Winchester.

However Governor Yale may have won his fortune, it seemed likely that he might be induced to spend a part of it for the benefit of the country of his birth. An unsuccessful experiment with a young cousin from North Haven had probably discouraged further attempts at adopting impecunious relatives; and the great man might reasonably be expected to listen with favor to proposals for keeping his name alive in New England through heirs of a spiritual nature. The enterprising Mr. Dummer waited upon the Governor at his house in Great Ormond Street, Queen's Square.

His initial effort appears to have been almost fruitless, although his hopes had been high, since Yale had told him that he intended making a gift to a college at Oxford. "I think," observed the candid Jeremiah, "he should much rather do it to your college, seeing he is a New England and I think Connecticut man." But some thirty or forty books for the library—"very little considering his estate," Dummer had complained—formed all the produce of this first endeavor. But when the new building had been begun, it occurred to the friends of the college at New Haven that with more tangible evidence of the existence of their educational institution, they might hope to stir greater enthusiasm in the breast of Elihu Yale. They wrote him a most appealing letter, describing the brilliant progress of the infant college and left it to him to take the hint.

"The affair of our School," they told him, "hath been in a Condition of Pregnancy: Painfull with a witness have been the Throwes thereof in this General Assembly; But we just now hear, that after the Violent Pangs threatening the Very life of the Babe, Divine Providence as a kind Obstetrix hath mercifully brought the Babe into the World, & behold A Man-child is born, whereat We all Rejoyce."

Perhaps the authors of this remarkable document had some apprehension that it did not represent the ultimate in efficient salesmanship. At any rate, they wrote almost simultaneously to Dummer, urging him to renew his appeals in the same quarter; and with his usual cheerful readiness, he complied with their request, his zeal the greater in this undertaking because he had recently been deprived of his position as agent for Harvard College. His calls in Great Ormond Street were renewed.

In the meantime, another son of Harvard was interesting himself on behalf of the young rival of his Alma Mater. Cotton Mather had long been ill at ease at the spectacle of a Massachusetts drifting toward too liberal a theology. The conservatism which he marked in his Connecticut friends was much more to his liking, and he had some confidence that the college they had founded and were nursing so watchfully would not lend itself, as Harvard too clearly had, to the cause of infidelity. "What shall I do for the welfare of this College at New Haven?" he asks the pages of his diary, and receives at once a reply from that oracle: "I am inclinable to write unto a wealthy East-India merchant at London, who may be disposed on Several Accounts to do for that Society and Colony."

Mather was not the man to hesitate long between decision and action. He wrote, as he had determined, to Elihu Yale, telling him of the great progress religion was making in Connecticut, and especially of the college that was to be a bulwark of the faith. Then, taking an extraordinary liberty—typical, shall we say, of a Harvard man casually settling the vital destinies of Yale—he goes on, "Sir, though you have your felicities in your family, which I pray God continue and multiply, yet certainly, if what is forming at New Haven might wear the name of Yale College, it would be better than a name of sons and daughters.

And your munificence might easily obtain for you such a commemoration and perpetuation of your valuable name, which would indeed be much better than an Egyptian pyramid."

With such bait held out to tempt him, with the trustees' letter before him, telling of the sturdy Man-child thus proposed as the heir to his name, with the persistent Dummer keeping the knocker at Great Ormond Street in a chronic state of agitation, Elihu Yale could hardly refuse the aid thus multifariously solicited. In the spring of 1718, he made Dummer a gift of goods which he himself valued at £800. His estimate proved, in the event, to have erred in favor of his own munificence; but on being turned into hard cash in the Boston market, the three great bales of merchandise did actually bring in the stupendous sum of £562 12*s*. sterling. It was the largest single gift the college had yet received.

So, after many dark days, the Collegiate School had passed at length out of the region of storms, and the June sun smiled upon it. The quarrel over the site was now most happily composed; the need of books had been most satisfactorily supplied; a godfather from overseas had come forward with his gift most opportunely for the christening. Across the street from the market place where John Davenport's first church had stood, the grand new college hall was ready, painted a cerulean blue. In the early summer of 1718, tutors and student body—less than a score, all told—entered into their new home and took upon them collectively the name of Yale, descended upon them from the portly Elihu, Indian merchant and nabob, who now, after all his ventures, lies at rest in Wrexham churchyard, across the seas in Wales.

Town and Gown

WHOSE was the sinewy arm, that flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

From "The Burial of the Champion of his Class at Yale College,"
by NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, B.A. Yale 1827.

TOWN AND GOWN

FOR more than two hundred years, John Davenport's commonwealth of New Haven and the Collegiate School he dreamed of but never saw have been growing up together. They have dwelt sometimes in peace, and sometimes with a little tugging and quarreling, very like good brother and sister among the children of men; but in peace or strife, they have prospered together and grown out of all resemblance to their humble beginnings. The city has spread back across the broad crescent of plain to the very toes of the two red hills that hem it in. It has pushed its way down over the marshes and out toward the harbor, until the spot where Davenport landed lies far inland, under streets and stores, entirely unrecognizable as a water front.

The growth of the college has been no less phenomenal than that of the city. Hemmed in by the town, it has had to struggle for room to grow in, and has thrashed about in its confinement without much discretion; snatching at this or that vacant corner, plunging rashly into new neighborhoods, and stretching out at awkward angles. Expediency and haste, the result of two generations of unexpected growth, have left their monument in many buildings that are ill placed and ill designed; but if the college, like the city, has grown so fast as to become at times a little ungainly, the blame is to be put upon its vigor and its hopes.

To be sure, the troubles of the Collegiate School were not immediately and miraculously ended when it changed its name and moved into its new home. Only the heroines of sentimental novels enjoy that delightful experience. There have been some bickerings in the household, a few domestic crises, an occasional tiff with the state of Connecticut, which has sometimes been too eager to require the dominion of a mother-in-law. On the whole, however, it may be said, with as much accuracy as usually supports the old, romantic phrase, that Yale has lived happily ever after.

The family fortunes, founded by the generosity of Governor Yale, have mounted steadily, though they have never quite kept pace with the family needs. In these days, when a gift that runs into millions is

no longer unique, the early benefactions seem to dwindle into insignificance; but timeliness enhances the value of any gift, and it is not difficult to imagine a time when a few pounds, or a score of books for the library, made the hearts of President and Fellows beat higher. As we pass under the archways of the Memorial Quadrangle, with the glory of this latest gift to the college vivid in our minds, a name carved upon the stones may catch our eye, calling up the memory of help that came when help was sorely needed.

Perhaps the most interesting of these early donations was one that came into the hands of Yale from a distinguished visitor, who had spent some three years in New England, the prisoner of his own hopes. In the vicinity of Newport, down the coast toward the Atlantic, George Berkeley, Dean of Derry and later Bishop of Cloyne, had lived from 1729 till 1731, writing his *Alciphron,* and waiting for the conviction to steal upon him that King George and Robert Walpole were not in earnest about establishing the college in the Bermudas which he had dreamed of.

Berkeley was one of the eighteenth-century idealists who saw the promise of a new world in the western lands. His own famous line,

> Westward the course of empire takes its way,

was but a sober expression of a conviction that lay so close to his heart that he was ready to sacrifice his own brilliant prospects in the Irish church to come out to the islands of the west and found a university, which should start the new empire upon the road of Truth. When this project captured his imagination, he had but recently been elevated to the Deanship of Derry. In the preceding year, Swift's pitiful "Vanessa" had left him part of her fortune, though she had seen him but once (perhaps in a wild effort to avenge her slighted beauty by giving money to the man who held the position that Swift once had coveted). Comfort surrounded him, and bright prospects of elevation smiled ahead of him. Yet for all this, the wish nearest to his heart seems to have been to turn his back on fortune and go out as a pioneer of culture "where the remote Bermudas ride."

> His heart will break [wrote Swift to the Lord Lieutenant], if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your Excellency's disposal. . . . And

therefore, I entreat your Excellency to use such persuasion as will keep one of the first men of this kingdom at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design.

Swift and the Lord Lieutenant were not the only men of power and influence who were enough under Berkeley's spell to be willing to assist him in his "romantic design." His personality had taken the age by storm. At Trinity College, Dublin, a most erratic undergraduate of fifteen, he had attracted attention as "either the greatest genius or the greatest dunce in college." In London, he was a favorite in the circle that included Pope, Gay, Swift, and Bishop Atterbury. "So much understanding," wrote Atterbury, "so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of angels till I saw this gentleman." And Pope, in one sweeping line, granted

To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.

With such power to fascinate men, it is not surprising that Berkeley was able to secure money and other forms of support for his "College of St. Paul's" in the Bermudas. Some ridicule, of course, crossed the path of his project. In the sophisticated circle where he was most at home, "Enthusiasm" was a word dreaded as the plague, and heretofore ridicule had always been the medicine by which the infection had been warded off. At a meeting of the Scriblerus Club, at the house of Lord Bathurst, the members entered into a conspiracy to rally the good Dean about his romantic scheme; but when the great wits had spent all their shafts of ridicule—and where in the annals of the world shall we find a group of men better stocked with that sort of ammunition?—Berkeley asked leave to be heard in his turn. His eloquence and fire left them dumb, and after a pause, they "rose up all together with earnestness exclaiming—'Let us all set out with him immediately.'"

With £5,000 subscribed for the college by private individuals and with a promise of assistance from his majesty's government, Berkeley set sail in September, 1728, at the age of forty-three, to begin this new work among the Indians and missionaries of Bermuda. Landing in Rhode Island, he purchased an estate of ninety-six acres of farm land on what was later called Honeyman's Hill, near Newport, and there

he sat down to wait until the promised governmental aid should materialize.

Alas for the man who relies upon the promises of such statesmen as Bob Walpole! In 1731, at the advice of that Great Man, Berkeley returned disillusioned to England, abandoning his hope of establishing a college in the Bermudas. But he was not prepared utterly to relinquish the dream of encouraging learning in the western world. In the course of his sojourn in New England, he had become fast friends with the Reverend Samuel Johnson of Stratford—the rebellious spirit who, as a student at Saybrook, had known more than his instructors, and, as a tutor at New Haven, had gone boldly over to Episcopacy. By some sort of intellectual legerdemain, Johnson had been able to persuade Berkeley —and himself, too, for all we know to the contrary—that Yale College might one day be a stronghold of the Episcopal Church in New England. As a result of this intercession, the Dean, some years after his departure from this country, deeded over his property in Rhode Island to Yale College and gave his books, to the number of a thousand volumes, to the college library.

The land was leased for 999 years—for the trustees of the college seem to have had less faith in the westward course of empire than their far-seeing benefactor—and the proceeds applied to the establishment of the Berkeley Scholarship, long known about the College Yard as "the Dean's Bounty." A letter from Berkeley, preserved in the University Library, gives evidence that a grateful college kept their good benefactor informed of the intellectual efforts that went forward in the institution he had adopted as foster-brother to the stillborn child of his own hopes.

Although the college library, augmented by the generosity of Dean Berkeley and by the slow accretions of a quarter of a century, had begun to assume impressive proportions, there were at first no funds to supply its constant needs. The first step toward making this deficiency good was taken in 1763, when Jared Eliot, a graduate of the Killingworth days of the Collegiate School and for more than thirty years a trustee of the college, left a bequest of "ten Pounds lawfull Money the Intrest of which Sum shall be applyed to the Use of the Libery in buying of Books from Time to Time." Eliot was a man who held learning a

natural inmate of his home. Tradition has it that at the Collegiate School he was Rector Pierson's favorite pupil. However that may be, when the Rector died, Eliot was called to fill the vacant pulpit at Killingworth. Here he spent his long and studious life, serving his church with such fidelity that for forty years on end he never failed to preach in its pulpit at least once on every Sunday in the year.

But it was scientific study which chiefly allured his mind, and it was for his proficiency in this field that he won the distinction, shared by only four other graduates of Yale, of being elected Fellow of the Royal Society of London. He was, perhaps, the last of the doctor-clergymen of early Connecticut, practicing medicine so skilfully, in connection with his other profession, that he was consulted by patients and practitioners from all over New England. By his medical studies he was led into botany, and thence into the general study of agriculture; and with every new province of science that came within the scope of his experiments, his mind seems to have grown more alert and vigorous. His methods were those of the modern scientist, resting entirely upon experimentation. "Entering on the borders of terra incognita," he says, in one of his scientific writings, "I can advance not one step forward, but as experience, my only pole-star, shall direct."

Perhaps the silkworms that he introduced into Connecticut have left no very numerous progeny behind them; perhaps his experiments in the "Art of Making very good, if not the best Iron, from black Sea-Sand" have turned to no lasting advantage to the industries along New England's seacoast; but the inquisitive spirit of this man—the Father of Medical Practice in Connecticut, the friend of Ben Franklin, the first of Yale's scientists to win distinction at home and abroad—may well be remembered in this place of learning. Throughout his life he was bound by the high law of scholarship which Bishop Berkeley has expressed: "He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as his youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

A third most important donation of the early days of Yale went to the founding of the first professorship. The funds for this purpose were provided, in part, by a gift from Col. Philip Livingston, Second Lord of

Livingston Manor, in New York. He had already made Yale his debtor in the sum of four sturdy young Livingstons, graduated at New Haven between 1731 and 1741; and the gift was made to Yale, to quote the donor's own words, "as a small acknowledgment of the sence I have for the favour and Education my sons have had there." One of these sons has left us his signature upon the Declaration of Independence; another was governor of New Jersey; a third was president of the first Provincial Congress of New York; and the fourth was a most prosperous merchant at New York—"distinguished by his philanthropy, probity, and many other virtues." Our own poet, Joel Barlow, in his *Vision of Columbus,* refers to these four brothers as

The Livingstons, fair Freedom's generous band.

Of the father we have little knowledge, but there is something that one likes very well about his prompt and tangible expression of confidence in the institution that had educated his four boys. His name, too, has a right to a place in our Memorial Quadrangle.

By these and other benefactions, by the proceeds of a lottery held under the auspices of the President and Fellows themselves, by the sale of a state war-frigate and the French prize she had captured,—by such means, Yale came gradually into the possession of funds. It was possible to supplement the original building of 1717, and at last to supplant it, by structures of more substantial fabric. Connecticut Hall, the first of the eight buildings which composed the Old Brick Row, was begun in 1750 and named in honor of the state—though the unfilial stripling later forgot his godfather and for several generations passed among those who knew him best as South Middle. In 1761 foundations were laid, just south of Connecticut Hall, for a new building, which was to supply the need for a larger chapel and library than the old "Mother Yale" of 1717 could offer. The chapel in this new building, with galleries containing no fewer than three rostra—where student orators might deliver themselves of orations, disputes, and colloquies, presumably one at a time—was the assembly hall of the college for some fourscore years, until a new chapel was added to the Old Brick Row. Then the building of 1761 was denuded of its bell and steeple and renamed the Athe-

naeum. Under this new name, its service to the college was continued, though its functions were less dignified and more complex. Remodeled twice or thrice, it was called upon to furnish dormitories, recitation halls, libraries for the debating societies, a room for the "philosophical apparatus" of the Department of Science, and an observatory for the astronomically inclined.

Three other dormitories, of much the same architectural pattern as Connecticut Hall, came one by one to take their places along the Old Brick Row. In 1793 President Stiles laid the corner stone of a new building upon the site of old "Mother Yale," at the Chapel Street end of the Row. In honor of the union of State and Church upon the College Corporation, effected in the preceding year, this dormitory was grandiloquently christened "Union Hall"—a rhetorical flourish which seems to have made little impression on the student body, for on the Campus the name "South College" rapidly supplanted the official title. In the same way, "Berkeley Hall," erected in 1803, was usually known as "North Middle." Discouraged by the failure of previous attempts to attach high-sounding names to these simple buildings, the authorities abandoned the effort; and when the last of the college dormitories was added to the Row in 1821, it was called plain "North College," officially as well as colloquially.

In addition to the four dormitories and Athenaeum, three other buildings had their station in the Row. At the extreme north end, Divinity College stood a little aloof from the turbulent life of the undergraduates. Next in the Row was the Chapel of 1824, with its thin spire rising more than a hundred feet above the level of the College Yard. Farther down the Row, between North and South Middle, stood the "Connecticut Lyceum," usually called "Lyceum" for short. Built on much the same model as the Athenaeum, this building, also, was obliged to serve many purposes. Its great hall, on the third floor, which at first housed the library, was later converted into a "rhetorical chamber," and as such must have listened to a quantity of callow eloquence sufficient to canvass every problem in the world. With the sad decline of rhetoric as a determining factor in American civilization, the great hall dwindled into humbler ways of life and was at last divided into two recitation

rooms. Further classrooms occupied the second story, with the President's own lecture room stretching over the greater part of the ground floor. A tower, which formed a part of Lyceum, displayed the face of the college clock, which was sometimes disfigured by Freshmen, who climbed the lightning-rod by night—with triple brass about their hearts and on their cheeks—and painted their class numerals upon the white dial, where the whole sophomore class was bound to see them. The hated college bell, whose clatter used to drag the students so early from their beds, issued its summons from this tower, where the bell ringer had his rooms.

Other buildings, which have left scarcely the memory of their names behind them, crouched in the rear of the Brick Row—an unimpressive collection of nondescripts that had been pressed into the service, like Falstaff's company of infantry, in times of need. The eldest of this group, standing directly behind Athenaeum, was erected in 1752, to serve as a college dining hall, and after some vicissitudes of fortune settled down at last as the Laboratory. With the advent of Silliman and the new professorship of chemistry and mineralogy, in 1802, the College Commons—always something of an Ishmael in Yale history—was cast out of this domicile to make a place for science, and wandered on into the Cabinet, which stood behind South Middle and Lyceum. This building was erected to house the Gibbs cabinet of minerals, which Professor Silliman had secured for the college, and which had been all too inadequately displayed in two rooms that had been thrown together in Connecticut Hall. For a season, Commons was allowed to linger in the Cabinet, occupying the ground floor, while the minerals had full possession of the second story and later, as the collection grew, flowed over into a neighboring building.

This building was Trumbull Gallery, which stood behind the Old Chapel. In appearance, it suggested a tomb, for it was covered with a stucco of bluish brown and was not too generously provided with windows. Indeed, it may well have been intended to carry a suggestion of a mausoleum, for Colonel John Trumbull, by testamentary request, lay buried beneath it, his wife slumbering by his side. This is, of course, the famous Colonel Trumbull, whose historical paintings formed the nu-

cleus of the collection of the Yale School of the Fine Arts. The Trumbull paintings, like the Gibbs cabinet of minerals, were secured for the college by Professor Silliman, who had lectured so effectively on natural affinity before Colonel Trumbull's niece that he won the lady's heart—and this splendid gift for Yale. The paintings hung in the Trumbull Gallery until the erection of the present Art School removed them (and their painter's dust) to the corner of High Street.

The Old Brick Row, with this curious aggregation of laboratory, museum, and art gallery drawn up in its rear, represented the entire muster of the college buildings until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the early days, the college by no means held undisputed sway upon the square of the Old Campus. Its property, at one time, extended no farther than the north end of Connecticut Hall and was shut off from the outside world by "a close fence of panneld boards, painted red, and relieved by cross stripes of white." The fence seems to have been a precaution reasonably taken against objectionable neighbors, for beyond was what Silliman, who had known them well, aptly describes as "a grotesque group" of buildings. They generally consisted, he tells us, of "the most undesirable establishments, among which were a barn—a barber's shop—several coarse taverns or boarding houses—a poor house and house of correction—and the public jail with its prison yard—& used alike for criminals—for maniacs & debtors. Being very near the college, the moans of innocent prisoners, the cries of felons and the shrill screams and wild laughter of the insane, were sometimes mingled with the sacred songs of praise and with the voice of prayer, rising from the academic edifices."

Inch by inch, the college contrived to win ground against this band of squatter neighbors, till it had purged the Yard of all the undesired intruders and stood alone upon the square. Subsequent growth has carried it over the boundaries of the old Yard into adjacent city squares, and even into remote areas, where its isolated buildings have the look of outposts waiting for the main body of the university to move forward and consolidate the advance. The town has withdrawn, not altogether willingly, before the encroachments of the college; and to this day, the Collegiate School is regarded in some quarters as an unwelcome in-

truder in John Davenport's New Haven. Nevertheless, town and college accepted each other as partners years ago, and every thought of moving the university out of the center of the city has long since been abandoned.

In their two centuries together, city and college have seen many interesting things, worthy of record for future dwellers in this place to read. In their dim boyhood, they have seen the Indians peering through the bushes, watching the strange doings of the white-faced folk with stolid, unemotional faces, which might betoken either war or peace. They have seen ships go out of the harbor upon many ventures, and come in again from the seas,—solid, well-timbered ships of comfortable reality, unlike that phantom of New Haven's early history, which proved to be but a specter ship and the ghostly messenger of ill tidings. They have seen the scrawny little elms, which Treasurer Hillhouse of the college planted, grow to great, stately trees, giving the city a new name and transfiguring some of its streets and avenues into deep-shaded aisles.

Five separate wars have broken in upon their peaceful lives; and in college dormitory or comfortable village farmhouse, the young men have laid aside their hopes and their desires and gone to join the marching ranks. They have seen war close at hand, too, when the Redcoats, under General Tryon and "traitor Arnold," marched upon New Haven in 1779. On that occasion, in devotion to their foster-city, the students at the college demanded arms of the Selectmen, that they might go out with Captain Hillhouse and the Guards to dispute the crossing of West River with the invader; but only a few of them were able to secure weapons. Among the stoutest-hearted of New Haven's defenders, however, was the venerable Naphtali Daggett, former President of the college, who took down his fowling piece from the chimney, mounted his old black mare, and rode forth to engage the enemy.

A British officer, startled and amused at the apparition of this Nestor in the opposing host, cried out to him, in the midst of the affray, "What are you doing there, you old fool, firing on his Majesty's troops?"

"Exercising the rights of war," replied the Livingston Professor of Divinity.

"If I let you go this time, you old rascal," said the Britisher, "will you ever fire again on the troops of his Majesty?"

"Nothing more likely," was Dr. Daggett's reply. Indeed, the earnest old patriot had to be dislodged from his station by force and was driven into town at the point of the bayonet.

In the town, meanwhile, President Ezra Stiles was taking steps to remove his own family and the records of the college from the pathway of the invaders. "Upon their Landing," he writes in his Diary, under date of July 5-7, 1779, "I sent off my four daughters in Town (one being absent at Hartford) who walked on foot for Carmel. I sent the College Records and a Quanty of Coll. Papers 3 M. off by my youngest son. I sent off a horse Load of Bags of Cloaths another way. Then sent Isaac with a Carriage to overtake his Sisters. And then my oldest son Ezra went off towards W. Bridge, and was in all the actions of both the days on both sides the Harbour. . . . I retired a few Miles (2 or 3)—but spent the day in ridg round among our Confluence of Militia from Neck Rock to Ditch Corner. And next Morning soon after the Evacua I returned to Town, and visited the Desolations, dead Corpses, & Conflagrations."

The invaders had, indeed, left something of a black trail behind them, and dark hatreds that lasted through more than one generation; but in spite of their depredations in the town, even Ezra Stiles, who had clearly expected the worst of them, had to admit that "they did not any the least damage to the President's House or College Edifices." Credit for this immunity undoubtedly belongs to Colonel Edmund Fanning, a Yale graduate of the Class of 1757, and commander of the "King's American Regiment of Foot." There were not many among the sons of Yale who were loyal to King George during the Revolution, and in those heated times, the misguided minority must have been regarded far from cordially by their fellow alumni. With so vindictive a spirit ablaze upon the revolutionary side, it would not have been surprising if a Tory soldier had seen no reason for sparing even his Alma Mater. Fanning thought otherwise, and Yale men should remember him with gratitude, letting his mistaken politics rest in oblivion. Writing, ten years after the invasion of New Haven, of his affection for the college,

"that well regulated seminary of religion and learning," he speaks of the satisfaction he feels "to reflect that amid the Ravages of Civil War, and without injury or infidelity to the service in which I was employed, I had my well-meant share in averting, in the moment of impending ruin, its utter destruction."

The Revolution came closer to New Haven than any subsequent war, and not since Tryon's men marched into New Haven, driving Professor Daggett before them at the bayonet's point, has an enemy of our country threatened the peace of our community. Wars of a civil sort, however, have been fought in these streets, when brother and sister have fallen out together, and Gown has risen up to do battle with Town. In the little suburb of Dragon, now Fair Haven, where the oyster boats discharge their cargoes, there were once skirmishes and pitched battles, yielding very little blood, to be sure, but plenty of broken heads. The longshoremen dwelling thereabouts in the latter part of the eighteenth century were a captious race of men, and naturally enough conceived themselves the enemies of college dandies loitering along the river shore or assembling for oyster suppers in their own favorite taverns. College and city once rang with the rumors of these affrays, but their history is a dark matter now; only the memory of an old trophy, known as the Bully Club, survives out of the lost details of this bloody chapter. It was wrenched, they say, from the hands of the toughest of these Dragon giants; and it is known to have descended, through several generations of college students, into the hands of the sturdiest of each succeeding class.

All human affairs, however irregular in their inception, have a tendency to regulate themselves and become formal institutions. Such was the history of "Bullyism" at Yale. The stout champion, who received the Bully Club by the acclamation of his more puny classmates, was originally chosen as Captain-General, to lead his hosts in warfare against these pugnacious Dragoners or other Townies who might molest the young gentlemen of the college. "Neither was that an inconsiderable moment," as Thomas Carlyle has said—with a larger but not dissimilar matter in his mind—"when wild armed men first raised their Strongest aloft on the buckler-throne; and, with clanging armour and hearts, said

solemnly: Be thou our Acknowledged Strongest!" Having thus created a sort of King of the College Yard, it was not long before it was customary to yield him a king's obedience and a king's honors. The "Major Bully" was by common consent the leader of his class, marshaling them for processions when they appeared as a body before the public eye, calling them together when deliberations were necessary, and presiding over the assembly he had summoned. This exalted personage was chosen, in each class, toward the end of freshman year; and on Presentation Day, with fitting ceremonial, he was indued with the symbol of his office, a gold-headed cane, or "banger," highly ornamented and of most formidable appearance. The Major Bully of the senior class, who held the original Bully Club in his possession, exercised the same regal functions, not only over his own class, but over the entire undergraduate body. He was absolute monarch in the college world and bore no rival near his throne,—save only the humble "Minor Bully," who was chosen for the insignificance of his stature and was altogether a creature of inferior splendor.

But barbarian hearts of oak are softened as the years go on, whether by the gentle influence of the arts or their own native degeneracy; and the day came when a lily-livered generation turned away from the rugged simplicity of Bullyism, as from a relic of darker days. A soft-handed time of peace had fallen on the city, and Town no longer swarmed hostile in the streets when Gown went forth in quest of oyster suppers. Why should we go quaking in the shadow of this great oaf of a Bully, with his barbaric club—suitable, perhaps, to marshal warriors in the islands of the South Seas or in some Irish peat bog, but a repulsive object in this place of peace and learning? Amid much gabble of this flaccid sort, emerged at length a demand for a college leader who should be chosen for other reasons than the brawn of his right arm and should wear a gentler title than "Bully." We must have a "Moderator," forsooth, as symbol of our desire for more temperate demeanor; or, perhaps, a "President" or "Marshal"!

So, for some years, progress wrangled with barbarism in the College Yard, and several succeeding classes were broken into two factions; one party walking in the old path at the heels of their Bully, and the other

owning allegiance only to their Moderator. On commencement morning, in 1840, this internecine strife came to a head, the two rival officers contending forcibly for the privilege of marshaling the solemn procession and seating the alumni for the exercises in Center Church. "The usual procession was broken up, the partisans in their hot fray heeding not the orders of the faculty, the threats of the constables, or even the rebuke of the Chief Magistrate of the State. The alumni were left to find their seats in church as they best could, the aged and beloved president following in sorrow, unescorted, to perform the duties of the day."

Whether the thoughts of President Day, on this occasion of unseemly turbulence, were more of sorrow than of anger, we may only guess; but we may infer much from the fact that the faculty, almost immediately, issued orders that thenceforward no class officers of any sort should be elected in any section of the student body. This harsh decree banished Bully and Moderator alike from the College Yard. The great, gnarled club was seen no more in the streets of New Haven; and the modern undergraduate will view the representation of that ancient trophy, carved in one of the panels in the Harkness Memorial Room, with no recognition in his eye.

If the Bully and his club had been of any service in the wars of Town and Gown, they were banished just too soon; for in the decade that followed, there was fresh need of an Achilles in the college host. Need, too, of every stout arm that could be mustered in the Yard; for this was the era of the Firemen's Riots and of another street brawl which assumed the most dangerous proportions. Within the peaceful courts of the Memorial Quadrangle, we seem far away from all the tumult of those ancient battles; yet it was on High Street, but a few steps from where the Harkness Tower stands today, that the feud between the students and the fire laddies took tribute of blood.

The business started absurdly enough. On the thirtieth of October, in 1841, the city fire department held its annual parade, concluding the ceremonies by a display of their efficiency upon the Green. With the spire of Center Church as their target, and with stout backs bending to the pumps, they were astonishing the eyes of their fellow townsmen with the spectacle of a veritable waterspout, when suddenly the beauti-

ful stream was checked in its unhesitating flight and fell to a pitiful drizzle; anon, spurted to its full height again, sank once more, and with such intermittence of leaping and falling, reduced a highly satisfying exhibition to a paltry farce.

The cause of this humiliation was, unfortunately, not far to seek. On the upper green, where the hose crossed on its way from the engine to the church, a group of students were playing at football. In the year '41, the game was not just what it is today, as we shall presently see, but even so early in its history, the fundamental principle of following the ball was thoroughly understood. In blind obedience to this rule of the game, the players had stumbled several times back and forth across the firemen's hose, before they realized in the least that they were interfering with anybody else's little pleasures.

The firemen had not been so slow to make this discovery. Already they had been crying out their remonstrances; and when these were not immediately heeded, they precipitated themselves into the game, arresting the ball as the prime offender. Followed riot and confusion, out of which very presently emerged a group of battered undergraduates being conducted by the police in the direction of a justice of the peace. The fire laddies, five hundred strong, followed hard upon the heels of this group, and clouds of skirmishers from the College Yard pressed hard upon their flanks. Most fortunately, no missiles were exchanged—save hard words, and of these there were a plenty, both in the language of Tully and in choice Elizabethan English.

The fate of the unfortunate captives concerns us little. We may leave them to cherish their first sense of the unevenness of justice, while we watch the firemen march back to their hall, in close order, to discuss their triumph over supper. Triumph short-lived and bitter; for even as they talk, a shower of brickbats beats defiance at their door. Students again, by the Eternal! They are sons of Belial—and of yet more disreputable parentage! Quick, now, before they have time to gather fresh ammunition—

But the sally brings no victory, for the street is deserted. Whoever it may have been who threw the brickbats (and it was probably young scallawags of the town, who were loath to see the sun go down upon all

the pleasurable excitement of the day), the offenders have taken to their heels and left a field of empty victory to the firemen. Not finding their just prey within their own borders, the outraged red-shirts roam the streets, seeking whom they may devour, and falling in with stray collegians, here and there, send them back to their dormitories with the marks of strong men's wrath upon them. As these battered hulks come straggling to harbor in the Yard, indignation rises in that quarter, too. Shortly after midnight it reaches the boiling point. An engine house of the fire department stands all too insolently upon the college square itself. There, if anywhere, might we take vengeance and ease our souls of wrath slowly accumulated through an afternoon and evening of outrage. The doors are stormed, the town watch is hustled out of the way, the engine overturned, the hose snipped into a thousand pieces. At dawn, *disjecta membra* of the town's fire-fighting apparatus lie strewn about the College Yard.

Such was the conclusion of the first of the Firemen's Riots. It left bad blood enough in the Town and on the Campus and marked the firemen as natural foes of the college students, to be insulted as generously, when occasion offered, as the town constables. For many years, peace hovered on the brink of war in the college square, where fire house and dormitory glowered at each other across so narrow a strip of neutral ground; but hostilities were averted, after a fashion, for a long space of time.

Then, on a February evening in 1858, the young gentlemen of the Crocodile Club—an ephemeral organization in the junior class of the college—were returning from the evening meal at their eating house on Elm Street, when their singing attracted the unfavorable attention of the fire laddies at work before the engine house on High Street. It is possible that the adverse comments which these critics passed upon the performance arose from ancient prejudice and were entirely unjustified, and it is certain that the language in which they were conveyed to the performers was not tactfully chosen. At any rate, although the students had already passed beyond the engine house, certain remarks that pursued them from that quarter were clearly such as no gentleman could well endure,—particularly after dinner on a frosty evening. The club turned themselves in a body in the direction of their critics, prepared to show them that a crocodile is no animal to be trifled with.

The affair looked threatening enough, but by virtue of some good temper latent in each party, the dispute had nearly reached a peaceful settlement when reinforcements for the firemen unfortunately appeared upon the scene, coming up from the direction of York Street on the dead run. These newcomers, who had been summoned while there had been no idea of a peaceful conclusion to the argument, entered the field prepared for instant battle and saw to it that they got it. The Crocodiles were armed with short canes, or "bangers," which formed a part of the usual panoply of your young collegian in the mid-nineteenth century; the firemen had their tin speaking trumpets and some heavy wrenches. The clubs, bills, and partisans with which Capulets and Montagues made the streets of Verona unsafe for one another, could hardly have been more efficacious weapons. High Street rang with the clashing of oak and metal, and such battle raged under its elms as once made worms' meat of brave Mercutio.

In some far corner of the town, the wife of young William Miles, fireman, was putting her two babies to bed when they brought her husband home to her, shot through the body. He died on the following afternoon. He had felled his antagonist in the affray and had been seen standing over him, threatening him with his raised weapon, when the cry of "Shoot! Shoot!" arose. A moment later he fell,—only a few feet, one would judge, from where the Harkness Tower now stands.

Who held the pistol must remain a mystery, though rumor said it was a member of the class of 1859, who was later killed in one of the closing battles of the Civil War. Whether the Crocodiles shed any tears on this occasion, or how large a share they had in raising the fund that was given to the widow of their slaughtered foeman, we cannot know; but in the legal proceedings that followed, they refused, one and all, to give testimony, and the court sustained their refusal. Their club met no more.

Having found issue at last in bloodshed, the feud between collegians and firemen, as if shocked at what it had wrought, subsided into peace and no longer troubled the streets of New Haven with riot. The college trustees had the good sense to purchase that part of the square on which the engine house stood, and the separation of the two contentious neighbors reduced the occasions of friction. When last a hostile mob threat-

ened the peace of the college, it was the fire department of New Haven which undertook the protection of university property, sweeping the rioters back from the corner near Osborn Hall by streams of water persuasively driven into their midst.

The blood of William Miles, which inaugurated this good work of peace, was not the first that had flowed in these Town and Gown affrays. The most savage of the battles fought in the vicinity of the College Yard took place before the second of the Firemen's Riots, and seems to have had no connection with that ancient feud. Hostilities originated, on this occasion, in Homan's Athenaeum, in the Exchange Building, at the corner of Church and Chapel Streets. In this hall, in defiance of the faculty's rules to the contrary, the young gentlemen of the college used to attend theatrical performances. On a March evening, in 1854, the hall being a little draughty, a number of students sitting toward the front—as is the prerogative of young gentlemen with liberal allowances from home—had risen in their places to draw their shawls closer about their shoulders. With the unconscious arrogance of well-to-do young men, they had taken their time about it, to the great discomfort of those behind them, and to the supreme annoyance of certain sons of the Town in the gallery, whose eyes were offended by this spectacle of patrician insolence. The offenders were vociferously advised to sit down; and when they indicated, both by word and deed, that they would sit down when they were good and ready, there arose a loud demand for their immediate expulsion, with unflattering references to pups and monkeys. By the time the performance was at an end, antipathy to pups and monkeys had risen to such a height, among the gallery gods, that the students in the audience found their route to the college blocked by a hostile mob, and they escaped to the shelter of the dormitories only after considerable rough usage.

It was probably not merely a coincidence that some fifty students attended the performance at Homan's on the succeeding night. If this demonstration in numbers was a challenge to the Townies, it was a defiance that was most welcome; for when the performance closed, more than a thousand warriors blocked the entrance to the theater, clamoring for student blood and daring their prey to come out and take their medi-

cine. Under the direction of the chief of police, the students formed two by two, contrived to cross the street, and proceeded toward the college with one flank well covered by the buildings on the south side of Chapel Street. The mob took after them with alacrity.

With unbroken ranks and under perfect discipline, not to be tempted to retaliation though stones and brickbats fell among them, the beleaguered army kept up its orderly retreat, comforting their souls with the strains of "Gaudeamus," which then did service as the college song. If a few of their number fell, struck down by the missiles of the skirmishers that hung upon their flank, they paused only to gather up the wounded and moved on. In this way, they had passed Trinity Church and had reached Fitch's bookstore, more than halfway to the College Yard.

Then the storm broke. The Townies, who had hitherto kept to the middle of the street and had seemed content with such damage as they could do at a safe distance, suddenly dashed to the sidewalk and fell upon the marchers. There was the flash of pistol shots—and then the sharp cry of a man in pain. In the center of the street, Patrick O'Neil, barkeep, rowdy, and brave champion of the host of the Townies, was down—and dying. Under cover of the dismay which his fall produced in the ranks of the Town, the students were able to make good their escape, crossing slowly to the shelter of the College Yard and pausing deliberately to give three times three for Yale before they scattered to their rooms. In the streets about the college square, the crowd howled for vengeance.

Pat O'Neil died of the blow of a long knife, which penetrated deep into his left breast. Who dealt the blow remains a mystery. No bullet wounds were found upon him, and unless he had indeed plunged into the group of students, as some men said he did, he came scarcely close enough to have been stabbed by one of them. It is said that Professor Thacher had confession from the lips of the man that did it—a student from Mississippi, who struck in self-defense; but it is also possible that some person in O'Neil's own host, actuated by who knows what obscure jealousy, took his revenge in this dark way, feeling sure that the murderer would be sought among the students.

The mystery has long since passed into the realm of unsolved problems. But in that midnight hour, with O'Neil's blood red in the street, and the students cheering defiantly at the doorways of the college dormitories, there were no doubts in the minds of the Townies. The students had fired into the crowd; rumors of many wounded spread through the streets and grew as they sped onward; and here, in their very midst, was the man who had been slain, as evidence that these young patricians dealt lightly with the lives of common men. What had been only a gang of toughs, in the earlier passages of the night, became now an angry and determined army, seeking vengeance.

The Brick Row lay in darkness, for reports of what was afoot had spread from room to room, and all lights had been put out. Behind locked and barricaded doors, the students took stock of their weapons and made ready to stand siege. Siege in dead earnest; for within the hour, two cannon, captured from the town arsenal, were trained upon Old South, and from the church towers the bells were summoning fresh soldiers for the attacking host. Grave words from weighty citizens of the town, summoned in haste to try their influence upon the crowd, had no effect. The leaders of the mob answered in all seriousness that they were doing no heedless thing, but would have blood for blood.

More to the purpose was the shrewd act of Captain Bissell, of the police, who contrived to have the guns spiked as they were being trundled up the Green. But for this timely precaution, the doors of South College would most surely have been shot away, and then there would have been fighting at close quarters—and more bodies to lay beside O'Neil's on the floor of Bissell's office. As it was, the besiegers, robbed of the use of their artillery, could force no entrance into the college buildings, and had to content themselves with hurling lesser missiles than cannon balls, to the infuriation of the besieged and to the relief of their own feelings, but without doing serious damage. As the hours passed, and it became clear that the dormitories were not to be captured, nor the students lured into the open by taunts, the mob's fury began to abate. When the Mayor arrived, at two o'clock, and mounted one of the gun carriages to advise all present to desist from violence and retire to their homes, not a few of the besiegers, taking counsel with their own

hearts, found that such was precisely what they most wanted to do. By half past two, there remained only a desperate few about the cannon, vainly trying to withdraw the spikes; by three, this number had melted, till the police dared venture into the storm center and secure the guns. By four, with a light, cold rain falling on the city, the last hot head had cooled, the last warrior had left the field, and the streets were quiet under the dripping elm trees.

So ended the most serious of the Town and Gown battles. In the Memorial Room, a carved panel commemorates this stormy chapter in our annals, showing the Mayor mounted on the gun carriage and bidding his riotous flock disperse. It is the moment, out of these noisy and discordant affrays, that we would most gladly remember. In this stately room, so near the spot where Fireman Miles was stricken down, this panel quietly reminds us that in all this senseless warfare, the voice of authority, in the city as in the college, spoke steadily for peace between Town and Gown.

The Consulship of Plancus

IN Plancus' days, when life was slow,
We dwelt within the Old Brick Row
Before Durfee or Welch was built,
Or gilded youths in Vanderbilt
Looked down upon the mob below.
Then freshmen did not use to go
'Most every evening to the show;
Quite inexpensive was *our* gilt
In Plancus' days.
We had no football then, you know:
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
No gore was shed, no ink was spilt,
No poet got upon his stilt
To write these Frenchified rondeaux,
In Plancus' days.

"Consule Planco," by HENRY BEERS, B.A. Yale 1869.

THE CONSULSHIP OF PLANCUS

BATTLES along the banks of the Quinnipiac at Dragon, battles in the streets of New Haven, battles with the fire companies and with the myrmidons of Pat O'Neil,—these are but the rough spots in annals that run smoothly enough for the most part. The city has seen our young barbarians at play in milder pastimes than cracking crowns; though perhaps the wild scramble on the upper green, dignified by the name of football, appeared but slightly gentler than a riot to sedate citizens of the middle of the nineteenth century. In these sanguinary encounters, class was pitted against class, with few rules to govern the opposing hosts and only the most elementary principles of humanity to limit the carnage. A ball, of a sort no modern young American would recognize as a football, gave title to the occasion and figured incidentally in the actual contest, but the chief object in view seems to have been the slaughter of the enemy. It was a struggle bordering on epic proportions, and something in the nature of epic poems it frequently inspired. Small boys of the city must have regretted that it took place but once a year.

But like all things of epic stature, this Battle of the Ball has become but a memory; and for seventy years or more, sedate citizens and small townies have had to content themselves with watching sports of a gentler nature. Football, tamed and regulated, has been brought within the limits of civilization; and other sports, of foreign birth, with less of the vigor of the pioneer about them, have found their way to this new playground. In the very years when the annual tussle on the Green was passing through its bloodiest chapters, a form of exercise that was far less destructive, though quite as satisfactory an outlet for youthful energy, was beginning to find favor with the undergraduates. It was in '43 that the *Pioneer,* first of the boats that later constituted the Yale Navy, made her appearance on the waters of the harbor. Her captain carefully preserved the secret of her pedigree, and only the most trusted of his crew knew that she had once been called the *Sugar Johnny.* But whatever her dark past may have been, she was the harbinger of a glorious epoch in Yale sport. Not very often have Yale athletes known such

golden, inconsequential hours as these early oarsmen knew: tugging their heavy barges up the Quinnipiac, or drifting down on the tide past the shores of Fair Haven, singing old songs and devising new ones; slipping away from the inquisitorial tortures of "Biennials" for a swim, off Fort Hale, in waters that were still icy in the warm days of June; or, on gala nights, when the moon was large, doing the honors of the harbor for certain highly favored young ladies, whose pleasure in this new experience found expression in a thousand fascinating ways, which were compensation enough for the burden added to the oars. And then, in the course of a few years, there was racing between the different boats—the *Atalanta,* the *Halcyon,* and the rest—and pleasant rivalries, to be composed (after the boats were moored again at Brewster's wharf) in some tavern in the lower parts of the city, over incredible suppers of ice cream, strawberries, and ale.

Toward the middle of the century, the alluring notion of competition with other colleges entered the minds of the undergraduate warriors, and a new chapter in the history of American college life began, with results that have most certainly been exciting, however compounded of good and evil. In the fifties, two of the Yale boating clubs journeyed to Lake Winnepesaukee for the first race against Harvard; and since then there has been an almost unbroken series of regattas,—at Quinsigamond, at Springfield, and at New London. Rivalry upon land followed rivalry upon the water, and one form of competition after another was imported from abroad to test the rival powers of these new-world colleges. Among these elder games of distinguished foreign lineage was another native upstart—a typical product of the American soil—whose parentage is a most uncertain matter, though it seems to have been sired by a nondescript called One-ol'-Cat. It bears some traces of cricket blood, but it has gone lunatic in the wilderness and grown up into something rangier and more boisterous than cricket ever dared to be. Almost from its first appearance in this country, this new thing called Baseball has been much at home in the world of Yale,—along with the swordplay of the Elizabethans, and with sports that crowned the brows of youth with laurel in ancient Corinth.

This era in our history, with all its patient hours of preparation, its

moments of victory caught breathlessly at the finish line or under the shadow of the goal, its heart-rending disappointments, when the sturdiest of champions, fighting their best, have gone down to defeat: all this has been commemorated in the Quadrangle, where the symbols of the various forms of sport are carved under the arch of the great gateway, looking into Branford Court. Many an alumnus, finding one among these symbols that stirs his pulses with remembrance, will pass on into the inner spaces of the Quadrangle with a smile at the corner of his mouth, and looking very much as if he remembered more triumphs than Odysseus. Yet, if you make trial of his memory at that moment, you may find that the recollection which twists his lips into that smile is concerned with some dark moment, when he and all his men went down to defeat that seemed to them to mean the end of all things. Then—having poured out many tales of epic struggles, of victories such as we allow any gray-bearded hero to brag about, of the jolly dogs who fought with him against the foe and hardly spared each other when the mad fit was on—he will lapse into meditation, as if a yearning had come upon him for other times, when his heart knew how to swagger among these rough-handed joys and sorrows.

The time may come when undergraduates, living in the Memorial Quadrangle, will smile as they read tales of all the expense of spirit which went into the competitive athletics of our times. Even today, the tumult that they make seems sometimes a little too loud to be quite sincere; but after all, most of the noise is furnished by the onlookers, and for the participants themselves, this is not merely a matter of the noisy and public spectacle in the crowded arena, but a part of the game of making friends, which counts its score in memories. The frenzied competitions of these later years—though they have gone a little mad, it must be confessed—yield their annual store of memorable hours, which enrich the lives of many men, just as the memories of hours in the *Atalanta* enriched the lives of such men as Gilman and White.

Yale men of the days before this athletic craze was on us, seeking (as the men of an elder generation always will) for signs of degeneracy in their successors, have been wont to point out that hours of relaxation, which the modern undergraduate spends in scrambling after a ball,

used to be spent in more intellectual pastimes. In the three literary societies, whose names have been given to the southern courts of the Memorial Quadrangle, the earnest youngsters of the elder days, we are told, found a means to turn even their pleasures to the profit of their minds. They learned to rise on their feet and talk before their fellow men, without fear of betrayal by knees that quake beyond the power of the longest coat to hide their palpitation, or by the tongue, which is so ready to turn traitor and give notice, by its clattering, that all thoughts have fled and left the ivory dome of the citadel deserted. In these excellent training schools, moreover, the young citizens of the Republic canvassed all the questions which tortured the country and were one day to confront them, demanding an answer. Here is evidence enough, our elders have told us, that intellectual interests were stronger in the Yale that used to be than in the college world today.

In the midst of our degeneracy we shall not be so bold as to deny these assertions, which have been made so often in our hearing. We shall remain most properly impressed by the spectacle of all the undergraduates of the elder Yale betaking themselves to the halls of their debating societies each Wednesday evening, to spend some hours in earnest consideration of matters such as we consider only for a hurried moment, as we glance at the headlines over the edge of the coffee cup. Perhaps our minds misgive us a little, as we reflect on some of the things these young men found it worth while to discuss. It may be permitted us to doubt that a burning interest in the most urgent problems of the Republic led these young citizens into a discussion of the question, "Ought old maids to be taxed?" or that they learned anything but casuistry from a lengthy consideration of the schoolmen's query, "Can a finite nature commit an infinite crime?" And when we come upon the age-old riddle—appearing not once, but many times, in the records—"Is God the author of sin?" we may be forgiven if we think of the debating club in the second book of *Paradise Lost:*

> Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Still, it is hardly sportsmanlike to search the minutes of these long-forgotten meetings merely for evidence that the eighteenth-century undergraduate could be as futile, in his hours of relaxation, as the very devils in Hell; and as we turn over the faded pages in which the Scribes recorded, week by week, the topics which their societies debated, we certainly find evidence that the men who enjoyed the benefits of this association were steadily and fairly thoroughly exploring the questions that vexed the world in their time. When Linonia held its first "Extemporary Dispute," on December 16, 1772, the question before the society was, "Is it right to enslave the Affricans?" and from that day forward, over and over again, the topics selected for debate go straight to the heart of the most serious problems that the new generation inherited from the old. On the whole, we shall have to admit that in the halls of Linonia, Calliope, and Brothers in Unity, the Yale students of many college generations found much that was good training for citizenship, and much that was good for their minds.

Yet if this were all that these societies had stood for, the three venerable names would leave us a little cold, it must be confessed. If we were commemorating nothing more vital and ardent than mental gymnastics, we should as soon have the courts of our Memorial Quadrangle named after the binomial theorem or the subjunctive mood. It was not the intellectual discipline of life in the debating societies which was uppermost in the mind of the man who suggested that the three names be preserved in the intimate southern courts of the Quadrangle. He was thinking, rather, of the fulness of life, which youth discovers, often for the first time, in such associations as these; of the mirth that makes itself one of the company whenever young men get together; of the loyalty that rallied to the standards of these old societies, growing more devoted as the years rolled over them; of the exchange of mind and heart, which has made friendships in this college since the days of Rector Pierson and is still operating to the same end, though by different devices, in these latter days. In those far-away times, these men met from week to week, not merely to decide such inscrutable matters as the origin of evil, nor yet to try the ingenuity of their wits upon the metaphysical intricacies of such questions as "Does the soul always think?"

They met to make trial of one another in the way of friendship, as Yale men do today.

When William Wickham of 1754 founded Linonia, he called it the Honorable Fellowship Club, and even after the society had taken on itself, some thirty years later, the name of the Goddess of the Flax, the Scribes continued to refer to the organization as "the Fellowship." The number of its members varied from year to year, usually running to about half the numbers of the college; but throughout the eighteenth century it was still a small society, and the intimacy of a gathering of friends characterized its proceedings. To be sure, there was always a show of formality about its exercises. At first there were narrations, speeches, dialogues, and later came the extemporary disputes, shortly to become a less spontaneous matter, as the subject was decided and the disputants chosen well in advance; but young men, meeting in an honorable fellowship club, could find means to save anything, no matter how formal its title, from the deadliness of too earnest a solemnity. Intellectual improvement, be it said to the credit of these youngsters, was not allowed to preside over their social gatherings; and even in the constitution—and a most labored instrument it is—we find that "literature" is little more than an afterthought. The society was formed, it appears from the earlier forms of that document, "for the promotion of Friendship, and social intercourse, and for the advancement of Literature."

In the same spirit, the younger rival of Linonia came into being. Its name was Brothers in Unity, and it was founded "for the improvement of science and friendship," with emphasis, we suspect, upon the latter. Its exercises, like those of Linonia, wore very formidable titles, and its organization was so elaborate that at one election forty-seven offices had to be filled, including those of Professors of History, of Composition, of Oratory, of Natural Philosophy, of Mathematics, and of Geography. But there is no reason to suspect that these young professors brought any academic pompousness to the meetings of the Brothers, or that their society was any less enjoyable for its members than the Honorable Fellowship Club. They debated the same sort of questions, some sublimely inane and some well worth discussion. Doubtless there were some among them, as in the other society, who relished the taste of their own

eloquence most mightily and fancied, after three or four years of such forensic discipline, that they needed only a more appreciative audience to astonish the world and to straighten out its crooked thinking. But in the Brothers, as in Linonia, the principal wisdom that these orators earned, we fancy, came from the chaffing of their friends, from the humiliation of seeing their eloquence fall flat or their logic refuted, from the sense of their own impotence in the presence of an audience in which only the freshman allowed himself to be much impressed, while the senior and junior yawned too easily, and the sophomore snapped beans about the hall.

It may be, of course, that we read the record too flippantly. The minutes of the early meetings, for the most part, are as grave as the paragraphs of an old textbook; and it is only in the chance remarks of later members that we catch references to proceedings not weighed down with that awful thing called Decorum. Yet it is hard to believe that the exercises in any college club were ever so pompous as these bare written paragraphs would lead us to believe. And what shall we say to this paragraph—ordered stricken from the minutes, but only half obliterated—which tells us that even in the most earnest period of Linonia's history, a meeting was suddenly dissolved under the impulse of riot among those irrepressible college nuisances, the sophomores?

Then, too, there were the annual exhibitions, which grew to be such a scandal that the faculty tried not to notice them and, when that grew to be impossible, sought by stern hand to curtail the riotous proceedings. There were "dramatic dialogues" presented publicly before the members of the societies and their friends in the town—including many innocent females; and in the course of years, if we can believe it, these degenerate sons of the Puritans were actually producing profane stage plays, which had been acted in wicked London town. By 1772, this abominable practice had carried the college world to such depths that the young gentlemen of Linonia—under the leadership of two impious young men, by name James Hillhouse and Nathan Hale—presented that filthy and profane drama called the "Beaux's Stratagem" before a mixed audience in a public hall! Moreover, after these annual performances, the members of the societies were wont to withdraw to some public place of re-

freshment, where they partook of a collation purchased of a citizen of the town, who bore the suggestive name of Mix. This gentleman, it is to be feared, found that it answered no purpose profitable to himself to discourage the committee on arrangements from spending the society's money lavishly; and by a singular coincidence, these committees came to be composed of those whom Prexy Stiles calls the "gay, jovial, tumultuous members" of their respective institutions. What with the seductions of the drama, the zeal of such well-chosen committees, and the business enterprise of Mr. Mix, the annual exhibitions of Linonia and Brothers in Unity became occasions of considerable festivity in John Davenport's puritan commonwealth of New Haven.

In 1782, the affair became too scandalous for the college authorities to overlook. President Stiles, discussing the society situation with the pages of his diary, under date of April 6 in that year, remarks: "They have carried all Things secret in their Anniversaries hitherto. Yet lately invitg Gent. & Ladies in To their Entertainments & dramatic Exhibitions have become of Notoriety no longer to be concealed." Their heads thus fairly removed from the sand, the ostriches of the faculty felt obliged to take some action, and in the following year the acting of plays was forbidden, and the committees on arrangements were privately warned that the collations must be kept within limits. Accordingly, a "humorous dialogue" was substituted for the customary play; but it differed from the genuine article in official designation only, and within a year or two, the full drama came back into its own, without disguise or camouflage. The collation, as well, suffered but temporarily under the faculty's parching decree; and in the succeeding year, the efficient Mr. Mix was established once more as caterer, and the Scribe of Linonia was able to record that "the Society enjoyed the delights of the sparkling glass, bountiful Ceres, and friendly sociability." Thus faculty interference came to nought, and no one found his pleasures much curtailed; unless it were poor Isaac Stiles, the president's son, who was expelled from Linonia, just as the authorities began to be bothersome, "for speaking insolent and dishonorable language against the Society, and thereby degrading its dignity." Isaac, it would appear, was offered up a sacrifice.

For many years thereafter, an interest in the drama was kept alive at

Yale only by the literary societies and their annual exhibitions. In 1779, the members of Linonia had taxed themselves eighteen dollars per man to purchase the twenty quarto volumes of the *British Theatre;* and when this treasure house furnished nothing that suited their tastes or inclinations, the societies put on plays of their own composing,—of which it is charitable to say but little. Gradually each organization gathered a collection of costumes and stage properties until it became necessary to add a Keeper of the Wardrobe to the other officers, and freshmen who wavered in their choice between one society and the other were shown the rival collections of kings' robes and princesses' stays, by way of campaign argument. Though the debates continued through all this period, the play was decidedly the thing; and drama absorbed so much of the attention of the members that interest in the less spectacular business of the societies waned. Finally, the production of plays had begun to demand so much time and effort, that the faculty found it an easy matter to persuade the members to abandon them and to go back to the old routine.

By 1830, or thereabouts, the annual exhibitions had been curtailed, and the earlier traditions of the societies reëstablished. But something of the old enthusiasm had gone out of them, and the weekly meetings never again became what they had been before,—the pleasantest and most diverting event of the week. On Wednesday evenings, the college bell tolled at eight, to summon the members to their halls, and the faithful responded; at first, in large numbers and as a matter of course; then, more sparsely and with a certain effort of conscience; and at last, only as a wild prank, to amuse the fancy by keeping up an old farce that had lost all meaning. Other clubs and societies had crept into the college to dispute the laurels of the elder organizations; and as the student body grew larger and the literary societies, sharing all the members of the college between them, grew too unwieldy to offer any of the charms of intimate friendship, the undergraduates, with sure instinct for the things that are worth while in any fellowship, sought elsewhere the benefits which those overgrown and moribund institutions could no longer give them. The time came when "active" members of Linonia and Brothers actually had to consult a catalogue before they could tell, with any certainty, to which of the two societies they belonged.

Even in their period of decline, however, there was one season in the year when the societies were galvanized into an activity which was fervid enough, and the meeting halls were crowded with excited throngs. This was the season of the campaign for freshman members, when competition for numbers quickened the rivalry between Linonia and Brothers. Since 1768, when the younger society was founded, these two had been rivals. At first, the Linonians had pretended to despise this upstart, that had come to dispute the field with them, and if their scribe had occasion to refer to the Brothers in Unity, he called them "denizens of grim Pluto's realm." Tradition says that the new society was formed by certain freshmen, who were offended because Linonia considered herself too august a body to admit the callow members of their class. David Humphreys, of '71,—later aid-de-camp to Washington and our first ambassador to Spain,—on this occasion showed the stuff that was in him—so says tradition—by refusing to undergo this sneap without reply: finding some seven upper classmen, unattached to Linonia, who felt as he did that freshmen might reasonably be included in the membership of a literary society, he induced them to unite with him and thirteen others of his class to form the new society. This is a pretty myth, held for gospel truth by the Brothers of a later epoch, who hung the portrait of Humphreys over their president's chair and constantly did reverence to him and to the thirteen other freshmen of his year, who "fought for and established their own respectability"; but the fact is that Linonia had admitted freshmen to membership before Humphreys and his class ever came to New Haven, and whatever the motive for the founding of a new society, it could not have been the vindication of the honor of the first-year class.

If the Linonians had ever held themselves above association with freshmen, they very speedily forgot their scruples and settled down to compete with the Brothers for the favor of the members of the entering class. Just how early in their history this competition became the organized battle that men still living can remember, it would be difficult to discover. In the first year of the nineteenth century, apparently as a device to settle the matter amicably, it was determined to divide the freshmen alphabetically, Linonia taking the first man on the list and

Brothers the second, and so on to the letter Izzard. This method of distribution prevailed until 1830. Then war began again, and for the rest of the active life of the societies, the business of coaxing in the largest possible number of freshmen absorbed the principal energies of both organizations.

In theory, at least, the supreme effort came on the first or second Wednesday of the college year, when the entire freshman class was invited to some public hall, to listen to what was rather erroneously called a "Statement of Facts." On this occasion, orators chosen by the two societies presented to the consideration of the prospective new member whatever facts might appear likely to influence his decision between the rivals. By gentlemen's agreement, the orators were obliged to limit their eloquence by adhering to the simple truth; and year after year, the same ground was covered: the prizes and scholarships that had fallen to the members of one society or the other; the practical benefits of membership in Linonia or Brothers, as revealed by the amazing success of graduates in the life of the world; the annals of the glorious past, which could be made to demonstrate a contrast so conclusive that the freshman would wonder how one society dared attempt to stand on equal footing with the other,—until the rival orator had taken his turn and put quite another face on the matter. Three speakers presented the case for each society, and the freshman brain must have been left in a sad turmoil, as one after the other the orators bent the truth to their purposes. At the end of the Statement, the freshmen were supposed to indicate their preferences, the applications for each society were counted, and the result was announced, amid the wildest demonstrations of triumph by the victors.

When the Statement of Facts was first established, it may have influenced the freshman in his choice of a society; but in its latter days it was an entirely farcical proceeding, as little likely to persuade any freshman as it was to elicit the truth about the societies; for in the weeks which immediately preceded this occasion, campaigning of a most thoroughgoing sort had canvassed the entering class and settled the question of new members. Prospective Yale students at the larger academies and schools were surrounded by squadrons sent out from the headquarters

of each campaign committee; and skirmishers journeyed to Bridgeport, Springfield, and Guilford, to ride into New Haven on the trains and to offer kind attention to any pale young men whom they might find in the cars. At the dock, special delegations met every incoming steamboat; and in the smoky caverns, near the corner of State and Chapel Streets, where the railroad then discharged its passengers, the distracted freshman was welcomed so violently and so contentiously that he was lucky if he reached the level of the street in possession of his clothes. Long before the Statement of Facts, every member of the entering class, and many who had never passed the entrance examinations, had been made members of one society or the other. Indeed, in the later years, so little importance attached to the Statement as a factor in the campaign that sophomore members of the societies made it their business to keep the freshmen away from the meeting if they could. A description by an eyewitness of the proceedings at the Statement of Facts in 1860 does not make it appear that the favor of the entering class was a thing to be courted so late as the second Wednesday of the term.

"Defiant Sophomores," he writes, "dared hopeful Freshmen to 'come on.' They did so. They sopped each other in the gutter, crunched each other's toes, and, when they got tired, adjourned up stairs, the Freshmen to look attentive and listen to the arguments offered by the societies; the Sophomores to look depraved and throw beans at nearly everybody except the speakers." At this date, clearly, the Statement of Facts was an occasion of celebration, rather than of suspense.

From all this tumult of campaigning, the third society stood aloof. The membership of Calliope was determined in advance, by the accident of birth; for students coming to Yale from the southern states almost invariably joined this society. It had been founded in 1819 by certain haughty southerners of the three lower classes, who withdrew from the two other societies because a northerner, whose political views they held to be obnoxious, had been elected President of Linonia; and during the years of its life, the society kept its sectional nature, maintaining itself, nevertheless, on equal footing with the two organizations of which it scorned to be a rival. When Alumni Hall was built, in 1852, the upper floor was divided into halls for the literary societies, and a room between Linonia and Brothers was reserved for the Calliopeans.

Calliope Court

But Calliope never occupied her new quarters, for death was upon her. A graduate from Mississippi, responding to a toast offered in her honor at a dinner in New Haven in 1853, had a sad story to tell of his last meeting with the goddess who had presided over his college days. "Two years since," he said, "on one of my annual visits to the city, I was invited to attend a meeting of our Society. I found I was called in, along with some other old members, as a consulting physician. Calliope was very low; indeed she was supposed to be dying, her breathing was hard and slow, the symptoms were all bad. A meager twenty-five or thirty were gathered there around her couch. We prescribed the holding of a stiff upper lip, and a free administration of money. It wouldn't do. Though only thirty years old, she was dying of old age. She did not die before our eyes, but shortly after I heard the sad news at home."

The company who heard this pitiful tale of the death of Calliope were assembled in the new Alumni Hall, to mark the close of a long chapter in the annals of the great societies and to inaugurate a new time of glory in their history. They were met to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Linonia and to establish her, with due honors of song and feast and tribute, in her new home. At noon, there had been a meeting in Center Church, with an oration by William Maxwell Evarts and a poem by Francis Miles Finch; and then, in the great hall of Alumni, under the pink banners of Linonia, with the green of Yale (for that was still her color in 1853) and the blue of Brothers in Unity holding honorable place upon the walls, they sat down to a banquet, which did not terminate until seven o'clock. Thirteen speakers, no less, responded to the "regular sentiments" proposed by the toastmaster —for men who had known the training of these old societies could listen to more eloquence than the modern college man could well endure—and there were impromptu speeches from others, who were called up under the influence of some wave of feeling. One theme alone, though there were many variations, sounded in the mouths of all those who spoke: the glory that had been the portion of Linonia in the century that had passed, and the bright future that awaited her in the years to come. "Ornamentum Yalense Linonia," a Scribe of the Society had once written in the records, at the close of his term of office, "sint tibi prosperitas gloriaque sempiterna!"

Seventy-five years ago; and in the interval that separates the Yale of today from that afternoon in '53, when the sons of Linonia met to celebrate her first hundred years of life, all the tongues that praised her have gone silent, and all the vitality that seemed to promise her endless prosperity and glory has ebbed away. Linonia and Brothers in Unity have gone the way of Calliope; but the names of all three linger on about the Campus, as if the energy that went into their being could not entirely die.

Little that is more tangible than name or memory has survived in the case of many student institutions coeval with the great societies. There is the *Lit.,* however, venerable son of 1836, who was born, like Falstaff, "with a white head, and something a round belly," and throughout its fourscore and ten years has always been just about as young as it ever was. They will tell you on the Campus that no one reads the *Lit.,* and every other publication that has since appeared at Yale has had one source of humor to give it savor, in its gibes at its elder rival; but you will be much deceived if you think that the *Yale Literary Magazine* is nothing but a joke among the undergraduates. Young Philistines, who have never turned its pages, take a queer pride in the institution, if only because it is the oldest college periodical in the country. Belief in the existence of a complete file of the magazine in the British Museum is an article of faith with every senior. It is not the great names which appear upon the list of editors and contributors that give the *Lit.* its place in the affections of the undergraduate, for it takes something more considerable than a dead poet or statesman to command the respect of these irreverent young men. They have discovered that the *Lit.* has courage, of the sort they most admire,—the courage of sincerity, which dares to go its own way. Without altering its policy for the sake of winning favor, it has continued through its whole long life to do just as it pleased and to be just what it has wanted to be. For over ninety years, its purposes have been those that it proclaimed in its first prospectus in 1836: "To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours."

If the *Lit.* has not printed much that the world has noticed, if it has

sometimes bewildered the slow wits of professors and Phi Beta Kappa men by the poetry it has published, and disgusted the genial spirits, who compose the majority of every class, by offering them nothing to amuse their idleness, it has at least held steady to its purpose; and man after man, with the uneasy ferment of poetry at work within him, has found the *Lit.* his friend, ready to sympathize with the most wayward of his fancies and never quite satisfied with anything that he could not call his best. Not all its editors have followed literature as a profession, and not a few of them have lived to blush at the recollection of the offerings they once laid on this altar of the Muse; but nearly any of them would tell you that if ever he wrote with pleasure and honesty, it was when he wrote for the *Yale Lit.* Returning to New Haven in his later years, he takes much pleasure in finding this old friend of his unchanged. The *Lit.* alters as little in outward appearance as in its stout heart: its homely cover is still decorated with an old-fashioned representation of Father Elihu (displaying such a pair of calves as only an Indian nabob could be brazen enough to exhibit) and a Latin distich that was chosen by William Maxwell Evarts nearly a century ago.

Though the *Lit.* can still be recognized as much the same old blue-stocking that he was ninety years ago, time has dealt more heavily with other institutions which have arisen within the lifetime of the magazine. Something like them still flourishes on the Campus, perhaps, but how sadly changed! The Junior Promenade of the present day is sometimes called a survival of the festivities connected with the Presentation of the Wooden Spoon; but that appears to be a doubtful statement at the best, and the modern Prom is certainly quite a different thing from those elder jubilations, which had an untamed exuberance about them, quite lacking in the more formal proceedings of the Prom-week of today.

The festivities of the Wooden Spoon were at first a part of the private life of undergraduate Yale, and when they came to be held in public halls, in the presence of invited guests, they still retained the air of a student frolic, which gave them, perhaps, their principal attraction. Elaborate though the preparations might be, they were never quite thorough enough to rob the spectacle of the atmosphere of an im-

promptu explosion of high spirits. Outsiders felt that, for once in the year, they were being allowed to witness a section of the daily life of Yale, just as it actually unrolled from hour to hour along the Fence and in the buildings of the Old Brick Row. Daughters of Eve, especially, found this glimpse into forbidden country strangely fascinating. The jokes they listened to—sitting forward on the uncomfortable chairs in Music Hall, alert lest they miss anything which was supposed to be amusing—were so intricately woven of college experiences and local allusions, that the dear girls must have found them sadly puzzling, and escorts must often have been hard put to it to explain the point of some atrocious witticism; yet however incomprehensible the show might be in its details, the general impression that it made was clear enough, and the guests of the Cochleaureati knew that they were seeing something that was distinctly of the college world. The like of it could not be offered youths and maidens by every New York hostess who cared to hire an orchestra.

The origins of these festivities were as collegiate as one could wish. The notion of bestowing a wooden spoon upon a classmate, in grateful acknowledgment of his failure to secure distinction in his studies, originated with Henry Blake of 1848. Probably he knew that at Cambridge University the Junior Optime, the last man in the honor list of each year, was called the "Wooden Spoon"; and the custom he instituted at Yale shot close to the same mark, for the Cochleaureatus—the man chosen to be "laureled with the spoon"—was the winner of the lowest "Colloquy Appointment" at the Junior Exhibition. From the very earliest times, honors in scholarship at Yale have been announced as "appointments" for the two public occasions of Junior Exhibition and Commencement. In the beginning, every student receiving such an appointment was supposed to deliver himself in public, on these occasions, of something very learned; and it is an undeniable fact, however incredible, that audiences actually assembled to hear these fledglings pronounce philosophical orations, orations, dissertations, disputes, and colloquies throughout an entire afternoon and evening. Most happily, this practice was discontinued many years ago, but the old titles are still used. Nowadays, the undergraduate is not quite certain what it means to receive a

Second Colloquy Appointment, but in the days when the Wooden Spoon was first presented, he knew well enough. The doubtful honor marked him as something better than the average, perhaps, but certainly not a scholar of distinction. To single out the man who stood lowest among the Second Colloquies for special notice, and to endow him with a symbol of his extraordinary achievement, was just the sort of prank that commended itself to the college student's sense of the ludicrous.

To add delight to the jest, the presentation of the Wooden Spoon to the distinguished scholar who had won it was immediately made the occasion of a burlesque Junior Exhibition, with orations, dissertations, disputes, and colloquies. These performances were at first held secretly, for fear of the faculty, who were not always treated respectfully in the speeches; and the doorkeepers, disguised as Indians, carefully scrutinized each person who passed into the hall, lest the authorities should contrive to insinuate a spy upon the proceedings. Some notoriously deficient scholar, impersonating the President of the college, presided over the exercises and called up the orators in turn. Songs written for the occasion celebrated the glories of the trophy this night to be presented, setting forth its supreme desirability, as compared with other honors, and urging the freshman to set all other aspirations aside and try only for the Spoon.

Then with holy ambition beginning,
And putting your trust in much skinning,
You may well be certain of winning
  The prize of the wooden spoon.
  Then sing this jolly old tune
  To the praise of the wooden spoon;
Though scornful tutors may taunt you,
And ghosts of orations may haunt you,
Let naught ever frighten or daunt you
  From gaining the wooden spoon.

These performances gave so much wicked enjoyment to the participants that the temptation to share their pleasures with the outside world soon grew irresistible, and after the first two years, the exhibitions were

given in public. Though the presence of the faculty and of the ladies doubtless had its effect upon the nature of the speeches, the program remained much the same; and for twenty years, the audiences were offered a series of orations, colloquies, philosophicals, and valedictories, after the fashion of Commencement and the Junior Ex. If we were to accept the printed program as evidence, we should have to believe that the Cochleaureati asked their fair guests to listen to discourses on "The indeorepulsiveness of capillaceous substances, if electrolysized by catenarial and grindstonical agencies," or on "The tesselated peculiarities of sublunary particles"; but we shall not think so harshly of them. Indeed, it is evident that the genial spirit of humbug presided over the business of preparing the program for these exhibitions, from the very start; for it is on record that at the earliest exhibition, the audience, observing that the last feature of the entertainment was to be a colloquy upon the "Influence of Humbug in large assemblies," pronounced by five young gentlemen, who were to "commence in order of their names," sat patiently in their places for some time before it dawned upon them that the "colloquy" was merely a hoax the committee had put upon them, and that if any of the Exhibition remained to be witnessed, they were furnishing it themselves.

In the course of years, other features of the Exhibition overshadowed the burlesque orations, and at the very end crowded them quite off the program. The celebration had, in fact, lost all connection with the Junior Appointments, and the Wooden Spoon no longer went to the winner of the lowest Second Colloquy. The nine men who composed the Society of the Cochleaureati in each year were elected by their classmates, without reference to their scholarly attainments, and were generally conceded to be the "most popular men" in the class. From among their own number, the "Cochs" chose the Spoon Man himself, who in his turn was supposed to be the supreme embodiment of the qualities of good fellowship for which their classmates had seen fit to elevate the nine Cochs to their position of eminence. The society thus constituted and organized was in charge of the arrangements for the Exhibition, and meeting from week to week at little dinners provided by the members, each in his turn, they laid out their schemes for tickling the fancy of their guests on the great night of the presentation.

The results they produced bore the stamp of such cogitation as popular young men do after a good dinner. There was a deal of good-natured joshing of faculty and classmates, a sprinkling of atrocious puns, and a general atmosphere of wit caught on the wing and not quite brought to bag. The Opening Load, which stood first on the program, may be taken as representative of the sort of ingenuity that went into the typical Exhibition. It was in the nature of a charade, by which the Spoon Man was presented to the audience under the countenance of some perfectly unspeakable pun. When, for example, the program announced the Opening Load as "The Strawberry," the first thing which met the eye of the audience, on the drawing of the curtain, was a huge mound of straw, out of which, with much business of manipulating their spoons, the other Cochs disentangled the Spoon Man of the year—whose name was Berry. Or the "Innate Gentleman" was freed from the embraces of a gigantic figure 8; or the "In-bred Gentleman" stepped out from a huge loaf of bread. All this, you will see, was merely a public and rather elaborate presentation of the particular brand of foolery which passed about at eating clubs, in society halls, and along the Fence, day in and day out, among a college generation that knew how to amuse themselves and had not yet lost the art of laughing at their own bad jokes.

This same sort of light transcript of the ways and manners of the College Yard went on throughout the performance. A section or two of the Fence might appear upon the stage, with a group of students lounging upon it, exchanging pleasantries, which usually reached the same high level of humor as the Opening Load. One or the other of the familiar campus characters was sure to be introduced; perhaps it would be Old Hannibal, who would come up with his basket on his arm, "to see if any of the gents would like to invest in purchasing from me a package of my nice, superior, old-fashioned, home-made chocolate caramels, each package being weighed on the scales of equal and exact justice"; or Daniel Pratt, Jr., traveler and orator, might attempt a political speech. So the little scene would ripple mildly on, sometimes in the channel prepared for it by the authors, and sometimes into devious ways, as the speakers forgot their lines or thought of something that

seemed funnier than anything they had been given to say, until the skit came to an end in the singing of some college songs. Such trifles were enough for the gay rites of the Spoon.

On the preceding night—for the Exhibition represented the climactic moment of the festivities—came the Wooden Spoon Promenade, with its long program of quadrilles, polkas, lanciers, mazurkas,—and perhaps a waltz or two, as a supreme concession to the daring tastes of wild young people who had been corrupted in metropolitan circles. The modern junior, we fear, would elevate his nose at this forerunner of his Prom. In all its procedure and all its appurtenances, it would represent his idea of a slow party: the pretentious Music Hall, whose awkward attempts to assume gentility no amount of decoration could conceal; the stiff air of formality, which communicated itself from the stodgy dowagers to their beautiful (but rather poky) daughters; the rigid punctilio, which bound the lady of one's heart to the written contract of her program, for better, for worse, and made it impossible to rescue her from the collection of boors upon whom her escort—perhaps, one's unhappy self—had seen fit to bestow her dances; the languishing and sentimental tunes; the absurd bowing and strutting that passed under the name of dancing; the genteel, diluted punch! Sons of this age of gin and syncopation would consider all this a pretty watery idea of a good time. For the gray-headed alumnus, however, as he lingers in the Memorial Room within the shaft of Harkness Tower, studying the panels which commemorate the dead years and attempting to rekindle the pleasures that marked off the days for the Yale undergraduates of long ago, the sight of the figure of this junior, carved with his Wooden Spoon beside him, may awake the echoes of the music of Helmsmüller's Band, playing waltzes and mazurkas for youths and maidens of sixty years ago. He might even be willing to forego attendance on the great Exhibition, with its Opening Load, its burlesque orations, and all its sparkling wit, for a share in the pleasures of the Wooden Spoon Prom.

With the waltzes of Strauss echoing in our ears, it is something of a shock to turn to the contemplation of another student institution commemorated by a panel in the Memorial Room. If any music was associated with the Burial of Euclid, it was of a most cacophonous sort,

furnished principally by tin horns. The sophomores who assembled to perform these funeral rites came to bury Euclid, not to praise him; and they saw to it that he departed in the odor of unsanctity. Profane howlings and discordant sounds of jubilation made hideous his last hours above ground.

From some dim epoch in the past, until the year 1860, Euclid was buried every autumn by the sophomore class, shortly after that blessed day when they had completed, once for all, the required study of mathematics. The poignancy of such a parting was enough to stir the youthful heart to unwonted depths of emotion and to suggest such rites of sepulcher as should speed the soul of the departed on its netherward journey.

> He gave to us such pains, my friends,
> He gave to us such pains,
> We justly take some pains for him
> Who gave to us such pains.

In the darkness of some November night, the bereaved class would meet secretly upon the steps of the State House, greeting each other with the Greek password which had been whispered about during the day. Thence they proceeded to the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Court and Orange streets, where their old friend lay in state upon his bier. He would there be saluted with dirges, orations, and sad, funereal dance,—honorable rites that continued until the hour of midnight drew close.

"Then are torches lighted"—for we must fall back upon the words of a man who had seen these things if we would know the full flavor of their solemnity—"then are torches lighted, and two by two the long train of torch-bearers defile through the silent midnight streets, to the swell of solemn music, and passing by the dark cemetery of the real dead, bear through 'Tutor's Lane' the wrapt coffin of Father Euclid. They climb the hill, and in the neighboring field commit it to the flames of the funeral pyre, invoking Pluto in Latin prayers, and chanting a final dirge; while the flare of torches, the wild grotesqueness of each uncouthly disguised wight, and the background of cold, starlit sky, and dark encircling forest, makes the wild merriment seem almost solemn."

Such are the main outlines of these questionable rites. The details—

most happily, perhaps—were known only to the masked participants and seldom found their way into written records. In that wild midnight hour, hoary old jests, which had been the disreputable comrades of many generations of young students of mathematics and of life, kept frolic with these youthful reprobates, like Falstaff in the Boar's Head Tavern. There was much solemn business of burning a hole in the text-book, that the entire class, for once, might see through Euclid; or of passing it from hand to hand over their heads, so that they might say they had understood it at last; poor jokes when they were young, perhaps, but not so bad when they were old and famous, and one could hope to meet them only this once in a lifetime. And frequently, it is to be feared, there were shadier characters among the jests that turned up, year after year, in one new costume or another, to add the disgrace of their presence to these unholy obsequies. What new follies the mad sophomoric imps devised, what musty nonsense they handed on from class to class, till its gray iniquity became sanctified by the years, we shall be too discreet to uncover. This noisy chapter out of the boisterous adolescence of Yale—these years of Pow Wows, Thanksgiving Jubilees, and Burials of Euclid—have long since passed into silence. After many burials in the waste lands about Tutor's Lane (now Prospect Street) Euclid is at last genuinely defunct. Perhaps an occasional sophomore of these latter days has heard some puzzling reference to these obsequies; but who Euclid was, and why they buried him so often and at such expense, he does not know. Probably he is in complete ignorance when he sings the ancient couplet:

> In sophomore year we have a task:
> 'Tis best performed with torch and mask.

So, on every hand, the past has ebbed away from us. In communities which grow and change so rapidly as ours, customs are swept away with startling rapidity, and traditions crumble and vanish before anybody realizes that they are undermined. Living in the present and the future, a college like ours has no wealth it guards so carelessly as its memories; and many of the things that it has inherited from the past are discarded or destroyed or thrust aside, in dark, forgotten corners. The great build-

ings of the Memorial Quadrangle, rich with the suggestion of the past of Yale, should be a treasure house, where the wealth that is ours by heritage may be held secure against oblivion.

The Quadrangle has made no effort to tell all our history, of course; but here and there, by name or symbol, it recalls the record of the past. There is more that might be written here to make the record more complete and more coherent; but the rest shall be left to silence—after the fashion of the Quadrangle itself. The byways we have explored in the vanished years are those down which the architect has led us, luring our fancy by some suggestion carved in wood or stone, or by the names that he has chosen, out of the many that cluster round the name of Yale, for the enrichment of this place of memories. If he has not told all that might be told, neither shall we tell all, leaving it to your own inclinations, reader, to explore these matters further if you will. If you have found anything in these pictures of old times that stirs your curiosity, and you would learn more about the ways of Yale in the consulship of Plancus, here is a most proper place for such unprofitable and wholly delightful studies. Yonder is the College Library, with many books that tell the story, in solemn or in sprightly vein; and if you are lucky enough to be a junior or senior, the Quadrangle offers more than one window corner, where you can sit in comfort, through a whole lazy afternoon, with the book you have chosen open on your knees, and these gray walls and towers to rest your eyes upon, if they grow weary of the page.

The past will be close to you here, to vivify the story as you read it. In and out of the deep-shadowed archways move the buoyant and virile dead, a bright company of spirits, who walk with no churchyard gloom upon them, like the ghosts that haunt more somber dwellings, but with light, quick step and hearts that are lifted up with the hopes of youth and the high promise of a new land. Toward dusk, perhaps, as the noise of the present subsides a little, the murmur of their life will grow more audible, till the echoes of the past are all about you: the wild singing of sophomores assembled at midnight about the grave of Euclid; the languishing strains of Helmsmüller's Band, playing for the Wooden Spoon Prom; the rising and falling of "Gaudeamus," shouted by a defiant company of students marching up Chapel Street with a mob at their

heels; the laughter of young girls, amused beyond measure by the efforts of the crew of the *Atalanta* to bring her neatly to her moorings; the roll of drums and the snapping of flintlocks, announcing the approach of Tryon's redcoats; the lapping of the waves along the shore at Newport, where Dean Berkeley sits and meditates his project for a college in this new world; the lowing of oxen, turned loose from the carts that were to carry the Dummer library to New Haven—would only these savages of Saybrook permit; and very far away, over the tumult of the years that have sported with the destinies of New Haven, the voice of John Davenport, praying before his people and asking the blessing of God upon this new city, which they had crossed the seas to found.

Apologia pro Vita Nostra

IT was an earthly place, but strangely made
Because it slept unruffled by the cold
Immutable ironic serenade
The legal song of time, and food, and gold.

It lay beneath our common sky and yet
It was another world, a place called Yale,
A fancy land, wherein there daily met
The permanence of dust with us, the frail.

We lived there once, and then across our days
Strode death, a masquerader capped and gowned,
And we, the boys whom nothing could amaze,
Stepped downward into life and so were drowned.

Quite gone—and there is only left behind
A dream of misty elms to plague the mind.

From "A Lost World," by PHELPS PUTNAM, B.A. Yale 1916.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA NOSTRA

AT the present day, visitors to New Haven gain no very favorable first impression of the town John Davenport founded three centuries ago. Approaching her, either from New York or New London, one is presented with a view of unredeemed salt marshes which are sodden with the dregs of the Sound, of a river that seems to have died far upstream, with no hope of a glorious resurrection in the sea, of the frowsy edges of a city that has grown too suddenly out of its last year's frocks. Outlying factories, a straggling fence of billboards, and a horizon line of smoke complete the impression of a town that has surrendered all pretense to distinction in a scramble for hasty prosperity.

But above the soggy marshes, the outhouses of the city, and the scrawny sky line, comes suddenly—like a line of poetry cherished in the background of the mind and now leaping into vivid memory—a glimpse of something different; something conceived in the spirit of far-off beauty and rich with the suggestions of the past. It is the crown of Harkness Tower, and it stands against the sky as sign and token that in this place dwell poetry and aspiration and eternal youth.

For something more than two centuries, these things have been living in New Haven, growing steadily into the being of the place; quietly, for the most part, and without much disturbance to other products of the soil; but sometimes breaking riotously through fences and over hedges, to the sad bewilderment of the custodians of order, youth and poetry not being altogether easy to domesticate. They have found expression as they could, after their own heedless fashion, and many sober fellows, not knowing any too clearly just what manner of thing they were, have shaken their gray heads and wondered what the town was coming to.

Well, this is what the town has been coming to: that it should take its place among the cities that men seek out instinctively, as reminder and assurance of the better things of life. As you wind your way up the valley of the Thames, the tower of Magdalen lifts its head above the tree tops, proudly confident of the high things it shadows forth. Across the

fens of Cambridgeshire, as you come down the road from Ely, a cluster of towers breaks the even sky line, not so rich, perhaps, with the last enchantments of the Middle Ages as the towers of Oxford, but just as comforting to men and women who have been going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it, and have found few cities where light and truth have been cherished as in this Cambridge, through the discords of the warring centuries. Shall we be too modest (or too hypocritical), while the Harkness Tower stands before us, to admit our hope that henceforward New Haven may have some right to take its place in the company of Oxford and Cambridge? We know what Yale has been saying to her sons, through the last two centuries; we believe that they are things which all men delight to hear; and now, after years of waiting, they are at last visible to the world, in storm-enduring stone.

Only the man who has lived out his four years as undergraduate at Yale can understand how thoroughly and finely the Memorial Quadrangle has expressed the essence of Yale life; but even an outsider, we will grudgingly admit, would have to be exceedingly stupid not to see eventually that these buildings are a true product of something vital and real; of something broader, too, than the life of Yale, else they would have little about them to attract pilgrims, however curious and sympathetic. Yale men would certainly be the last to deny them the right to speak for deeper forces and more universal passions than the spirit of our own college,—obsessed though we may be with the notion that Yale may fittingly be mentioned in the same breath with God and our country. Nevertheless, we unhesitatingly and arrogantly reserve the right to interpret these buildings in the terms of our own life. We believe that there are many things about them which we are bound, by the nature of the case, to understand far better than all others; things that bewilder and mislead the outsider, who views them without the advantages of our insight.

We hear our friends, for example, coming away from their first visit to the Quadrangle, their admiration seasoned with most unwise regrets. Of course, being Yale men and therefore very thoroughly human, we have more than our share of the guide's desire for unconfined appreciation of the wonders we have to show; but quite apart from that human

frailty, we are sorry to see intelligent people expressing opinions that betray the shallowness of their penetration. We shall be charged with bigotry and egotism, I suppose, if we seek to combat misunderstandings of the Quadrangle that are really merely ignorance of us and our own peculiar ways; but not feeling so sure that our ways are very peculiar, we find some excuse for explaining away objections that arise from failure to see the truth the architect saw and felt.

Of all the criticisms that temper the appreciation issuing from visitors to these buildings, the commonest is directed against their location. The human mind has in it a perversity which impels it to assert itself in the face of any work of art, howsoever compelling; and here the surroundings offer just the outlet desired for the vindication of self-respect, which has been badly joggled by the unwonted emotion of admiring something exterior to oneself. Issuing from the tranquillity of the courts upon the bleating tumult of Elm Street, the visitor falls mercilessly upon the surroundings of the Quadrangle, as upon something that it is quite within his power to annihilate. What a pity that these buildings should be cooped up here in the heart of the town! Why did not some one have the sense to find out a better site than this? Have you no hill in the quiet part of your city, with broad spaces and grass and some seclusion from shops and trolley cars, where this thing might stand apart and be seen at once in its full perfection? And then the more knowing mention Hillhouse Hill and sigh once more at the unforeseeing folly of Yale men, who have gone on sinking the foundations of their college, deeper and deeper, in the unsightly center of the growing city.

Now, there are only a few Yale men so besotted that they see much beauty in the location of our college buildings; indeed, a few of us are sensitive enough to shiver at the architectural chaos of the central squares of New Haven,—no small part of it, to be sure, Yale's own contribution to a confusion already too confounded. And there is probably not one of us who does not think with some regret of what Yale might have been, if foreseeing wisdom had been given to the directors of our destiny. But we know the facts of our situation very well, and long ago learned the folly of yearning for some far-off hilltop, where

Yale might keep her skirts clean from the splashing of New Haven life. We have cast in our lot with the city, for better, for worse, and after years of plodding along together, we are not prepared to play the philanderer and seek more attractive company; nor yet to withdraw coolly from an alliance in which college and city have rubbed on together, with mutual forbearance, through the years of struggling for prosperity and fame. Least of all, could we take the best treasures that have come to us and retire in solitude to gloat over them. They shall be a part, like all our life, of the goods we have shared in common with New Haven. The greatness of the Quadrangle lies in its fidelity to the truth in its interpretation of our past and of our present; and surely, one of the most significant aspects of life at Yale has been its intimate association with the city. Shall we believe that any Yale man has ever been a freshman, whose memories of his college days do not stray beyond the limits of the Campus?

From the first, the city of New Haven enters into the consciousness of the Yale undergraduate, as a very definite part of his life. There is the first sinking of the heart when he beholds her,—probably looking her worst under a drenching September rain; for it is seldom that she greets her freshmen without an equinoctial deluge, a baptism into the Yale man's faith that New Haven has the worst climate in the world. Usually, in this first encounter, he feels the disillusionment of the ardent lover who finds himself, for the first time, in the forbidding presence of two unattractive, elderly people, who pretend to be the parents of the lady of his dreams. But then come tumultuous weeks of learning to know New Haven better: the first perilous crossing of Elm Street, opposite the college post office, where traffic pays small heed to students hurrying blindly toward a closing Chapel door; the first acquaintance with New Haven shops, where the freshman enters under doors bearing his class numerals on welcoming banners, and comes out with the first suggestion of the college swagger, having at last found someone who takes his money more respectfully than upperclass solicitors; a leisurely afternoon saunter down Chapel Street, and the dawning of a dangerous consciousness that not all things in New Haven are forbidding of aspect; above all, the first intoxication of invading the city, when his class

gathers for Rush Night and goes swinging through the lighted streets of the city's center, at the tail of a long line of men, catching off the trolley poles and otherwise misbehaving themselves, grinned at by sympathetic spectators, hounded by small townies, who find no way of expressing their sense of unity with all this excitement save by shouting insults.

So, very shortly, the Yale man learns to take New Haven for granted, as part of the life he has inherited from many generations of his predecessors. He threads his way by instinct through the traffic of Elm Street, his nose buried in the *News;* he views the encircling shops with no other sensation than pleasure at their convenient proximity. As leisure and self-importance increase upon him, he walks down Chapel Street with a sense of being a very special and privileged part of its life. On the night of the Rush, and on other impromptu occasions, he joins the throngs that come swarming out of entry doors to take noisy possession of the city's streets.

In short, in spite of himself, he finds himself growing rather fond of the city, as one may grow very much attached to a crotchety roommate. He desires no escape from an alliance that may have been ill advised, but which the years have deepened until it has come to seem fitting. He does not sigh for the secluded hilltop. Perhaps he has dwelt on such a hilltop before, at one of our carefully isolated preparatory schools, and it was not a privilege that he accepted with unmixed gratitude. Seclusion from the world, he thinks, is meet for hermits and old men. Extreme youth may very likely be the better for the clear air and open spaces of the New England hill country and for isolation from the follies of the town; but these are not the conditions which youth finds most desirable, nor yet the situation which gives a young mind the truest picture of life, as most of us have to meet it. Most college graduates are foredoomed to town life, whether they like it or not; for their special training takes them where that training is most in demand, and it is our cities that need them. Here in the Memorial Quadrangle, hedged about by city streets, the undergraduate at Yale is living a life not very dissimilar to the life that awaits him as an alumnus.

It is only an old myth that the academic life is utterly secluded from

the world. At bottom, such an idea is the product of that ignorance which regards academic things as a useless decoration of life. Behind the walls of the college, the superstition runs, a few privileged youths are gathered together for some four years, for the contemplation of certain interesting but entirely unnecessary things, expounded by a group of older men who have filled their heads so full of impractical lumber that they are fit only for this elegant uselessness, and are hired thereto for a pittance which undoubtedly represents all that they are worth. The object of this elaborate waste of time is none too clear to the superstitious mind, but it is vaguely perceived to be an expensive diversion, like golf, polo, or fox-hunting, giving the fortunate young men a taste of undiluted pleasure, before business worries come to crowd their diversions into Saturday afternoon and Sunday. What the college youth learns, of course, is a mere by-product; half of it he will most fortunately forget, and the rest he must speedily unlearn before he can be of any real service in the world.

If this were a true conception of academic life, it were well to take the Memorial Quadrangle apart, stone by stone, and reërect it in some spot of lofty isolation, as remote as possible from the world of men. But it is precisely because it is not true, that these buildings stand so comfortably and fittingly in the midst of things. Through many centuries, the academic ideal has stood in the market places of the cities of the world, serene and at home, secure in its consciousness of serving the men and women who throng past. Long years ago, Athens and Alexandria grew accustomed to the sight of grave-eyed scholars, walking their streets, their shoulders a little stooped, their brows a little puckered; and Athens and Alexandria knew them, not as beings that dwelt apart from the common cause, but as men whose long hours of solitary labor, in some quiet, hidden way, were shaping the destinies of peoples.

Familiar too, on the streets of many an old-world city, the throngs of young men coming out from conference with the Magister, with impudent laughter on their lips but with the miracle of thought at work within. Along the slopes of the Mont-Sainte-Geneviève, across the Seine from Paris (in the days when Dante was a visitor there, exiled from Florence), this throng of irreverent youth not infrequently grew bois-

terous and insubordinate, and Paris knew to its sorrow that the academic life was not a cloistered and remote existence. In the old town of Oxenford (in the days when Chaucer was commissioner of dykes and ditches along the Thames at Greenwich), young college scallawags found, all too wickedly, a way to make themselves obnoxious to the good burgesses of the city; and young college dreamers walked in the High Street in their threadbare coats, their heads full of Aristotle and his philosophy.

Something of the age-old tradition, we believe, has taken root in the soil of New Haven. Sometimes, toward nightfall, the figures that pass in and out of our college gateways seem to clothe themselves in garments of earlier epochs in the long story of academic life, and our goings and comings suddenly transform themselves into a pageant, shadowing forth the ancientry of learning and of her institutions. A mantle of years which run far beyond his own, falls upon the venerable professor returning to his quiet study, with some wise old book under his arm, with problems that vexed Socrates still roaming unanswered in his head. Young athletes dash by him, half unclothed, as if just back from the *palaestra;* or an earnest graduate student, lean as a rake, stops him to ask some question that was answered in the schools of Paris when Abelard was there. In Gothic windows, the lights begin to gleam here and there, and one is prone to forget Edison and his white magic, and to think of the candlelight that streamed down into the courts of Cambridge when young Francis Bacon was a student at Trinity. Perhaps a thread of music drifts out from some lofty gable, where hende Nicholas strums at his guitar and warbles the king's note. Meanwhile, the folk of the city move past the college, returning to their homes, and they, too, are part of the pageant.

No, while we have the intelligence to appraise our heritage, we shall not regret the location of the Memorial Quadrangle in the heart of the city of New Haven. A group of buildings which has contrived so successfully to express our inheritance from the past could not be located elsewhere, without losing something of its authenticity as an interpretation of Yale life. A complete isolation from the world has been no part of our history.

Yet the life of Yale knows some seclusion, as the academic life always must. Though the streets surround us, and commerce barks at our gates, we have not forgone all intimacy and retirement. As the city has grown in upon us, we have built with more foresight than at first appears, creating seclusion for ourselves by erecting our buildings at the boundaries of our grounds and leaving open space within. For colleges situated like ours, in the heart of a city, the quadrangle yields seclusion without attempting isolation. The Old Brick Row of the nineteenth century lay too open to the city, as Timothy Dwight had the wisdom to perceive; and college life, having its center at the fence along the corner of College and Chapel Streets, was thrown into a publicity which threatened to descend into something all too like the corner loafer's existence. Connecticut Hall, the only survivor of the Row, stands today in dignified seclusion within the college close. The gates of our Campus are but rarely shut, yet we pass through them into intimacy such as no quiet hilltop could better afford us. The Quadrangle has been a characteristic feature of Yale building for many years, and the Memorial Buildings carry on a tradition that has grown old at Yale and has had far greater antiquity in other college communities.

But in these tiny courts and broader enclosures, the architect has used the Quadrangle for better purposes than mere expediency. He has not merely provided for us the possibility of intimacy, but has contrived to suggest its charm. Even the stranger, passing through these archways into the quiet serenity of the courts, feels with a sudden illumination a new and deeper knowledge of the attraction of the academic life. For the college man, particularly the Yale man, this sensation is a reawakening of old memories, rather than the revelation of new insight. It seems to him that he has never so thoroughly understood the worth of his college associations. The sunlight streaming over the southern walls, broken by friendly chimney tops and gables and falling upon inviting doorways and oriel windows, seems to be shining into a corner of his past where all sorts of interesting memories are stored. The place works upon him like an enchanter's spell, until he is not quite sure that these towers and pinnacles are not such stuff as dreams are made on. The courts are peopled with forgotten hours, that start suddenly into life

Bramford Court

again: hours of lazy intimacy with friends who have drifted away from him; hours of sunlit idleness beneath elms such as these, when the mind wandered into corners of the universe which he has left unexplored in later years; evening hours of song, when the heart was merry for no reason save that it was young, or sentimental for no reason save that the moonlight fell across the tree tops; hours of high dreams and lonely, visionary thought.

If this be enchantment, it is only the artist's magic, which contrives to work intangible matters into tangible shapes before our eyes. It will be seen later, when we come to tell the story of the building of the Quadrangle, that from the first, the architect never lost sight of his purpose of expressing the aloofness of college life. In the midst of life, youth withdraws into its own thoughts in ways that baffle minds that have grown too old to understand. In the seclusion of these courts, the oldest and toughest mind should be given insight, for the secret of our life is no secret here. The charm of its secluded hours radiates from the sunny walls, where the very stone is full of the lights and shadows of friendship. It dwells in the quiet of each court, where the walls draw close to catch and throw back the echoes of our laughter. It leaps up before the eyes in every tower, where, at the boundary lines of our lives together, the symbols of our unspoken aspirations point toward the stars.

A thoughtful pilgrim, who is not in too much of a hurry to loiter about the buildings of the Quadrangle, will find himself gradually falling under the allurement of the place. Perhaps the spell of the buildings will work so powerfully upon him that he will feel himself for an hour or so a part of the life that moves about within this enclosure, of its laughter and its song, of its hours of long, long thoughts, of its problems and its dreams. If his heart cherishes seclusions of its own—green islands, where he has cultivated some of the fairer things of life—he will find this place suggesting them, reminding him that the things of the spirit create their own courts and quadrangles in the midst of the thoroughfares of the world. He will return through the archway that leads out into the city street, with a fresh knowledge, not only of the four years of college, but of the intellectual life as a whole. It, too, must often live in the midst of mean surroundings and contrive, nevertheless, to keep its own seclusion quiet and green.

College architecture has not often spoken so intelligibly of the life it is intended at once to serve and to interpret. Indeed, other buildings at Yale—but silence and profanity are the Yale man's only alternatives when we get upon this subject. A jargon of many tongues, a motley crew of alien orators shouting of anarchy and confusion, a Babel of raucous voices, each unintelligible to its neighbor: such is the general impression our architecture has usually made upon the intelligent visitor, who has come to visit our buildings in the expectation of finding some eloquent expression of our ideals and of our life. There are honorable exceptions, of course: Connecticut Hall, speaking in homely, Yankee phrase of the colonial college; the Old Library, whose language has something of the personality of the elder American scholar, who contrived to make few books and rude equipment do; a dark-porched fraternity hall, here and there, speaking in sepulchral tones the solemn-faced abracadabra of youth. But these authentic voices were obscured in the general tumult of an architectural chaos, and the visitor might hitherto seek in vain for any group that gave him an adequate conception of what Yale thought she was about.

Certainly, the buildings of the Memorial Quadrangle have succeeded in speaking to the satisfaction of most of us as an interpreter of our life. Nor is it in any alien tongue that they speak of us. Occasionally, a hypercritical visitor falls foul of the style of architecture, as others, whom I spoke of, fall upon the surroundings of the buildings. The Gothic tradition, we are told, has no place upon American soil: it is a feudal survival, which ought never, in the first place, to have survived the institution of feudalism; and in the second place and most particularly, it has no business in New England, where feudalism was never known. To build a dormitory for American college youths in this style, in the twentieth century, is an anachronism of the most violent sort.

Well, there are pedants among connoisseurs as among scholars, and the wise man learns to suffer them gladly. It will hardly do to descend to their dusty level and meet them with dreary arguments, pointing out that modern scholarship had its birth and spent its youth in Gothic buildings, and tracing the seeds of our colonial colleges back to medie-

val Oxford. Nor is it of much profit to ask them what type of architecture, indigenous to America, they consider best suited to academic buildings; for they are likely to say Colonial,—as if that were more native than Gothic, or more appropriate for the center of a modern city and for the service of a generation that would be less at home in colonial New England than in feudal Europe. As for the skyscraper, the only thoroughly original contribution that our country has made to architecture, it is the expression of a whole body of ideals that are quite honestly American, to be sure, but not yet the ideals of the academic life.

On the whole, there is very little that can be done with these fellows. Less highly cultivated minds find this modified Gothic eminently expressive and satisfactory, so well adapted to college purposes, so rich in its possibilities of expressing ways and moods of college life. "For in one point of view," says Ruskin, "Gothic is not only the best, but the only rational architecture, as being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble. Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground plan, it can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy; and whenever it finds occasion for change in its form or purpose, it submits to it without the slightest sense of loss either to its unity or majesty,—subtle and flexible like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer. And it is one of the chief virtues of the Gothic builders, that they never suffered ideas of outside symmetries and consistencies to interfere with the real use and value of what they did."

It is this flexibility that makes the Gothic so suitable to our purposes here. The symmetries of classic architecture are noble to behold, but they could be attained here only by sacrificing the real use and value of what our builders were about; for external symmetry is bought at the price of monotony, within as well as without. No architecture so well as this could give to each of the suites the opportunity of being unique, of being a little individual home, differentiated from the dwelling places of some six hundred neighbors in more essential things than the number on the door.

The superficial observer speaks heedlessly of the college type. Some-

times he goes farther and specifies the Yale type or the Harvard type, as if the colleges of our country, like its factories, were standardizing their parts and stamping out Bachelors of Arts like the blades of safety razors, the product of each mill of learning distinguished from that of its competitor by certain patented processes and copyrighted trade-marks. Anyone who has lived among these young men or has been one of them himself, knows how fatuous this notion is. In the twenty men that sit in front of me in any class, I soon learn to discover a full score of sturdy individualities, vigorously resisting all attempts to standardize the product or to set any trade-mark upon them. To be sure, they like to look alike, and they live in terror of being thought different or queer. Not a necktie in the room that proclaims its wearer's taste to be eccentric, not a shirt that is not cut to a certain model, not a waistcoat that boasts one button more than fashion decrees; but beneath these waistcoats or above these neckties—or wherever else, with due reverence to our own E. R. Sill, we may locate the actual ego—there dwells an irrepressible personality which shyly and quietly seeks expression and will leap out at unexpected moments and in unforeseen ways.

For too many years, and in too many of our buildings, we have entombed these rebellious personalities in monotonous barracks, in which any two suites were more exactly alike than their respective latchkeys. The walls were invariably tinted with one of two colors,—a seasick green known only in this connection, or a color suggesting the yolk of a cold-storage egg. Straight in front, on entering, was the closet door, placed so symmetrically opposite the entrance that nervous freshmen, calling on upperclass acquaintances, were pretty sure to bow themselves out into the closet. In other corners were the doors to the bedrooms,—bleak, oblong receptacles charmingly differentiated from each other by the fact that one was at the right and the other at the left. You always matched your roommate for first choice, and it was as listless a sporting event as the heart could imagine. A lofty window seat of half-painted planks sprawled under the windows and, though firmly built into the room, was frequently sold to the prospective freshman tenant by the outgoing sophomore. It was not always an easy business negotiation, for one look at the window seat was usually enough to convince the fresh-

man that he didn't want it. A fireplace of glaring, factory brick irradiated cheer. Having boxed our students up in this uniform container, thus assuring ourselves that at any given hour of the evening a thousand young men would be lying on identical window seats, solacing their eyes with exactly the same combination of golden-oak woodwork, sea-green walls, and red brick fireplaces, we have sometimes complained that the young Philistines seemed utterly indifferent to aesthetic interests and were so little developed upon the artistic side, that one and all bought the same cheap prints and decorated their rooms with such uniformity and vulgarity that a father could not tell his son's room from that of any of his classmates, and a mother had better not visit her son at all.

It is true, of course, that Yale students, in their first two years, are still living in these same standardized barracks; and a glance through their windows shows that they are responding in the inevitable way, accumulating on the sallow-complexioned walls an array of depressing decorations, chosen from the standardized wares of the student furniture shops. At the end of their sophomore year, one may argue, when they transfer their goods to the Memorial Quadrangle, these mural abominations will go with them, to disgrace the walls of the new dormitories. Whereupon, the pessimist will have something discouraging to say of expensive attempts to cultivate the taste of college barbarians. We shall be told that their native depravity defeats all attempts to make individuals of them, as the immigrant, in his native filthiness, defeats the purposes of the model tenement by storing coal in the bathtub.

But the undergraduate, on the whole, has a shrewd eye for the incongruous; he has even a sense of humor, which is merely another way of saying the same thing. There is already evidence that he is aware that the carefully planned apartments of the Memorial Quadrangle put a demand upon his invention and set free his own imagination as the identical suites of Berkeley Oval never did. A senior of your acquaintance will assure you confidently that he and his roommate have the best suite in the Quadrangle, and he will add rather apologetically that they have some pretty good stuff to fix it up. What is more remarkable, a subsequent visit demonstrates that he spoke the truth; they do have

some pretty good stuff. The rug is no rich jewel of the East, to be sure, but it has been thoughtfully chosen. The tapestries on couch and cushions are new acquisitions, secured to suit these surroundings, and a freshman pillow, strayed into this environment, is turned face downward in the desk chair. On the walls, a bit of Japanese tapestry reflects the interest of one of the roommates in the Orient, and bold etchings of derricks and bridges betray the other as an incipient engineer. The individualities of this strangely assorted pair have found opportunity here to impress themselves upon their temporary home together, and their friendship will be the richer for it.

Of course, the leaven is not yet operating throughout the entire lump. Glancing through the windows, one still sees the sirens of the student art shops, offering a very spidery display of legs and wearing, among other trifles, this year's fashion in the flapper's smirk. There are pennants of sundry girls' schools and colleges, whose colors were obviously suggested by some lady's idea of a fancy dessert. Along with these standardized atrocities, there are other conventional decorations, which are probably inevitable in the college room, and which the alumnus would hardly care to see thrown on the junk heap. Fraternity shields over the fireplace have a dignity they never owned against the glaring red brick and highly varnished woodwork of the older dormitories; and in nearly every room the blue banner of Yale holds its place, as it should, even if it does look a little flat and sprawly.

And here and there we catch glimpses that should make us less forlorn: among the pictures on the walls, the spires of some old-world city, whose beauty lingers as one of the memories of a summer abroad; a cathedral aisle, where the shafts of light have fallen in such a way as to take hold upon a young, impressionable consciousness; a Medici print of some painting that has really found its way into a corner of the student's mind; or, perhaps, Pennell's stirring interpretations of New York. In short, these undergraduates of ours are the most ductile group of men in the world, and they are gradually responding, as we might have predicted, to their new surroundings.

At any rate, they have constantly before their eyes the richness of a living art. For if even the casual visitor must recognize, in these build-

ings, the outpouring of genuine individuality, surely the young men who live here day by day are not so dull-fibered that they will not absorb unconsciously the gift the artist has given them. They can learn of him the exuberance of a mind that is well stocked and well ordered, yet wholly free from the bondage of mechanical conformity. Here, at least, if nowhere else in their college associations, they come into intimate contact with the pleasure of unshackled expression. The architect seems to be telling them, in the plainest language, what they are and what they may be. Like them, the work he has wrought is now studious, now playful; at times serious and lofty, at others whimsical and droll; capable at once of all the careless ease and all the exultant vigor of youth. Within the wide limits its variety has set, there is room for all the ways and moods of our life, which we sometimes speak of as if it were one life, but which is really the life of a thousand wayward and winning personalities.

The playfulness, which is noticed by every visitor to the Quadrangle, is but one aspect of the many-sided expressiveness which belongs to this collegiate Gothic style. What a natural and almost inevitable part it takes in college buildings, when one does but take a moment to think about it! One wonders what other architects have been thinking about, in designing dormitories and recitation halls with solemn, impressive elevations, that hang out stony faces of gloom. Have they been afraid to let the playfulness of the creative power loose, lest it make fools of them? Or have they really never penetrated the almost preternatural solemnity of the college youth and discovered the wayward boy underneath?

The playfulness of the Memorial Quadrangle is just that boy breaking suddenly through his solemn exterior. It is not the untamed fancy of the elder Gothic which the architect has given us, breaking into disordered fantasies of devils on witches' backs, or of imps, or of *chimères;* these would have been out of place, of course, in this later style of Gothic. Out of place, too, for better reasons than can be found by studying the chronology of the Gothic manner. The modern college youth is no peasant of the north; he has not only safely outgrown the fear of hobgoblins, but has even grown a little beyond his amusement at them.

Even the grape stealers of Wells or the grotesques about the capital of the toothache column in the same cathedral, appear merely crudely ridiculous to him. But he has not outgrown the sudden waywardness of fancy which produced these early grotesques, and which still breaks out in the northern races, in just such altogether useless pranks as the blind balconies at the Elm Street corners of the Quadrangle, or in the little terrace in Killingworth Court, where the eye of a man who has not grown far beyond boyhood recognizes, at one glance, a splendid vantage ground for the royal game of King of the Castle.

College playfulness is not a matter which lies on the surface for each casual observer to see. Viewing his organized sports or his conventional social functions, one might suppose that the college man was entirely lacking in sportive fancy or a taste for spontaneous fun, and that college life was a dull, humorless thing. But the casual observer has never strolled absent-mindedly into the center of a group of grown men earnestly charging through the involutions of some small-boys' game, which has sprung up spontaneously out of nothing; he has never been caught between the cross fires of an impromptu snow fight; or come out of an entry door to fall into the wet embraces of a paper bag descending water-laden from a fifth-story window; or followed the intricacies of a student's jape, put upon a classmate or a guileless professor. Woe to the teacher who does not fathom the depths of schoolboy waggery that lie within the respectful young men he sees before him, or who does not understand what zealous foolery the staidest senior has in him!

Strange and whimsical things happen at Yale; not every hour or every day, but frequently enough and with a sudden unexpectedness that keeps the sense of humor in a delicious flurry of expectancy. Is there any other place under heaven, save perhaps some other college campus, where an elderly gentleman in bed would be roused at midnight by a sober and respectful young man with the polite query, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but do you mind if I leave this boa constrictor in your room?" Since language was invented, has it ever occurred to anyone that it could be employed in framing such sentences, outside Wonderland or Looking-Glass Country? Yet I know the undergraduate who spoke them; such were his actual words, and the authentic serpent was

in his hands as he spoke. As for the graduate thus roused from pleasant slumber, he sleeps no more in undergraduate fraternity houses.

It was within the college close that Charles Dodgson turned from writing an elementary treatise on determinants to the creation of Humpty Dumpty and the White Knight. It is just so that slow-footed toil and sprightly nonsense alternate among us,—the grave minuscula of science thrust aside by more momentous trifles that are the fancy's own sport. Under King Oberon, Puck has license on the Campus, and his waywardness breaks forth irrepressible in pranks that will make only the most frigidly judicious grieve. So the visitor to the Quadrangle need not be surprised, as he lingers under the enchantment of Wrexham Close, if he turns suddenly in the cloistered passage to find himself looking into the ugly face of a diminutive bulldog at the corbel of an arch, gazing solemnly at him under a football headguard, or blinking at him through horn-rimmed spectacles. Puck has been here; Puck, who is not altogether a stranger to any man who has lived in the midsummer night's dream of college life. From his hand, too, come the quaint designs in the panes of the windows, taken from old college publications as souvenirs of the foolish fancies of an elder generation of college artists.

But this playfulness, which all who visit the Quadrangle must notice, is far from its dominant note; had it been otherwise, the architect would have been untrue to the life he was expressing, which bursts into fun suddenly and spontaneously, but not so very often. Fundamentally, the men who live in these buildings are a very serious-minded body; indeed, they take themselves too seriously at times. Midnight laughter and midnight song will echo from these walls, but they will also glow with the chill pallor of midnight oil. Not that all our midnight oil is burned in the service of Minerva. It is not always the curriculum of arts and sciences that calls forth this high seriousness. Such things, to be sure, have a more than casual place in the life of the college, though it is good form to speak of them as if they were so many skeletons at a feast that affords more sprightly company. Many more men than will own to it publicly open their textbooks without a rising nausea. But there are other things that demand a more painful earnestness than

science and the arts ask, even of a devotee. A force compounded of many factors drives these young men forward. It is the community to which they have joined themselves, and in which they hope in four brief years to make their mark.

For the college world, so far as the undergraduates are concerned, is a self-contained, self-sufficient community, existing to its own complete satisfaction within its own walls and giving its efforts almost exclusively to its own interests. It finds its meaning sufficiently expressed in itself and goes outside only for diversion. There is no denying that it is a little provincial. Curious explorers descend occasionally on its shores, puzzle the natives with general-information examinations, and return to the larger world with most damning evidence of the college youth's ignorance. The outside world is alarmed to learn that the college moon-calf supposes that Lloyd George is king of England and that D'Annunzio is the capital of Italy.

Yet the outside world should not be so very much disturbed, nor so self-righteously indignant. The college youth, like many of his elder fellow citizens, is ignorant simply because he is too deeply absorbed in his own affairs. He lives ignorantly, like most Americans, because he lives so intensely; he is giving himself, usually without reserve, to the world in which he lives, and here within his own four walls there is life abundant enough to engross all his interest. Within a few hours of his first arrival in New Haven, he becomes aware that he is part of a great community, which calls out all his efforts and will accept nothing that is not his best. He feels himself drawn forward by this thing that moves about him with the murmur of thousands of marching feet, and he hears urgent voices calling to him to put forth all his strength. Small wonder if he gives himself all too zealously to this absorbing life, with complete heedlessness of anything not visibly a part of the community which stands so vividly before his eyes as a thing demanding undivided service. Nor need his elders fear that he will be any the worse as a citizen of the larger community because he has learned his loyalty in this smaller world.

So, what with work and play, Puckish waywardness and Hotspur zeal, the college generations weave the poetry of campus life. The ro-

mantic allurements of remote stories are not written into it; there is a wholly contemporaneous air about it which fools the shallow beholder into denying that there is anything poetic at work in this atmosphere. But if the emotions constantly at play in this community—the struggles they produce, the hopes, the friendships, the hot grief and unencumbered laughter—are not of the stuff of poetry, I for one am at a loss to know where to look in our modern life for anything that is not flat prose.

This poetry of our life, the architect of the Memorial Quadrangle has builded into stone. He has known it himself and has understood it, and we understand it better contemplating his finished work. There it stands in the midst of the city that dreamed years ago of the college that was to be part of its life in the new world. The colonial town has grown into something very different from the simplicity of its boyhood, and the college has grown with it; a tall and stately daughter, who has become the mother of men. It is for her sons, first of all, that the record of her years is written here in stone, that as they come in new generations under the elm trees of New Haven, they may have before their eyes the story of her life: her heritage from the past, her contact with life and her serene aloofness, her play and her earnestness, her individualism and her communal expenditure of zeal. And if her elder sons have none too clear a sense of all these things, they have but to come and spend a day relearning them in these courts, where a very genuine poet will tell them of the poetry he has found in the past and the present of Yale.

Building the Quadrangle

ALL day we hear the chisels ring,
The windlass creak, the masons sing;
With every brightening moon there falls
A longer shadow from the walls.
We hope these rising halls may bring
Some new event—some wished-for thing.
We look to see that not alone
Of mellow brick-work or of stone,
But reared by wisdom's magic wands,
Invisible, not made with hands,
Yet stronger than the trowel builds,
Deep laid by toiling scholar-guilds,
Her corner-stone's free-masonry
As broad as this brave century,
Our new, regenerate Yale shall be—
Our Yankee university.

From "The New Yale," 1871,
by HENRY BEERS, B.A. Yale 1869.

BUILDING THE QUADRANGLE

I.

THE Memorial Quadrangle made its first public appearance—a bantling as yet scarcely ready for the world—on the occasion when a grave committee met to consider the designs submitted by the architect. These are trying moments in the history of any building. The architect, with a parent's confidence, is sure enough of the worth of this child of his brain and feels some hope that if it is given a chance it will grow into something very fine; but it is not so easy to communicate his confidence to these cool outsiders, who seem to have been born without a human capacity for enthusiasm. They peer through their eyeglasses without emotion and ask questions that betray the icy depths of sophistication that are in them. The poor infant, meanwhile —usually little more than a starchy and unprepossessing bundle of rag paper—has but a slender chance to be impressive and shows a tendency to curl up when he is scrutinized.

Mr. James Gamble Rogers, the architect of the Quadrangle, chose the occasion of this difficult ordeal to demonstrate the unusual nature of the building which he had to offer to Yale. Steering a wide course from the customary procedure, he made no attempt to show exactly what his finished work was to be. He brought with him no elaborate set of flat drawings, carefully colored to show a multitude of detail; for it is precisely these little matters of detail, as he well knew, that provoke the cool mind of the outsider to ask questions and start fruitless discussions about things that are just as likely as not to be changed as the building matures. What he tried to convey to the committee was what he calls the "architectural atmosphere" of his designs. He wanted these men to know what kind of building he had it in mind to make, and to decide the one broad question, Is this the sort of thing we want?

They knew at once that it was. For what he showed them was, of course, the same thing that has been winning friends for the Quadrangle in its completed form: with only drawings and models to serve him, he contrived to bring into that room the personality of the buildings that were to be. A very rough model showed the whole group in perpendicu-

lar, giving a conception, as no flat drawings could, of the way these walls and towers would stand up and take the light, and showing how the sunshine would fall across the low southern roofs into the heart of every court. A general plan, drawn to so minute a scale that none of its detail would stand forth to challenge argument, showed what use the architect proposed to make of the space at his disposal, how he had distributed the area among the courts, and how he proposed to secure diversity in their appeal by the simple expedient of varying their size.

Most helpful of all to the imagination not trained in the technique of reading an architect's drawings, there was a set of pen-and-ink sketches about the wall, giving prophetic glimpses of the buildings as they were to be. These drawings, more than anything else, gave the atmosphere the architect desired. They might have passed for etchings, executed after the Quadrangle had long been completed. They showed the casements set wide, the vines clambering to the eaves, the shadows of trees playing on the walls. One of them, perhaps, would give a suggestion of some narrow enclosure, with low eaves and sharp gable, an irrepressible dormer peeping out most unexpectedly from the steep roof, and two tall chimneys rising against a background of tree tops. Another might furnish a glimpse of some shadowy corner, where the walls climbed sharply and suddenly, as toward a lofty tower just beyond the range of the artist's vision. The charm that a thousand visitors have since found in the completed Quadrangle radiated from the walls where these preliminary sketches hung.

The only detailed drawing which the architect exhibited on this occasion struck a slightly different note. It showed the plan of two of the apartments this building was to afford for the men who dwelt there: the studies, bedroom, and bath, with the stairway winding up from the entry door. Here was the fundamental unit from which the whole structure was to be built. The Quadrangle was to be a home for the upperclassmen of Yale, and just as the pen-and-ink sketches suggested the charm which should surround them there, this careful representation of a single unit in the scheme gave promise of the pains that were to go into the practical business of making their new home a place of comfort and of satisfaction.

As the architect perceived, these units in the scheme presented the most difficult factor in his problem. The plans called for no central hall, library, lecture room, or the like, which would have simplified the composition by furnishing striking motives. The design must be composed, on the contrary, of an endless series of unimpressive units, which threatened to produce the very monotony which the architect was most anxious to avoid. The general effect he desired, to quote his own words, "should be entirely residential, and as far as possible free from the blighting aspects of the conventional institutional or barracks-like structure." Yet here were the units he must work with, suggestive of a building about as residential as a jail!

"Rooms for six hundred and thirty." This had been the item in the requirements laid down by the University with which he had first concerned himself: that item and the size of the lot at his disposal constituted a problem in long division, which must be solved before anything else could be done. The solution that he found may be expressed in the words his associates in the work found very often on his lips during operations: "A group of buildings." His finished work is so well unified that it is not easy, at first, to see how appropriate the phrase is, nor how important as a clue to the labyrinth of his design. Yet a little reflection is sufficient to show that these words go to the root of what is most essential in the character of his work. They indicate the way by which he avoided the institutional and conventional and made the Quadrangle what it is. Its variety, its whimsical play of fancy, its sudden moments of austerity, its sympathy with all the ways and moods of youth are evidence that this is not one building but many; or, rather, it is a unity born of many diverse personalities, like Yale herself, and made one, as she is, by the magic of the spirit.

"A group of buildings." Starting with this answer to his first problem, the architect evolved the rest. His mind lingered for a while on the notion of a number of small courts, perhaps quite detached from one another, with low roofs and wide expanses of lawn; but the simple mathematics of the situation speedily disposed of that. Yet not entirely so; for the next step in his thinking showed him the way by which his little courts, his wide expanse of lawn, and his low roofs might all be

secured within the space at his disposal. Being a group, and not a single building, the Quadrangle was free to indulge a variety of tastes. It could adjust itself to the situation, like the flowers in a garden, finding many ways to open its beauty to the sun. Toward the north, where it was not so easy to catch the sunlight, the buildings could grow to a greater height, like hollyhocks against a garden wall; but at the southern end, there could be low roofs and small enclosures, which would take their share of the sunshine and yet leave plenty for the taller buildings behind them. Under the higher roofs, moreover, there would be so much floor space that the problem of "rooms for six hundred and thirty" would be something better than half solved, and in the other buildings of the group he might afford, if he pleased, to indulge a taste for broad spaces and low-hanging eaves.

So the general plan of the Quadrangle came steadily and logically to take the form we know: the great central court, which has been named for the town where Yale was founded; the three southern courts, whose names preserve the memories of the literary societies of eighteenth-century Yale, and whose intimacy reflects the atmosphere of old days, when the college was small and one bond of friendship held all its members together; the two northern courts, with their higher walls and bolder architectural effects, named for the two Connecticut towns where the brave venture of founding the Collegiate School began. The plan, as we have seen, was the outcome of practical considerations, which had their start in the bald mathematics of the situation; the result was rich with something that goes beyond the knowledge of merely practical men. The "group of buildings" which the architect had evolved in his mind would furnish a home for six hundred and thirty Yale undergraduates: a home, too, for all the pleasures which come thronging to take up their abode wherever a true work of art has its dwelling. The personality of the Quadrangle had begun to emerge, definite and attractive; and when the committee met to consider the architect's design, it was this personality on which they sat in judgment.

Once successfully past this first ordeal, the Quadrangle appeared no more before the public eye until the occasion of a building's customary first bow to the world at large, the laying of the corner stone. In the in-

terim, many details of its future had been definitely settled. A new model was made, worked out more carefully than the first, giving a clear idea of what the group was to be; there were detailed drawings and sketches of flat elevations, showing a scheme that was working itself out with more precision than in the first pen-and-ink sketches; and the Harkness Tower entered upon a phase of study which was to occupy many months. The Quadrangle, in short, was passing through the period of hard mental discipline which goes into the creation of every genuine work of art. There was no small amount of drudgery, we may be sure, before the group of buildings grew from an architect's idea to a set of drawings such as a builder uses; but it was drudgery that was done with the same good will as the more conspicuous labor connected with the Quadrangle. "The working drawings themselves," says a brother architect, "are a great artistic achievement. Even the elevational drawings, limited as they are by the pure formality of convention imposed upon them, seem imbued with the same flavor that one is so conscious of in the executed work."

While all this work went on, matters of the most vital importance to the future of the buildings were coming to a decision. There was the question of materials, for example, which is almost as essential as the design itself. More than one building, where all else seems right, has turned out a disappointment, after all, because the stone was ill chosen. On this occasion, the architect knew what he wanted, from the very start. Before a pencil line was put to paper for the working drawings of these buildings, the study of the stone began. It was his purpose to find something warm and cheerful, that would brighten the dull days of which we have all too many during the college year in New Haven, and husband the sunlight more thriftily than the dull brown stone with which we have done so much of our building. He had seen the afternoon sun upon the rocks of the Granite Islands in Long Island Sound, and the rich golden brown of these rocks was the predominating tone he wanted for his group of buildings.

This stone, however, could hardly be quarried, and the next task was to find its like in some available source of supply. Starting close at hand —out of respect for the tradition that the stone for a building should be

taken from the ground on which it rests, if it be possible—the quest of the sun-burnt granite ranged far and wide. There were trips to every quarry within a radius of seventy-five miles from New Haven and New York, and samples were called in, the architect tells us, "from Texas, Georgia, Colorado, Missouri, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Idaho, Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, and several other states that I have forgotten." A stone was found in France which answered the requirements as to color and texture and which had proved its durability by apparently growing harder under many centuries of wind and weather; but the quarries happened to be very near the position of the armies then operating in the northern provinces of France, and it was thought too risky to depend upon a source of supply which might be suddenly and violently cut off. The search, returning to sources nearer home, finally discovered, at the Plymouth Quarries in Massachusetts, a stone which very nearly approximates the first ideal—a seam-faced granite, affording, along with the predominating golden brown, a rich variety of harmonious colors. It is hard to believe that the French quarries, or any others, could have produced anything that would have brought more richness of texture or of color to the walls of these buildings. "Who, I wonder," writes Professor Phelps, "first thought of that stone? The warm rich color, the irregularities of its surface, its ease and geniality, remind one of the cheerful pattern of a homespun suit, whose idiosyncrasies, instead of being flattened, are emphasized."

The stone which was chosen for the trim is in harmony with the seam-faced granite of the wall surfaces. It is a rust-veined sandstone from the Briar Hill Quarries, at Glenmont, Ohio, durable enough to withstand much of our rough New England weather, yet not too hard to yield to the intricacies of Gothic decoration. That it comes from the state where Charles William Harkness was born was an additional factor in its favor, giving it a right to a place in the buildings which will long keep that name from oblivion.

There are other stones than these, of course, in the walls of the Memorial Quadrangle. It was part of the architect's purpose to use a wide variety of material, choosing with a certain freedom, as the old Gothic

builders did. At times a harder stone has been used for copings and steps, where the wear will be severe; at others, variations have been made for their own sake, to avoid monotony. Here and there, odd pieces of stone break out in unexpected places. In the three southern courts, where the builder seems most at his ease, pleasing his fancy with all manner of play of light and color, the materials used elsewhere in the buildings are displaced by something very different: red bricks, with the soft tones of age upon them; a smooth, pale stone quite unlike anything to be found in other parts of the group; or a combination of various colored bricks and stones, mingled with the seam-faced granite and yellow sandstone of the rest of the Quadrangle. Where the walls of these southern courts run up to unite them to the adjoining buildings, and the part of the Quadrangle that is beyond their limits looks down into their seclusion, the Plymouth granite reasserts itself; at first in isolated stones, that seem to be straying down into the court, and then in greater numbers, until the tones and surfaces that set this particular corner of the Quadrangle apart are merged entirely in the dominant texture and color of the whole group. The effect of this variation in material, not in these courts alone, but throughout the buildings, is to emphasize the friendly and intimate qualities of this group of residences, which seem thus to be adapting themselves to a variety of personalities. The stones of the Quadrangle are as much a part of the architect's design, as much a part of the personality of his building, as any other element in its being.

Another decisive factor in the character of the Quadrangle, which began to appear more definitely while the work of making the drawings went on, was the love of the past. In its very essence, the group of buildings which the architect was designing was the child of tradition. The Gothic order to which he was committed has always been a keeper of records, a teller of old tales; and by the title to which it was born, the Memorial Quadrangle was destined to follow this particular tradition. As the design was taking definite shape under the hands of the draftsmen, this element in the character of the buildings became more and more alluring to the men who were concerned with the work. Although numbers and letters still distinguished one court or building

from another on the working drawings, the architect had begun to search the history of Yale for names to enrich his work with their associations. Almost at the outset, it was determined that the larger courts should be named for the three Connecticut towns associated with the founding of the college and the first sixteen years of its existence. The smaller courts presented a more difficult problem, which was finally solved by Mr. Samuel Fisher, of the Class of 1889, who suggested the names of the three literary societies which played so large a part in the student life of Yale for more than a century. The barren notion of numbering the entries, like the streets of New York, happily yielded to the idea of naming each of them for one of the sons of Yale whose life had brought glory to him and to the college that taught him. So, bit by bit, the history of Yale entered into the buildings as a very real part of its character, while it moved steadily along through the difficult early stages of its development.

While all this planning and shaping went forward—this search through the quarries of the world for the right stone, and this delving in the past for the less tangible materials that were to be built into the Quadrangle—many men were busy in New Haven, preparing the site for the coming of the new buildings. The architect's design had been accepted in March, 1917; on July 20, demolition of the buildings on the site began. There was not much upon the square the Quadrangle now occupies which it would break a man's heart to tear down. In High Street, to be sure, there were one or two houses with fine old mantels and secret recesses, which had seen a length of days in New Haven: days of the firemen's riots, when a man was killed before their very doors; days when the lamp-post upon the corner of High and Library Streets was a special object of abuse by the student body and was sometimes torn up by the roots before the "peeler" who was told off to guard it could interfere; days when Alumni Hall, across the street, used to quake with the racket of "Thanksgiving Jubilee"—a night of wild, spontaneous fun, of uncensored jests, and of mad burlesque.

Except for these houses, the square held little that had any historical value, and nothing, certainly, that was worth preserving for its beauty. There was Herrick Hall, the Old Gymnasium, which had served the

college for many years, first as "the Gym," and later as the College Commons, a building malodorous with a thousand stale smells of questionable origin. There was the huge, sprawling wing of the unfinished Peabody Museum, which was probably considered a magnificent building when it was erected; but its loss was mourned, if at all, only by the great dinosaurs, who were cast out of its doors and entombed for a second and very cramped sleep in a little shed on the Hillhouse property at Sachem's Woods, until another museum could be built to shelter their bony nakedness. Pierson Hall, too, came down, amid the plaudits of every Yale man who had lived there and remembered its gloomy, cavernous halls, where reckless freshmen used to build bonfires, in defiance of common sense and the college laws. There was more regret for the passing of D.K.E., with its diamond-shaped window, high up under the eaves,—a dark aperture that grew bright each Tuesday night, when the jolly Dekes were met, and their rollicking song used to float out, through this window, to tease the ears of wistful freshmen. The society had had its hall upon this spot since 1861, and when it moved into a house across the street, and the old tomb came crumbling down, it marked the end of an epoch in the society system at Yale: the Memorial Quadrangle, in destroying one of the Junior Society tombs, has probably destroyed them all, for if the fraternities survive, they will all soon be housed, as D.K.E. now is, in open clubhouses.

The only other building on the square associated directly with undergraduate life was the house occupied by the Elihu Club, and in moving to the Old Tory Tavern on Elm Street, that society made a change that was well worth the break in its traditions, for there are few houses in New England that have so much to recommend them as the one the Elihus now occupy. The University heating plant, which stood behind Pierson Hall and poked its great chimney up under the noses of freshmen living in the top floors of that dormitory, was also better off for being crowded off the square by the Quadrangle, for it was given a new and more sightly home on the corner of Grove and Ashmun streets. Mrs. Harkness made this new building, too, a part of her gift. With its lofty doorways and high, Gothic chimney, it is a building that is not unworthy, in its own fashion, to be remembered with the Quadrangle itself.

Along with these old inhabitants of the square, there were others which were nameless; a ramshackle company of shops, that swaggered along Elm Street, opposite the gymnasium, ready to offer a wide variety of wares to the freshman who passed that way twenty times each day; a number of houses that had long since been given over entirely to the business of furnishing rooms for a college population that had grown beyond the power of the University dormitories to house it; a brick block (coeval with the old gymnasium), which had been a student rooming house for the better part of a century. All these nondescripts were leveled to the ground, and no man mourned them.

There were, however, other denizens of the square, that had established their right to remain even under the changed conditions. These were the trees. They were elms, for the most part, of considerable antiquity and graceful beauty, and every effort was made to spare as many of them as might be. Some of them were actually moved, though their roots went deep and their boles were very large; and those that stood in such a position that the plans for the Quadrangle left them in the open, were nursed and sheltered through the long siege of digging and building that went on around them. When the gates of the finished Quadrangle were thrown wide, there they were standing placidly in their old places, giving to the new buildings an air of dignified maturity. One magnificent beech tree, however, which stood in the path of the operations, languished and died when they moved it from its ancient station. In the last week of work upon the Quadrangle, Mr. Heddon, the builder's superintendent, was still sighing at its loss. He had lived with the growing building for several years, "upon the job," and it had been child and master and friend to him: it was a matter of regret to him—and he spoke as if he thought the building would regret it, too—that it had to destroy anything so majestic as that tree.

If the trees were treated with consideration, scarcely anything else upon the square, down to its very rocks, was used so gently. When the wrecking crews came out, the diggers went in; and between them they speedily had the lot looking like a map of Chaos. Destruction was having its reign upon the site of the Quadrangle, and for a season nothing looking directly toward construction went on within its borders. The very lines of the buildings that were to be had not yet been established.

While affairs stood in this promising situation, the architect received a letter from Secretary Stokes of the University, suggesting that it would be most fitting if the corner stone could be laid on the two-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the first Yale building in New Haven —old "Mother Yale," the ark-like structure which had been begun on October 8, 1717. It was a rather large order, for the eighth of October was but three weeks away, and the designs were not completed nor the foundations in. But Mr. Rogers replied that if the University would make preparations for the exercises, the building operations would be ready for the occasion.

They were. The stone was cut and ready to set, the foundations were in, the platform was built and fenced for the service of dedication. What is more, the foundations that were laid in the hurry of those crowded three weeks were located with complete precision, and the detailed moldings were cut in scale with the other moldings of a building that had not yet been begun. Through the foresight of the architect and the energy of the builder, the Quadrangle had risen to the occasion.

The exercises of dedication were simple, and not so very many people looked on; for this was in the midst of war time, and people had matters on their hands that seemed more important than the birth of a building. Those who found their way to the corner of High and Library Streets heard Mr. Horace Taft, a classmate of Charles William Harkness, tell in earnest eloquence, which had its source in friendship, what manner of man it was whose name was to do honor to these buildings even as they do honor to his memory. Then President Hadley, accepting the group for the University, spoke of the service that the Quadrangle is sure to render in this place of learning, and of how its beauty will become a part of the lives of the men who live here, teaching them more things in its silence, perhaps, than all the noisy tongues of a world that is too wise. For those who listened, the sounds of all the barbarism of war, which in those days never ceased to echo in our ears, night or day, though its place was far away across the seas, seemed to subside into a very distant rumbling, as if there had come a promise of peace.

"The War," said President Hadley, "has done more than lay build-

ings waste. It has, for the moment at any rate, distorted our standards. It has compelled us to look too much for immediate efficiency rather than permanent utility; to seek tangible effects and disregard intangible ones; to work for the achievements of the moment rather than for those of the ages. Doubly important, then, is it to renew our supply of tradition and inspiration, by buildings like this; to bring home to the students who shall live within these walls the lessons of affection and loyalty and love of the beautiful which should go into the life of an ancient college."

Then the corner stone was set. Beneath it went stones taken from the other college buildings that had stood upon this square, and there they hold the memory of these older inhabitants of the place secure. They are marked with names and dates which summarize the history of the University's occupancy of this particular part of the city:

D.K.E. 1861	Old Gymnasium 1860
Peabody Museum 1876	Pierson Hall 1896

Within the corner stone were placed such transitory things as men will sweep together, on these occasions, out of their ephemeral transactions, for preservation in this way: issues of the *Yale Daily News* and of New Haven papers for that particular day, copies of current college catalogues of sundry sorts, maps of the city and of the University, a handful of modern American coins, copies of statements of the record of Yale men in the war, a Liberty Bond poster, and the like. There they lie—these curiously assorted mementos of the tangled years in which we did all our building and our tearing down—safe against the centuries, in a place where they will rest undisturbed, while the things that seemed most vital to us on that eighth day of October are sinking into oblivion, and only such things as these buildings live on, to tell the future what manner of men we were.

II.

So the corner stone was laid, on the two-hundredth anniversary of Yale's first building of a home in New Haven; and the Quadrangle had passed the second milestone in its public history. Then began a

period which is not marked by any event that can be chronicled, though it was crowded with activity. For the men on the job, hardly a day went by that might not be marked for anniversary celebration, since each day represented a victory over some obstacle, a clever bit of strategy in the face of some difficulty, a firm step taken forward; but these things have dropped out of memory, living, if they live at all, in anecdotes that are told on some other job, when the day's work is over. It would be an impossible task to try to chronicle these minor victories; and if we could, they might not be so exciting on the cold page as when they were being fought out with straining minds and sweating bodies.

At the time, of course, every bit of progress on the Quadrangle was interesting enough to engage the attention of the curious, who start up out of nothing in the midst of the busiest city and swarm to the scene of the very slightest stir. A man with a stepladder or a shovel can rally a crowd in the streets of New Haven as speedily as in New York or London or Paris, where feet hurrying on the world's business are more numerous, but not more ready to pause and loiter where men are engaged in operations of some matter-of-fact and ordinary sort. And these proceedings on the square were not altogether ordinary. It was no mere hole in the ground which these men were digging, on High Street opposite Dwight Hall. This hole went into the ground with a persistence unseen before in these localities and bored into the vitals of the city until the blood ran, in dark, oozing tides. Within this huge excavation, the foundations of the Harkness Tower were to be laid, and the digging went on until bedrock was found,—a shelving ledge, ninety feet or more below the level of the square.

On top of the digging came a yet more interesting tidbit to feed the eyes of the curious: huge caissons were sunk into the excavation, where men might work beneath the surface of the shifty upper soil. Building was actually going forward in that hidden place, so far below the level of the pavement and in the midst of the gushing of subterranean waters. With some patience, a spectator might have the fortune to see one of the masons emerging from his labors—as heroic a figure, under certain lights, as Hercules returning from the nether world. Nay, there were rumors of choicer things to be seen than your ordinary mason, in

overalls and cap: it was said—such a romancer is Dame Rumor—that they wore divers' suits down there and came up from their shift clad in that marvelous armor, which transforms the human animal into a strange, goggling creature,—something unearthy, a visitor from the moon, an envoy of Neptune from the secret places of the sea. Small boys, of all ages and both sexes, watched the hole in the ground on High Street with fascinated interest, though it is not on record that any of them, without artificial stimulation, ever saw one of the masons in the diver's armor.

Meanwhile, on Library Street near York, there was something of quite the contrary nature, almost as interesting and unexpected as the extraordinary hole on High Street. While the rest of the square was still a tumbled waste of ditches and holes and mounds of earth, a wall began to rise, like a tall weed sprouting on the heels of the plowman. It grew so suddenly and to such bewildering completeness that the passer-by, giving the square but a glance from time to time, rubbed his eyes and wondered what gods were raising these walls by music from the ground. Would the whole building grow by such off-hand magic, bit by bit, as if supernatural powers tugged the walls from the broken earth? Accepting the miracle of its unexpected appearance, self-appointed inspectors along the sidewalks leaped instantly to the conclusion that this was an authentic fragment of the building that was to be, and set to work—with all the industry that flows to waste in such congregations of the idle—to study out the plan of the whole structure from this isolated fragment and to grope darkly in their imagination for prevision of the finished whole.

This puzzling wall, however, which rose so like a phantom from the torn soil where the seeds of the Quadrangle were being planted, was really a mere experiment and no part of the finished plan, after all. Having found the stone for his building, the architect had as many as eight sections of wall built in New York City, in order to study the complex problems presented by the stone jointing, texture, color, and mortar. When he believed he knew what he wanted, he transferred the ground of his experiments to the site itself and had this sample wall erected in New Haven, where it could be studied under the very condi-

tions that the finished buildings must meet. On this larger wall, moreover, built with the trim stone in its proper place, he could work out the size and contour of the moldings. An expensive luxury, one would say —all this experimentation and building of sample walls; yet the event proved otherwise, for the experiments were so eminently practical that they paid for themselves twice over merely in the mortar that they showed the builders how to save. There must have been a great saving, as well, in having a model before the masons, since it is always easier to show a man what you want done than it is to tell him; but this would be a difficult economy to compute. At any rate, with something like a mile of exterior wall to build, the architect did well to experiment a little before he began to build in earnest.

If we had expected this bit of wall to be followed immediately by others, until masonry began to be visible all about the square, we were doomed to disappointment. It was a long time before the Quadrangle began to grow upon its foundations. The building was born into a war-tossed world, and like all the children of that particular generation, found its destiny gravely affected by the struggle that was going on in the stormy world where it had come to live. At Commencement, in 1917, President Hadley had expressed a hope that the process of building might go steadily forward, in spite of the war. The materials that were to be used were not in much demand for the purposes of the army and navy, since very little structural steel was called for, and stones were hardly to be classed as munitions of war—the catapult having yielded, as the race has progressed, to more efficacious weapons of destruction. Nor was the labor of stonemasons needed for war work, and as other building operations throughout the country were declining, it seemed probable that workmen could be kept employed upon the Quadrangle without crippling the nation's man power. The family of the donor, as well as the architect, taking these factors into consideration, had decided to push on with the work as rapidly as possible, in order that the new buildings might be made ready to meet the needs of the University at the close of the war; but they had reserved the right to suspend operations at any time when they seemed "to interfere in any degree with their patriotic obligations and desires to assist the Nation in the winning of the war."

That time came in the course of the spring of 1918. As the months of that slow year crept on, any activity that was not directed into the single channel of putting a period to the war seemed wasted effort. Transportation had long been difficult, and now it began to appear impertinent to encumber the nation's roadways with any traffic that was not moving toward the Front. Work upon the site subsided gradually, until a tradition arose in the student world that one solitary laborer was at work upon the Quadrangle, and the *Record* printed an announcement that the entire force had gone out on strike—because he was so lonely! On April 26, 1918, the *Alumni Weekly*—a more reliable source of information than the *Record*—announced that as soon as the foundations were completed, building operations would be suspended for the duration of the war.

For many months, the square lay fallow, its soil yielding no further growth of beauty. The trees stood forlorn amidst a desolation that seemed to promise nothing, and the wooden sheds and fences of the builders grew weather stained and took on the dreary look that broods over an enterprise that has been abandoned forever. The place seemed to share the grim depression of war-time Yale. The University had become a camp of war, where there was little time for mirth or beauty or friendship—or any of the things that the Quadrangle held locked in its heart, saving them for a sunnier time, when peace should lie once more upon the College Yard.

This fallow season, however, was not altogether without its contribution to the finished Quadrangle. If it did nothing else, it left time for the buildings to get their feet firmly into the ground. This was particularly necessary in the case of those sections of the group which were to stand beside the Harkness Tower. It frequently happens that cracks develop in buildings beside such masses of masonry as this; not, as the ignorant would naturally suppose, because the tower settles, but because it is built so firmly that it will not. The lighter adjoining buildings, on the other hand, frequently settle a fraction of an inch, which is enough to cause a most unsightly crack. Taking advantage of the interval caused by the war, the architect had the foundations of the buildings on each side of the tower loaded with pig iron, so that they might do

all the settling they proposed to do before operations went any further. Under the load of iron, the ground was so firmly compressed that it was safe to build the tower and the adjoining units of the group simultaneously, without resorting to the difficult and unsatisfactory method of leaving a slot at the junction to allow the two parts to slip by. As no cracks have developed in this part of the building, it is evident that the pig iron did its work well.

So the Quadrangle stood waiting, since it could serve only in that way, and taking what profit it could from the interval, while Yale passed through the fever of the war. When her sons began to come back to her from the service they had rendered, and the grass began to grow again on the Campus where the feet of marching men had trampled it, work commenced once more upon the square.

It was work the world could see now, for the walls began to rise above the level of the fence that surrounded the lot, and the passer-by found it worth his while to linger. The thing itself had begun to grow before our eyes; no longer a subterranean mystery, though it was still shrouded in uncertainty. Beneath an ungainly overdress of scaffolding, what seemed to be a solid pier of stone grew slowly up, across High Street from the Campus, and a protecting roof bridged the street to shelter us from possible falling stones. In the neighborhood of this interesting phenomenon, derricks and other hoisting machines of a more perpendicular sort stretched out their long wire tentacles and took the trees into their grip. Within the inclosure and without, every neighboring elm tree became an active agent in this labor and stood for months stiffly buckled into a strait-jacket of boards. The tower was climbing upward, above the tree tops and above the tallest of the buildings of the college, to its dizzy and solitary place, still an uncertain shape beneath its scaffolding, a mystery that held its veiled and protected beauty aloof among the stars.

These were the things that any passer-by might see, as he loitered in High Street, on his way to business that was not so fascinating. What was hidden from the casual eye was yet more interesting: the organization behind these visible operations, spreading into distant parts of the country; the minds of many men grappling daily with the sinewy

problems of the task; the study that went on from hour to hour, ripening and deepening the character of these buildings; the spirit binding together the men who worked for the Quadrangle, whether they were "on the job" or in far-away offices and factories, and quickening their enthusiasm as they perceived that this was no common project upon which they were engaged. So complex an effort of human energy, planned and executed as this has been, is always an interesting thing to contemplate; and when the energy has been vitalized by such loyalty and affection as these men gave to the building they were creating, the story of their labors is touched with nobility of a sort that sits only upon the more important works of men.

On the unfathomable tides of labor that ebb and flow with the generations of men, such a work as this rides like a stately ship, which carries the burdens and the hopes of the age that built it. It was no segregated group of men who fashioned the Memorial Quadrangle, no company of pious anchorites, who had withdrawn into a far, mountainous place to found a monastery to their austere God. The work went on in the very heart of a populous city, and the men who carried the hod and mixed the mortar and laid stone on stone were such hands as the builder could get together out of the nearest labor markets. In this city and in many another, the materials that these men worked with were made ready for their hands by others like them, the ordinary shopmen and common toilers of our twentieth century. If the materials were fabricated at a distance, they were brought hither over the railroads, like all the other substances which, in our complicated civilization, we send backward and forward over our broad land. The study of the building of the Quadrangle is the study of all the ordinary ways of our life.

The story, then, hardly needs telling, one would say, for the benefit of a generation that knows the ordinary ways of its life only too well. Yet there are phases of this matter which are stimulating to consider. If the tale bears traces of the customary disappointments and vexations that any man conducting the business of life in these years meets over and over again—the workman who seems loath to bathe in his own sweat, the railroad that can lose its freight cars more readily than it can haul them, the overshrewd manufacturer who views the product of his

factory only as a source of dirty revenue; if the record of such things lies hidden somewhere in corners of these buildings, there are other and brighter aspects of the story. Like the great architecture of earlier days, this building records something which transcends the ordinary milling and fussing of the life of its age, and such power as we have to work honestly and nobly has gone into its fabric. It cannot be very ill with us, if, with such poor tools as we possess, we can build such a thing as this.

The soul that takes comfort in the large figures that swagger so conspicuously through the pages of contemporary history can please itself by considering the great mountains of material which were assembled for this enterprise. Like so many other figures that we see in our newspapers, the computation runs far beyond the common uses of arithmetic and offers the mind nothing that it can make much use of. What can even the imagination do with 7,000,000 common brick, or 70 miles of electrical wire, or 33,000 feet of brass pipe, or 60,000 panes of glass? But if the bare figures become meaningless as we pile them up, there is something behind them which does stir the imagination and points the attention toward one of the difficulties which the modern architect must meet when he builds so great a building. All these things had to be marshalled like the units of a modern army. Each of them—each pane of glass, each foot of brass pipe, each common brick—had to be gathered up from widely scattered towns and brought to the front over doubtful lines of communication; at a given moment, every one of them had to be there, ready to slip into its appointed place.

"In the olden times," says Mr. Rogers, "when the great historic buildings of the old country were erected, time was apparently not of importance. When making articles coming into the fabrication of the building, the artisans waited until the space for them was built and then the article was made, after the measurements were taken at the building."

All that is altered now, when speed of construction is one of the principal things demanded of the architect. Parts of his building are fabricated in nearly every section of this country, and some, perhaps, in Europe. All this fabrication must go on rapidly and simultaneously, and with such exactness that when the time comes to use these parts, they will fit the spaces that have been allotted to them. If we consider

it a little, all this appears most typical of the manner of living which our age has devised: the cool madness of our haste and the imperious demands we lay upon each hour; the gigantic system of exchange, by which we barter with one another across continents and oceans, living in houses that were built a thousand miles away, and eating hardly a meal that has not been brought to us from lands we have never seen; the stupendous folly of our infinite division and subdivision of labor, which leaves no community self-sustaining and makes so many of our people the slaves of routine.

All this complicated system of modern life, with its good and evil, has been built into the Memorial Quadrangle. In the office of the architect and in the office "on the job," men watched the progress of parts of the building from a distance of many miles, troubling their hearts—as we are all troubled very often in this interdependent world we live in—lest some blunder, some accident, some quarrel, some wilful negligence, taking place miles and miles away, might throw the whole machinery of construction out of gear and produce endless delays. The smoothness and rapidity with which construction went forward are evidence of the mastery of the builders' organization over this most difficult side of the work. Building went on, uninterrupted, as if all the parts that went into the work were being picked up, in the medieval fashion, out of shops and quarries on the very spot.

All the more credit should go to the builders because they were operating at a time when the organization of our industry, never the smoothest that one could imagine, had been dislocated twice over. War had shifted the focus of nearly every industry in the country, and the abrupt coming of peace had been even more upsetting. Manufacturing and transportation, as they are conducted in modern America, are seldom the easiest servants to command to one's purposes, and they were probably never more cantankerous than in the very years when the Quadrangle was being built.

The transportation problem, alone, was enough to break a man's courage. The nation's railroads were in a state that seemed to be sidling toward chaos, with rolling stock that limped and a group of employees, in freight terminals and lighterage departments, who were far less in-

terested in moving freight than in resisting attempts to deflate their wages. It was a period when nothing moved upon the roads, save at the pleasure of a tyrant called Embargo, and every freight car that brought material to the Quadrangle must have its permit. The builder had to act as a traffic manager, not only in his own interests and to secure his own material, but also for every subcontractor, and even, in some cases, for plants that fed the subcontractors. He had to secure permits to cover the shipping of his own raw materials, of the various things that were being fabricated by subcontractors, and of the basic materials which they used in manufacturing what they had agreed to furnish him. When all these permits had been secured—usually through a series of painful negotiations with the freight departments of several different railroads—the cars must be kept steadily moving, for the permits commonly gave him no more than a week to load. So, through this House-that-Jack-built, this maze of contractors and subcontractors, he must bring in the daily sustenance of the building he was trying to rear. Frequently, he was obliged to send out scouts to watch his freight cars on the road, and to keep in touch with them at junction points, lest they go drifting off with the common herd of cars into long detention in classification yards; and, if they broke down, the scout must follow them to the repair shop and watch over them till they were made whole and were moving again.

The weather, too, had to be fought and held at bay. The winter of 1919-1920, when work was at its height, was one of the severest that New Haven can remember, with prolonged cold and an unusual amount of snow. During this winter, the builder was engaged upon the exterior masonry, pouring concrete, laying stone for the walls, and setting roofs; yet he was able to boast that not one of his force lost a minute because of weather conditions. His sixty-five masons and tenders worked steadily on,—outdoors when they could, and indoors when the weather was too severe. No material went to waste through freezing. The concrete and mortar were mixed out of doors, in machines equipped with heaters; the work was covered with tarpaulins at night and over Sundays; and temporary doors and muslin window enclosures kept the winter out of the completed portion of the buildings. When snow fell overnight or on Saturday and Sunday, an emergency gang

reported at six in the morning to clear the scaffolding and walks. At one time, when snow blocked the railroads, motor trucks took up the task of transportation and brought 30,000 feet of cut-stone trim from New York. The evil weather could not halt the swift, sure progress of the work.

In short, the best qualities we have at work for us in the complicated affairs of modern life were enlisted in the service of rearing the Quadrangle. Though the buildings carry the memory of the past upon them and have an old-world charm within their fabric, they are children of the twentieth century, none the less. Impatient energy, intricate resourcefulness, nervous joy in trying the powers of the brain against all manner of obstacles are as much a part of the story of this enterprise as they are of all the story of our generation. The pride we take in doing stupendous things swiftly and surely finds a legitimate object here, where the quality of the modern mind that we now rather reluctantly name "efficiency" has put forth a supreme effort in the service of beauty.

For the worship of efficiency—carried so often to extremes in modern America that we use the term with something of a wry face—was never allowed to stand in the way of beauty in the making of the Memorial Quadrangle. One thing the architect determined at the start: that he would have as little as possible of the machine-made standardization which our demand for speed and precision has imposed upon twentieth-century craftsmen,—to the great detriment of beauty, which, as Bacon observed long ago, must ever have some strangeness in its proportions. Though many parts of his group of buildings must be factory-made, under our system of division of labor, he had made up his mind that machinery should not be permitted to crush the individuality out of his work. Even in these smaller things, as in the general plan of his group, the Gothic liberty should have scope to create something with more of the strangeness of beauty upon it than goes into the dreary and monotonous buildings which are the natural product of our age of standardization.

It was not so simple a matter to secure what he desired; not merely a question of explaining what he wanted,—and adding the magic phrase that expense was not a consideration. The habits of industry are hard to

break, and it was not easy to make men understand that they must do things in a way which long custom had taught them to regard as clumsy and little better than half civilized. Moreover, the very bigness of these operations was a source of constant temptation to stray back into the old path, which had marked out the shortest and easiest way to gigantic accomplishment. A little building, calling for limited quantities of materials, might be built in this strange, old-fashioned way; but so big a thing as this—with its 7,000,000 of common brick, its 70 miles of electrical wire, its 33,000 feet of brass pipe, and its 60,000 panes of glass—was a continual challenge to the American business man's desire to "show them how it's done." Much of this material, of course, was to be made according to accepted practices, and that made it all the more difficult for minds that had formed certain habits of thinking to see the reason for exceptions. When you were building on so large a scale, surely, the first object was to bend your wits to the problem of standardizing everything you could. How else could you deal with the problem of 1,266 rooms, 39 doorways and staircases, and 3,700 windows?

The flagstone walks are an interesting case in point. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the firm which furnished the flags could be persuaded that irregularity was an object with these builders. It has been a long time since walks have been allowed to straggle, and men have learned better, as they imagine, than to puzzle their wits trying to lay uneven stones in a straight line. Flagstones, accordingly, have been standardized, like everything else we make; and, in being tamed and simplified, they have lost most of the picturesqueness of their old haphazard ways, and one might as well have a concrete sidewalk and be done with it. Mr. Rogers, however, wanted flagstones for his walks, and he wanted the old-fashioned kind, with all their cranky irregularities, suggesting the sort of walks men laid long ago, before standardization was ever thought of. He got what he wanted; but only after the firm which furnished the flagstones had found a way to standardize even the irregularities that he demanded. The walks give the effect that he desired, but they have been fabricated according to the very latest behests of the tyrant who rules over our industry under the title of Quantity Output.

Of course, this was not much of a victory for the architect, but it was not altogether a defeat. There was nothing pedantic about his attitude toward modern industry, and he was ready enough to avail himself of the assistance of standardization when there was no good reason why he should not. In this matter of the flagstones, he had succeeded in shaking men free from the fetters of routine and had given them the pleasure of finding new ways of doing things, quite outside the path of least imagination. To bring this sort of pleasure into the building of the Quadrangle, wherever it was possible to do so, was a part of his purpose.

Most certainly he succeeded. The most striking feature of the story of these operations is the spirit of enthusiasm which the work enkindled. Wherever the envoys of the Quadrangle went, they brought with them the keen, fresh air of liberty, the breath of the homeland of the arts, long unvisited and half forgotten by a generation of craftsmen who have lived in exile and bondage under the tyranny of the machine. With a little bewilderment at first, perhaps, but finally with entire confidence and increasing pleasure, men rallied to this ancient loyalty, learning again the satisfaction a man can feel in creating something which goes close to expressing himself; imperfect, doubtless, and marked by his own ineptitudes, but the work of a man set free.

An anonymous writer, giving the public "The Builder's Concept of the Construction of the Memorial Quadrangle" in the issue of *Architecture* for October, 1921, begins his article with a reference to this principle of freedom, quoting that old-fashioned fellow, Ruskin, as if his own experience in this modern enterprise had persuaded him that there was some wisdom in the man's antiquated theories, after all.

> Ruskin has stated that no good work can be perfect and that the demand for perfection is always the sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art. For since the architect, whom we would assume capable of executing his work perfectly, cannot do so with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen, in the old Greek fashion, levelling his work to the workmen's capability and thereby degrading it, or he must take his men as he finds them, letting them demonstrate their weakness as well as their strength. This will result in Gothic imperfection but render the whole as noble as the intellect of the age can make it, paradoxical though that may seem.

Fundamentally, this principle was the key-note of the sympathetic understanding between the architect, the builder, and the artisans which has been expressed in the edifices forming the group of buildings known as the Memorial Quadrangle and Harkness Tower. The creative handiwork of the craftsman and mechanic is in evidence throughout the constructive and decorative treatment of the buildings. In fact, the true spirit of the old Gothic builders dominated everything.

At the end of his article, the writer returns to the same theme.

Mr. F. S. Sutton, an expert stonecutter associated with the work and familiar with Old World traditions, and with the fascinating story of the master craftsmen of the great Gothic periods, emphasizes the fact that in all the work of the Quadrangle, where intricate and delicate stonecutting was to be done, not only the hand of an expert was required but as well a mind that found inspiration and pleasure in the work. All the stonecutters associated with the Quadrangle were men chosen for their special skill, and the spirit and atmosphere in which they worked was that of the days long before the age of machinery and mechanical cutting of ornamental stone. Mr. Sutton says that the moral effect upon the men working upon the Quadrangle was inspiring and uplifting. There was a unity of interest and a pride in the perfection of each man's work rarely shown in these modern days. He expresses his own pride in being connected with what he speaks of as "an unequalled example of Gothic building."

To the evidence of this article should be added the words of Mr. Heddon, Superintendent "on the job" for Marc Eidlitz & Son, the builders of the Quadrangle. We found him in his office in Seabury Entry, one June day in 1922. His work was nearly done: the undergraduates had been given occupancy of every court; the whole place wore its new beauty with an air of long familiarity; the last part of the work, the vaulting of the Memorial Room, was on its way to completion; the bells in the tower had just been hung, and while we were talking, Mr. Taylor, the man who made them, drifted in from the bell ringer's room and proudly exhibited the blisters he had raised on both hands in practicing upon the chimes. The look of reminiscence was on Mr. Heddon's face while we talked about the work, as if he were speaking of labors long ago completed. He was certainly sorry to be getting

through. He had never been on one job so long, he said, nor on any he had enjoyed so much: every conceivable branch of the builder's trades had been represented in the work, and they had all coöperated, down to the last man. "They were all stuck on the job," he ended, with explosive emphasis.

Contractors, it appears, had amazed builder and architect alike by their enthusiastic interest in doing their share in this work the right way, even if the expense reduced the margin of their profits. When one contract had been awarded, the successful bidder came to the architect with the unusual suggestion that if any improvements were desired, the architect should feel free to call on him. He wanted, he said, "to make his work right" for such a building. Another man, who had been awarded a contract as the lowest bidder for a certain part of the work, declared at once that he would try to get the work done more cheaply if he could, in order to show his appreciation of the opportunity of sharing in such an undertaking; and he proved his sincerity by sending in his bill, in the end, for a lower figure than his bid.

On one of his visits to the building [says Mr. Rogers], the architect said that he regretted that he had not ordered the plaster modelling in one of the rooms cut by hand instead of being cast in the more economical way. You can imagine his surprise when some time afterwards the plasterer had a skilled artisan cutting out by hand the already finished work.

Interest, curiosity, loyalty—the qualities that ought, if it were but possible, to go into all the works of men—were constantly stimulating the workers on the Quadrangle. They watched each other's work, like crew men training for a race and keeping a sharp eye on their rivals, to see what standard they were setting. If they had devised some ingenious trick for giving a greater degree of individuality to their work, they guarded the secret jealously, lest the scouts of some other trade should stray by and discover the mechanism behind the beauty they were preparing for a dramatic moment of revelation. The man who was given charge of the construction of the fan vaulting in the Memorial Room—the only vault that has been so built in this country or in many years—looked thoughtful when they told him what he was to do; and presently, he slipped quietly off to England to study the principles of fan vaulting

abroad, where he might have examples of the finished thing before his eyes. When he returned, he knew the art from A to Z. His workmen, however, were a little skeptical, not feeling so very sure of what they were about. They had never built anything that held itself up in this preposterous fashion, and they mistrusted the mysterious mechanical laws which the old Gothic builders had discovered. To convince them, he placed an egg just where the strain would crush it if they were right and the Gothic builders wrong; and when the work was finished, he had the satisfaction of showing them the egg as whole as it had ever been. All part of the day's work, these experiences, yet not the sort of thing men encounter nowadays on the usual job.

So the men who labored here have left traces of their personality upon the work, and the building is their monument. Certain of the captains and lieutenants, whose energy drove the work forward, have been commemorated in stone here and there in the buildings. It is their right to be so honored, along with men who belong more immediately to the Yale family, for the service that they gave to this work of theirs was given in a spirit that is the best part of our traditions. Whether they wear our degree or not, they have made themselves Yale men by the same process as any alumnus,—by living and working in the college and giving their energy to make this community a nobler and finer thing.

One group of day laborers has been selected for especial commemoration. During the Summer of 1920, when labor of every sort was scarce and at a premium, a number of undergraduates, who were earning their way through Yale, saw an opportunity to make good wages by working on the Quadrangle. Their share in the work has been commemorated by a carving over Evarts Entry in Branford Court. No model was made of this memorial, for it seemed more in keeping with the spirit of the thing that it should be done "on the job." Mr. Nichols, the architect's superintendent at New Haven, made the drawing in his office at the Quadrangle, and an expert stonecutter carved the memorial on the walls of the building itself, directly from the drawing.

Memory would linger, also, over certain men who lost their lives in the building of the Quadrangle. They were just common laborers, and

their names are of no consequence. They went casually to their death, in the doing of their day's work, like thousands of others in our busy, careless land, and the world took small notice of their passing. Still, they should be remembered here, since they have set the red seal of their blood on this great labor. It is a sweet and decorous thing to give your life gladly for the cause, when the drums are beating and the flags are flying; an honorable thing, too, to walk daily in the shadow of the risk of death, that the world's work may be done.

III.

At the center of the little army of men who built the Quadrangle stood the architect himself, the general of the whole work. In earlier times, his association with his own building might have been more intimate; for in those days, when time was abundant, one man designed the entire building, saw to its every detail, and even did some of the manual work himself, if he felt so inclined. In these hurried times, however, when the progress of construction must be rapid, and the parts of the building are fabricated in many different places and not any longer in shops that surround the site itself, the architect himself feels the effect of division of labor. His position is less that of the medieval king, fighting in the midst of his men at the forefront of the battle, than that of the modern commander in chief, who directs the whole movement of his forces from far behind the lines. He is "the architect only of the general idea," to use Mr. Rogers' own words; "he is a spirit and a force."

The men who worked beside the architect on the Quadrangle know how invigorating a force he proved to be; and in the cloisters along Wrexham Court, they have placed a tablet to his honor, in memory of their pleasant hours of association with him upon this labor. It was done by Mr. Lee Lawrie, the sculptor, who is one of those who knew the pleasure of working with this man in the building of the Quadrangle. It shows Mr. Rogers in profile, with a miniature of the Harkness Tower beside him, and beneath is an inscription greeting him as artist, master, and friend.

The personality of the architect is so thoroughly built into his work that it would be an impertinence to attempt to set it any more clearly

before the reader. Since the Quadrangle was first given to the public, many men have sought to analyze its beauty and to find out the particular quality that gives it worth. At the end of every analysis, they find something which it ought not to surprise anybody to find in a great building, but which appears to be so rare a thing in modern architecture that its emergence is invariably greeted as something of an event. It may be named by various names, but in one word, it is imagination. There is the flowering here of a mind set free. Convention, tradition, set form, and rigid precept have all been subdued into the place they ought to hold in creative work; they stood in the background of the mind that planned this group of buildings, and under their watchful but indulgent eyes, the creative instinct in the man put forth all its power to fashion a new thing.

No intellectual effort is a very grievous burden when it is lightened by the imagination. More than one observer has found himself instinctively feeling that this group of buildings was designed "for the joy of it," and the feeling has some justification in the facts. A great deal of tough thinking went into the work, of course. Any man who has looked in the least closely into architecture sees at once that these buildings have been carefully and conscientiously studied; but he sees, also, that the study was done under the swift impulse of real pleasure,—like the work a college undergraduate does, now and then, when the joy of knowledge dawns for the first time upon him and he finds himself rushing up the slopes of learning under the inspiration of his startling discovery. It is a reasonable conjecture, indeed, that the Quadrangle could not have been built so swiftly and so surely if the architect had not been led through the difficulties of the task by this sort of pleasure. There was so much study involved, there were so many problems, large and small, to be disposed of, and they crowded so fast upon the attention, that a mind working merely by compulsion would have sagged under the strain.

Not every detail of the study, of course, demanded the attention of the architect himself. He had able lieutenants—"captains, rather," he calls them, "and great ones, too"—whose initiative was to be trusted. In his office he had the services of Mr. Otto Faelton and Mr. Adolph Bern-

hard, and as his superintendent in New Haven, Mr. George Nichols, a man who added artistic taste and creative power to the merely "practical" qualities necessary for the man in such a position. Two other men, who should be mentioned for their share in this intricate and difficult business, are Mr. Donald Robb, who worked on the Quadrangle only a short time, but brought to the task a keen appreciation of detail, which has left its mark upon the buildings; and Mr. Cornelius Davis, who gave hours of patient labor, where patience was most necessary, to the mechanical aspects of the architect's work. These were the men who shared most intimately with Mr. Rogers the burden of study, which began when the Quadrangle was first conceived and hardly ceased till the last stone was laid.

It remained for the builder to execute what the architect and his lieutenants had designed. "A poor builder," says Mr. Rogers, "can make a farce of the best schemes and designs." No such calamity threatened in this case, for the work of building was in able hands. Even before the drawings were made, the firm of Marc Eidlitz & Son had been chosen as builders of the Quadrangle. This was a departure from the usual procedure but it was an innovation that was well justified in the event, for the experience and ability of this excellent firm of builders were at the architect's disposal through the earliest stages of his study. Under this arrangement, it was possible to make changes before the drawings had gone so far that change was no longer possible. "I think that I am well within the bounds of truth," says Mr. Rogers, "in saying that had we been under the usual building contract, the building could not have had the advantages of the restudying and so could not have been built as it is built to-day."

The restudying which Mr. Rogers speaks of hardly affected the nature of the group as a whole, for that had been determined very early, as we have seen, and further study merely broadened and deepened the qualities with which the original design had been endowed; but it reached matters that were essential to the appearance of the Quadrangle. The creating of the Wrexham Tower is a case in point. The earlier studies placed quite a different sort of thing in this location, and the suggestion that led to the present tower came from a source quite outside the

architect's office. Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, then Secretary of the University, suggested that it would be most fitting that this great memorial should include a replica of the tower of St. Giles at Wrexham, Wales, where Elihu Yale lies buried. The architect recognized the appropriateness of the suggestion, and a study of the situation showed him that the thing could be done.

The manner in which he went about to do it is exceedingly interesting and is typical of the spirit in which much of this restudying was done. At first, he quite naturally thought of using scale drawings of St. Giles, but he speedily abandoned that idea, realizing that his tower, built of quite another sort of stone, would be of so different a texture that it could not be a replica of the tower that looks down upon the grave of Governor Yale. A foreign member, moreover, incorporated bodily in his group, was sure to remain an alien, no matter how close the ties of sentiment that bound it to Yale history. Its individuality would be too blatant, breaking the continuity of design and scale. As this became clear to him, he determined to reproduce the tower of St. Giles in spirit rather than by rote, carrying out the details in harmony with the rest of his group of buildings. Accordingly, he had no scale drawings of the original in his office, and even avoided having any photographs of St. Giles which were large enough to show the details of the tower with any distracting clearness. In this way, a new idea was assimilated into the original design.

The Harkness Tower, as well, is the fruit of much restudying. It, too, has its source in the old country, but it is very far from being a copy. In its original conception, the architect tells us, it was inspired by the tower of St. Botolph, in Boston, England. He had turned to St. Botolph's in the hope of escaping the danger of adding one more copy of Magdalen Tower to American college architecture. "There are so many Magdalen towers," he says, "in our universities, schools, engine houses, and jails that we decided to avoid it if possible." What he wanted was something that had the originality, the courage, and the aspiration of St. Botolph's, with a little more substance and richness than hang upon that rather thin crown and barren shaft.

It was a bold departure from tradition, for this was the first couronne

tower built in this country, or, for that matter, in modern times. The innovation caused no little misgiving among those responsible for the building; for to most American minds the words "college tower" connote the usual four-pointed affair; and this new thing, soaring so boldly into the air, with all the arrogance of originality upon it, was a trifle upsetting. The architect himself was so well aware of the disquieting effect of anything so unexpected that he actually had a model made of a more conventional tower, which could be incorporated into the group if the innovation seemed too displeasing. In more minds than one, as the great pier grew under its scaffolding, there was much uncertainty of the outcome; they felt more sure of the novelty which this tower offered than of its beauty. For some of this uncertainty, in the early stages of the design, the architect accepts a share of the responsibility. He recognizes, of course, the natural habit of the human mind of wanting what it is used to; but he is also keenly aware that his first study of the tower was not satisfactory, either to himself or to any other man. For a long time he struggled with the problem of uniting the crown of the tower to the shaft, and until he found the way to do it, his conception was merely groping its way to fulfilment.

Anyone who remembers his own experiences with geometry can appreciate the architect's difficulty. There is a species of refined intellectual torture which it is customary to inflict upon the student of geometry, under the name of "originals." There is always one exceedingly easy way of solving each of these obnoxious things, but they preserve their secret with baffling tenacity, and until it is found, they have power to hold the mind upon the rack beyond any other device yet invented by the amiable race of pedagogues. That, doubtless, is why they are held to be so beneficial for the youthful mind, which ought to make an early acquaintance with discomfort. If you, too, have suffered, reader, under this form of wholesome mental discipline, your heart will leap with sympathy when you perceive that the problem Mr. Rogers had to solve was an original out of the fourth book of Euclid.

The couronne tower starts on a square base and terminates in an octagon. It must be a regular octagon, moreover, in order that the finials of the tower may stand up in a perfect circle, like the points on a royal

Wrexham Tower

crown. Now it is a simple enough matter—or, at least, I suppose it is—to inscribe a regular octagon within a perfect square; but the result, if applied to architecture, is decidedly meager and unedifying. A crown erected upon a square tower by so simple a device has its points in a circle, to be sure, but in other respects it is far from satisfactory. A first glance shows that it is vaguely displeasing, and a little analysis discovers what is wrong with the thing: the faces of the crown that carry up the faces of the square tower look narrow and pinched above the broader surfaces below them, like a very thin head on a pair of broad shoulders; and the faces of the octagon that cut the corners of the square stand back too far, shrinking away from the corner turrets as if they found them too bold and heavy. The entire crown looks wan and ill at ease, like St. Simeon upon his pillar. The flying buttresses that leap across at it from the corners of the square tower seem to cramp it in yet further, and increase its appearance of discomfort.

Obviously, the architect could tolerate no such emaciated and uncomfortable crown upon the Harkness Tower. On the other hand, he must have his perfect octagon, or the points of the crown would not form a circle. These are the bald mathematics of his problem, though there were other considerations, as well, which added to the difficulty. For a time, he actually considered abandoning his original conception and experimented with other kinds of towers; but he came back, at last, to the old problem—and came upon the solution.

When he had found it, it seemed so simple that he speaks with some vexation of the research that was necessary to discover it. He put two octagonal crowns upon his square tower, one above the other. The first, which forms the lantern, is irregular, with four of its faces broader than the four others. The wider surfaces are the ones that rise above those of the belfry in the square tower below them. By virtue of this device, the faces of the tower lose no more than half their breadth as they pass from belfry to lantern, and there is no sudden and chilling appearance of emaciation as the tower tapers up toward its crown. The four narrow faces of the lantern, moreover, cutting across the corners of the square below them, are not so far withdrawn as they would have been had the lantern been based upon a perfect octagon, with equal sides and equal

angles. They stand near enough the turrets of the square tower to be merged in their shadows, and the flying buttresses that leap the intervening spaces have none of the lean and scrawny look which one finds in the elongated buttresses of some octagonal towers. They reach across, on the contrary, like graceful fingers that hold the lantern in their clasp.

Above the lantern comes the true crown, which is based upon a regular octagon and has its points in a circle as perfect as the proudest king could ask. This perfection is attained by ignoring the irregularity of the lantern entirely and placing the points of the second octagon where the centers of the sides of the first would have fallen, had they all been of equal length. The irregularity of the lantern is thus perfectly readjusted, and the visitor will study the thing from many angles before he discerns any difference in the structure of the two octagons that carry the tower upward from belfry to crown.

Well, all this business of octagons is woefully technical and mathematical, and the reader—who, haply, has not the pleasantest recollections of mathematics, and would have joined most gladly in the ancient rites of the Burial of Euclid—may find it hard to pardon the intrusion of so much geometry. Yet it is as well, perhaps, that the skeleton in the artist's cupboard should have leave to rattle its bare bones a little, that the reader may know what grisly company the architect sometimes finds sharing his vigil in the light of the midnight oil. Not all the study that went into the making of the Memorial Quadrangle was so tough as this; neither was it an airy business of sitting in an easy chair, with a pipe between the teeth, dreaming the outline of the building while the smoke curled upward.

Only one matter connected with the Harkness Tower, in fact, appears to have been settled by instinct and without great thought, and that was its location. The architect seems to have chosen the spot where it now stands without giving the question any particular consideration. It is unquestionably the right place for it, but it was instinct rather than any process of reasoning that told him so, for when he was asked why he had placed it there, he had to sketch his group with the Harkness Tower somewhere else before he could be sure of an answer. The correctness of

his instinct is corroborated by the fact that two other architects, who submitted designs for the Quadrangle, also planned to put their great towers where the Harkness Tower stands today.

Another matter connected with the tower which caused a deal of studying and restudying, was the nature of the adjoining buildings. On the northern side, the problem was comparatively simple, for it had been determined from the start that this should be the place for the principal gateway to the Quadrangle, and its wide-pointed arch, recessed between the buttresses of the tower and the rough walls of the adjoining building, offered an easy motive for a striking bit of composition. With its low roof, rising but a little higher than the great window in the first stage of the tower, the gateway is in sharp contrast to its lofty neighbor. The architect, frankly accepting the inevitable contrast, has emphasized it strongly by the color and texture of these adjoining units. As every visitor to the Quadrangle must notice, the largest, darkest, and roughest blocks of granite used anywhere in the group have been built into the base of the Harkness Tower; the gateway, on the other hand, is entirely of Briar Hill sandstone, of light color and soft texture, very like the upper reaches of the tower itself. Standing close to the naked feet of the tower, this gateway, with its soft coloring and rich decoration, seems a prophecy of what the eye will discover if it travels upward, along these sinewy buttresses, until the stones of the tower grow more golden, and the bare shaft breaks into blossom of sculpture and ornament, terminating at last in a feathery mass of pinnacles.

The contrast, then, which is the dominant factor in this bit of composition, has harmony deep within it, as all contrasts must which are to have place in art, and the note which the gateway sounds at the foot of the tower finds its echo far above. Accents of light and shade in the composition of the gateway are all vertical, in harmony with the vast upward thrust which begins so close at hand. The canopied niches in the frame that surrounds the portal, the pointed arch of the gateway itself, and the lines of the decorative attic above, all show how clearly the architect felt the proximity of the tower as he studied the composition of the gateway. The only pronounced horizontal line, from the pavement to the eaves, is the strongly molded string course that unites the crowns of the canopied niches which stand flanking the portal on either hand.

To the south of the tower, the problem of composition was more difficult. Here there was no striking motive to work upon, nor any opportunity to sound a sharp note of contrast, as in the gateway to the north. This section of the group was merely a part of the dormitory, to be built up out of the troublesome units that form the basis of the whole design; yet it must be a fitting neighbor for the tower, with its vigorous and compelling personality.

There was a deal of restudying before this section of the group took its present shape. The tower seemed to get constantly in the architect's way, putting forth irrelevant suggestions as to the character of the neighbor it would like to have beside it. The designs showed an almost irresistible tendency to turn toward the ecclesiastic, as if the tower felt sure that it was intended to rise above a church. Great windows, as in the nave of a cathedral, struggled to break out along the stretches of the wall that led from the tower to Library Street. But every design which smelt thus of incense was rigidly thrust aside, and the study went on until this part of the building could be brought into harmony with the tower without losing the independence of its own character as part of a college dormitory. As it stands today, there is a delicate flavor of old-world building upon it; but whether the little turret, the mullioned windows, the heavy buttresses, and the aisle which seems to stretch along between them are suggestive of old church, or high baronial hall, or abbey dormitory, the mind cannot precisely tell. One feels only that the whole unit is suited, in some elusive way, to the company of the great tower.

It would be easy to go on piling up evidence of the study that went into the Memorial Quadrangle, until the mind grew weary of contemplating it. Already, perhaps, we have said too much of this aspect of the work and have dwelt too long upon problems that are interesting chiefly to the man of technical training. The record of these labors, after all, cannot be made complete, and the most that can be done here is to give some faint suggestion of the patience, the adroitness, the imagination which went to the shaping of this group of buildings.

IV.

On September 22, 1920, the part of the Quadrangle that stands south of Branford Court was turned over to the University, and the Class of 1921 took up residence there. This was less than sixteen months beyond the day when work was resumed after the war. By June 18, 1921, the entire group was finished, save for the interior of the four Common Rooms and of the Memorial Room in the Harkness Tower; and delegates to the inauguration of President Angell were entertained by the University in the Quadrangle during Commencement week. The whole complicated business of building had occupied not quite four years, from the day when the wrecking crews had begun their work upon the former buildings on the square.

The task of completing the dormitories had been pushed through as rapidly as possible, since the needs of the University, struggling with an enrolment which increased at a startling rate after the war, were pressing. The Common Rooms and the Memorial Room in the tower were finished more at leisure. Whatever part they were to play in the life of the college, it was obvious that they were not needed so immediately. That they were included in the plans for the group at all was an evidence of the architect's faith that beautiful things will find their own usefulness. Although the dormitory life of Yale has gone on for two centuries without any such common meeting ground as these rooms afford, there is good reason to believe that they will eventually find their way into the intimate circle of our daily life; not for some years, perhaps, for traditions form but slowly in our conservative community, but so naturally that the time will come when undergraduates will wonder how life was conducted at Yale without them.

Each of them has been named for one of the buildings that used to stand in the College Yard, and the ornamentation is reminiscent of events and institutions that had a share in the interests of Yale men during the years when those buildings were among the best that Yale could boast. And the threads of memory which they hold gathered in their grasp run far beyond the brief span of Yale's existence; for together they form a little history of the Gothic interior, running back into the dim past to a time when the walls of a room showed the naked beams and

stone filling that were part of the structure itself, and continuing on to more sophisticated ages, when the nakedness of the building was clothed with an inner lining of stone facing and graceful linen-fold paneling.

The windows of the Common Rooms, as well, are as charmingly suggestive of the past as the strains of an old minuet. They are the work of Mr. Owen Bonawit, whose happy invention and rare skill will please the man who is versed in these matters as much as they delight the eye of the amateur. The little figures, in rich costumes of the past, growing more and more legendary as the years go by, are likely to win a place in the whimsical affections of generations of college youths, who will accept them into the motley company of "campus characters," with no great share of respect for their beauty and a vague impression that they are typical figures out of the era in which the Quadrangle was built. But as the making of windows ripens again into an art, the man of artistic sense will view these windows of Mr. Bonawit's with more respectful attention than the careless and impudent junior bestows upon them. What refinements the art will learn in years to come we can only guess, but it is not likely to become so superior that it will not recognize the merit of these graceful studies in the difficult medium of glass and lead.

The last part of the Quadrangle to be completed was the Memorial Room in the shaft of the Harkness Tower. It is not a large room, nor one that makes any attempt to assume a dominant position in the design of the buildings; but no man can say he knows the Quadrangle who has not seen this room. One side of the varied nature of these buildings, only half revealed in other portions of the group, has full expression here. In this secluded place, where the world is quite shut out, and even the sounds that belong most intimately to the life of the college come but faintly—the voices of good friends, shouting confidences to one another from pavement to top-story window, after the fashion of an intimacy that is entirely unabashed; the rising and falling of some tune, that echoes through these courts as in the minds of men who heard it for the first time at Yale; the chimes in the chapel belfry, answered by the tones of the bells in the tower above—in this spot, the affections that lie beneath the noisy surface of the life of Yale may be spoken freely. With

complete dignity, with a restraint that is still entirely frank, the Memorial Room tells the story of a love that has been growing quietly and steadily for two hundred years, settling upon the walls and towers of Yale and shedding its grace upon these new buildings; of a love, too, that is much older than that, since these four walls hold within them the feelings of a mother who remembers the face of her dead son.

The four Common Rooms will doubtless win their way into the daily life of Yale and serve the college in some practical way; but not this room. It must remain a place apart, its own beauty the sole reason for its being. Men will come and linger here, of course, for one reason or another; and if they stand solitary under its vaulted ceiling, they will know that they are not quite alone, for the vague stirring of love and grief and joy will quicken the still air about them. Here, as nowhere else in the Quadrangle, they will learn that these buildings were the product of the most genuine feeling and that they hold within them the finest things that lay within the gift of many natures. Much of the best and deepest in the lives of those who made the Quadrangle a possibility, by gift of money or of labor, will always linger in the seclusion of the Memorial Room.

With the completion of this room, the Memorial Quadrangle came to its majority, passed out from under the care of the architect, and entered into the life of the world. Since that day, some thousands of men and women, of many different walks of life, have visited these buildings and have gone away the richer, according to the capacities of their natures to respond to the invitations of beauty. It is not the exaltation of the high cathedral that they encounter here, leading their minds down long aisles of mystic wonder at the power of something very ancient and very holy; but if they have perception at all, beyond the mere mechanical operation of the senses, they know the delight of having come upon an authentic expression of a whole body of thought and feeling, which has been a part of the lives of men. Architecture, more than any other of the arts, has the faculty of weaving its allurements about the actual processes of life, contributing most serviceably to the very thing that it transfigures. Anyone who has learned to know these buildings has seen deep into the life of Yale—and into the secret of

lives that lie far beyond the borders of Yale's history, having spent themselves long centuries ago in the work of taming the wild heart of the race by the wisdom of the arts. To different men, the murmur of these ancient things, sounding through the Quadrangle, will speak with different voices—the voice of music, or of poetry, or of contemplation—but what every heart must hear, as it lies open to the charm of these buildings, is the calm voice of beauty, speaking of the great service it has rendered, in the life of the world, and can still render, in its hundred mystic ways, through difficult years that are to come.

It would be a very tedious business to attempt any account of the varying impressions which the Quadrangle has made upon visitors, distinguished and obscure, wise and foolish, since the gates were first thrown wide. Other architects have come and looked and studied, and they have written words of high enthusiasm, some of which have been published. They have spoken their pleasure in many a graceful phrase, which we would fain appropriate and call our own, and in many learned paragraphs, which we should recount if we well understood their meaning. The unthinking many, who do their sight-seeing conscientiously but at a breathless rate of speed, have been here, as elsewhere, and have shed their stereotyped comments, which it would be a waste of time to gather up. And the friends and family of Yale, whose praise can best add meaning to this work that is dedicated to the name of Yale, have spoken their satisfaction, sometimes with that levity with which the Anglo-Saxon is prone to cover the depth of his feeling, and sometimes in the highest seriousness. For these last, speaking out of a heart which has been storing up affection for Yale through the long, bright years of his service to the college, Professor William Lyon Phelps has given expression to the mingled hope and delight with which they contemplate the future of their college, brightened by this new gift of beauty.

For my part [writes Mr. Phelps], the Memorial Quadrangle gives me actual happiness every day of my life; for a thousand years to come, it will educate, inspire, and civilize those who live within its enclosure and those who come to see it; century after century, people will come from all over America to gaze at its mysterious and inspiring towers and walls, and no in-

telligent European will return from an American sojourn without having visited Yale. It is a joy and delight to me, a devout worshipper of Beauty, to know, that long after my bones are dust, long after I have left this planet, these gracious and lovely buildings will cast their charm over the coming children of men.

Worthies of Yale

". . . that so by the blessing of Almighty God they may be the better fitted for publick Imployment in the Church and in the Civil State."

From "A Draft of a Charter for the Collegiate School,"
prepared, October 6, 1701, by Samuel Sewall and Isaac Addington.

WORTHIES OF YALE

IN the early days of Yale College, while Connecticut was still dependent on the British throne, it was the snobbish custom of the college authorities to list the names of the students according to the social standing of the families from which they came. Inferiority in wealth or in position, it is to be feared, placed a freshman lower than his neighbor across the hall, not only on the college lists, but also in the estimation of the faculty. In June, 1786, when fourteen members of the student body had to be dismissed, for their share in a rebellion against the rigor of examinations, President Stiles confided to his diary the consolatory information that most of them were "poverty itself," and with the greatest candor, added the comment, "Happy Purgation!"

By 1786, however, some seeds of democracy had germinated in the College Yard, and Ezra Stiles was patriot enough to foster the growth that they had yielded, though his administrative instincts may have led him to look with some disfavor upon the impecunious, who were unlikely to bring financial benefit to the institution. Nine years before he was inaugurated President of Yale, the Class of 1769, of which the elder Timothy Dwight was a member, voted to make their appearance at Commencement "wholly dressed in the Manufactures of our own Country"; and in the preceding year, the Corporation had put into effect the vote originally passed on April 22, 1766, doing away with the old method of listing students according to the social rank of their families, and substituting the alphabetical arrangement which has since prevailed.

So Yale College offered up its little sacrifices of pride upon the altar of American democracy. Since 1768, the names of her sons have been spread upon her roll without reference to any considerations of wealth or social importance; and upon her Campus, it has been our boast that these accidents of fortune have had very little influence in determining the position that each man has taken in the college world. The advantages that come with birth or riches have not been without their effect, of course, in starting a man off under favorable auspices; but we have not often seen a worthless fellow promoted to high place in the

undergraduate community simply because his family were rich or influential, nor at any time have we failed to see men rise to positions of leadership though their parents were as poor and inconspicuous as church mice, and though their own pockets have had to be filled by the humblest sort of toil.

It has not been a part of our traditions, however, to level all distinctions in our community and to attempt a democracy that brings all men to the arid plain of mediocrity. There has been a campus hierarchy at Yale from very early times, and in a certain sense it may be said that few colleges in the country have adhered so firmly to a belief in aristocracy. We make our distinctions between man and man, and we have been prone to make them as conspicuously and as dramatically as we could. Academic and social honors have been distributed year after year, with ceremonial which varies with the changing times but never fails to mark the value that we set upon individual ability. The misjudgments that we make are many, the errors both of omission and commission not a few. High stand and high social distinction often go to men who have not the root of the matter in them and are not heard from again; and many excellent young men, who have not quite found themselves, or who are marked by eccentricities that make it difficult for them to find their way into any beaten road, pass almost unnoticed through the four years of their college life. But even in her errors, Yale has been as honest as she knew how to be in setting the marks of her high favor upon her chosen sons.

In the Memorial Quadrangle, we have selected forty-three graduates of Yale for unusual honor. Their names stand over the doors of the individual entries, and the achievements that won them this distinction have been briefly indicated in a few words carved upon the stone. In this chapter, an attempt has been made, not only to give a fuller account of those achievements, but also to give some conception of the nature of each of these men, in the belief that their fellow graduates will not be unwilling to refresh their memories of men in whom we take such pride. It is our hope, in particular, that the young men who live in these entries will wish to know something of the adventures and the personalities of the distinguished men who have preceded them at Yale,

and whose names are spread before their eyes in the buildings where they live. Some of these Worthies of Yale are more famous than others, and not a few of them are so well known that it has seemed almost an impertinence to tell the story of their lives again; but no attempt has been made to create distinctions among them, by assaying their contributions to American life in too close a comparison or too scholarly an assessment. We have dealt with them as we have dealt with our own classmates, seeking to discover simply what manner of men they were; and we offer them to you, following the excellent precedent established by the Corporation in its vote of April 22, 1766, in the alphabetical order of their names.

DAVID BUSHNELL

CLASS OF 1775

Inventor of the Torpedo and "Father of Submarine Warfare"

1742-1824

IT was during his senior year at Yale that David Bushnell invented his submarine torpedo. The event is recorded in the diary of Ezra Stiles, who was not yet president of the college but kept himself closely in touch with doings in New Haven, from his parsonage at Newport. He had his information, on this occasion, in a letter from Mr. Tutor Lewis of the college; and the Yankee Latin in which it was couched shall be here set down, for the benefit of those who can still understand the language in which learned gentlemen once exchanged their confidences.

"Hic homo," wrote Mr. Tutor Lewis of this prodigy in the college world, "est Machinae Inventor, quae ad Naves Bostoniae portu Pulveris pyrii Explosione destruendas, nunc est fabricata et fere perfecta. Machina ita est formata ut 20 aut amplius Pedes sub Undas celeriter transeat, et Pulveris pyrii 2000 lb. portare et Navis Carinae infigere possit. Statim vel post Minuta decem vel Semi-horam, secundum Operatoris Voluntatem, Horologium totam Massam inflammabit."

Mr. Tutor Lewis' bald Latin is explicit enough about the destructive nature of young Bushnell's invention, but he hardly does justice to its startling ingenuity. The idea of blowing up a ship by fixing a charge of powder to its keel was, perhaps, an adventure of the imagination such as nearly any youthful patriot might be able to achieve, in the course of his daydreams; but

actually to perfect the mechanism by which the trick was to be turned was another matter. With British men-of-war in Boston harbor, and Yankee blood close to the boiling point, a young man who had such inventions as this in his head was sure to be useful to his country.

It was not upon the ships in Boston harbor, however, that Bushnell's invention first tried its fangs. Though the idea was completely worked out in its inventor's mind, and the machine—if we may trust Mr. Tutor Lewis—was "fabricata et fere perfecta," there was a necessary period of delay while a man was being trained to do the work of navigating the strange new craft. Bushnell himself, with complete confidence in the thing he had created, was ready to try the experiment with his own vile body, for the man was a patriot; but he discovered, after several trials, that he did not have the physical strength to manage his machine on a long voyage; and it was clear that the submarine must travel far under water if it was to creep up on its victim without detection and fix its charge upon her keel. On Poverty Island, which once lay off the mouth of the Connecticut, but has now vanished from the face of the waters, he brought his vessel to perfection, put her through several trial voyages, and came reluctantly to the conclusion that he must yield the coveted honor of navigating her to another.

A certain Sergeant Ezra Lee was delegated by the army for this purpose. With Lee and two or three others in his company, Bushnell sailed from New London along the Sound toward New York, with his submarine, which he had named the *Turtle,* in tow. On the island which the Indians called Poquahaug, off the coast at Milford, the party of adventurers lingered for many days, while Bushnell drilled Sergeant Lee in the manipulation of his new craft, until he was satisfied that the soldier could do what was required of him.

It must have taken a stout body to undergo the fatigue of a voyage in the *Turtle.* Dr. Benjamin Gale, in a letter to Silas Deane, has left us a description of the craft, detailed enough to give us some conception of its appearance and of the manner in which it was operated; and a more unwieldy rowboat it would be hard to imagine. Dr. Gale, most fortunately, did not feel called upon to carry on his correspondence in Latin, and the reader may find his description of the "machina" more comprehensible than that of Mr. Tutor Lewis.

"The body," writes Dr. Gale, "when standing upright in the position in which it is navigated, has the nearest resemblance to the two upper shells of the tortoise, joined together. It is seven and a half feet long, and six feet high. The person who navigates it enters at the top. It has a brass top or cover which receives the person's head, as he sits on a seat, and is fastened on the inside by screws. . . . In the bow he has a pair of oars fixed like the two

opposite arms of a windmill, with which he can row forward, and, turning them the opposite way, row the machine backward; another pair, fixed upon the same model, with which he can row the machine round either to the right or left; and a third by which he can row the machine either up or down; all of which are turned by foot like a spinning wheel. The rudder by which he steers he manages by hand, within-board.

"The magazine for the powder is carried on the hinder part of the machine, without-board, and so contrived that, when he comes under the side of a ship, he rubs down the side until he comes to the keel, and a hook so fixed as that when it touches the keel"—the good doctor appears to be losing himself in his sentence, but the meaning is clear enough—"it raises a spring which frees the magazine from the machine, and fastens it to the side of the ship; at the same time it draws a pin, which sets the watch-work a-going, which, at a given time, springs the lock, and an explosion ensues."

In the belly of this sea monster, weirdly compounded of rowboat, spinning wheel, and skyrocket, Sergeant Ezra Lee learned to practice a totally new kind of seamanship and, the first of mortal men, experienced the dangerous excitement of submarine warfare. The first trial of the *Turtle's* destructive powers was made on the night of August 31, 1777, in the Hudson River, where British men-of-war rode at anchor. Sergeant Lee drifted and paddled his way down the river toward the flotilla, keeping his head, in its brass helmet, above the water as long as he dared. When he was close enough to the ships to be sure of their position, he submerged and steered straight for H.M.S. *Eagle,* keeping his course by the aid of his compass, which was illuminated by a quantity of fox fire.

He reached his objective successfully and brushed sharply against the hull of the *Eagle,* endeavoring to detach the torpedo and to leave it fastened in the side of the ship. Fortunately for the seamen that slept between decks, the deadly charge failed to get its teeth in. The torpedo, however, had parted company with the *Turtle,* and Sergeant Lee, who seems to have been a cool-headed Yankee, realized that the neighborhood would shortly be a most unhealthy one for his frail craft and paddled his way clear of the flotilla as silently as he had come,—though perhaps a little more speedily. He had not regained the banks of the stream, where Bushnell was anxiously awaiting him, before an explosion in midstream sent up a most impressive waterspout, which must have given the British mariners some food for thought but hardly did them damage.

It is not on record that any subsequent effort of the *Turtle* was more efficacious than this first attempt. The mild-mannered little boat persisted in regarding itself as a pleasure craft and invariably failed, for one reason or another, to leave its sting in the flesh of the enemy. Nevertheless, the com-

manders of the colonial forces retained their confidence in the precocious young inventor and continued to employ his wits in their struggle to loosen the grip of the British fleet, which lay sprawling, like an old man of the sea, upon the harbors and roadsteads of the country.

In December, 1777, Bushnell tried without success to destroy some of the British fleet in the Delaware by means of floating torpedoes which he loosed upon it. "I fixed several kegs under water," he says, "charged with powder to explode upon touching anything, as they floated along with the tide. I set them afloat in the Delaware, above the English shipping at Philadelphia. . . . I was unacquainted with the river and obliged to depend upon a gentleman very imperfectly acquainted with that part of it, as I afterwards found. We went as near the shipping as we durst venture; I believe the darkness of the night greatly deceived him as it did me. We set them adrift to fall with the ebb upon the shipping. Had we been within sixty rods I believe they must have fallen in with them immediately, as I designed; but as I afterwards found they were set adrift much too far distant and did not arrive until after being detained some time by the frost. They advanced in the daytime in a dispersed situation and under great disadvantages. One of them blew up a boat with several persons in it, who imprudently handled it too freely and thus gave the British that alarm which brought on the Battle of the Kegs."

The Battle of the Kegs is the one that has been celebrated in the ballad of Hopkinson, once a famous ditty in Yankee land and certainly spirited enough to bear quoting. It begins after this fashion:

Gallants attend and hear a friend
  Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
  In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
  Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
  And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze
  The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
  Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
  This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
  Then laid some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels bold
  Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
  In this new way of ferrying.

The poem goes on to describe the panic that spread through the British forces at this portent, the arousing of Sir William Howe, and the drawing out of the full strength of the enemy to attack the kegs; and it concludes with ironic congratulations upon this glorious victory for the British arms:

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

An hundred men with each a pen
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

The saucy ballad, with its swaggering determination to make the most of every triumph over the haughty foe, is all the tribute of song that ever has been paid to David Bushnell. Over the annals of all prodigies of genius lies a shadow of pathos, and this man's story is no exception. They gave him leave to try his experiments, and one after another, the brilliant schemes of his fertile imagination came to naught. They rewarded him for his unavailing efforts with a commission as Captain in the newly organized Corps of Sappers and Miners, and in that capacity he assisted at the siege and capture of Yorktown; but the great achievements, which he must have promised himself in the secret of his heart, were never harvested to the glory of his name. He remains, after all these years, only a very obscure hero in the annals of his country. Perhaps it was not so very ironical a business that the British, having captured the young man at the very period when he was meditating the destruction of all their shipping in American waters, speedily exchanged him, as a person "of no importance."

After the war he returned to his farm in Connecticut, but he had eaten up his patrimony in experiments on behalf of his country; and the new democracy, with an ingratitude supposed to be the vice of princes, compensated him all too inadequately for his losses. Thereafter he went to France, on God knows what errand, and his history runs off into dark obscurity. He returned to this country, after some ten years abroad, and settled in Georgia, changing his name, for some reason that lies hidden in the stranger regions of human nature, to "Dr. Bush." Under this *nomme de guerre,* the soldier of fortune, outworn before his time, lived out a long life of peace. He was something of a mystery among his neighbors, who seem to have known nothing about the

exciting passages of his youth; but he was recognized as a kindly gentleman, not altogether futile. By hard labor, he managed to acquire a little property before he died.

R. D. F.

HORACE BUSHNELL

CLASS OF 1827

Theologian and Preacher

1802-1876

HORACE BUSHNELL was a born leader of men. There was something so penetrating and straightforward about his way of thinking that men looked to him for intellectual guidance, and his character was so steadfast that they knew instinctively that he would not betray them.

We have an illuminating glimpse of him, in his undergraduate days, standing at the center of the storm raised by the "Conic Sections Rebellion" of 1825, an organized student protest against the rigors of mathematics. One suspects that a distaste for that stimulating branch of learning had something to do with the tempests which occurred so frequently in that particular academic teapot; but in this case, something like an act of bad faith on the part of the instructor in the course was the immediate cause of revolution. How much Bushnell had to do with organizing the rebellion, we do not know; but one sees his influence very clearly in the stubborn resistance to the faculty's attempts to induce the rebels to admit the error of their ways. Seventy-four sophomores were suspended, and the class was reduced to thirteen men; but it was not until parental authority was enlisted on the side of the faculty that the strike against Conic Sections could be broken. Horace Bushnell was one of those who held out the longest. His capitulation is still preserved as a trophy in the faculty archives. "We, the undersigned," reads this document, which bears the signature of Bushnell and nine others, "having been led into a course of opposition to the government of Yale College, do acknowledge our fault in this resistance and promise on being restored to our standing in the class to yield a faithful obedience to the Laws." Years later, nevertheless, when someone reminded him of the Conic Sections Rebellion, he declared that he still believed he had done well to resist authority on that occasion.

In one of the dormitory rooms at Yale, a few years after his graduation, he was to pass through another storm, which had a more profound effect upon him. He had come back to New Haven, after trying his hand at keeping

school and at journalism, in order to study in the Law School, which had only recently been affiliated with Yale; and an opportunity to join the faculty of the college, without interrupting his legal studies, had speedily been laid before him by the President. With some reluctance, Bushnell accepted the position—and was plunged immediately into the stormy atmosphere of a religious revival at Yale.

Nothing that he had to face, through the rest of his life, appears to have tried him so sorely as this experience. He saw religious zeal kindling all about him, and he himself remained as he had been. A man of natural goodness, as little likely to stray out of the paths of the law as his own Litchfield hills, he had, nevertheless, been a very cool churchman, and had allowed his mind to rove far in the direction of freethinking. His honest young skepticism had in secret come to grips with more than one of the theological doctrines of puritan New England, and had come off an easy victor. He had come to regard himself, indeed, as a man who could not quite honestly call himself a Christian; yet he had made a profession of faith and remained nominally a member of the Christian body. Any sort of paltering seemed loathsome to him, and during his college years and the period that immediately followed them, he had been vaguely unhappy in the contemplation of his own doubts. The duty of conducting prayers in the college chapel, which was part of his functions as tutor, was a torment to him.

If his position had been difficult during a period of religious apathy in the community, it became quite unbearable when the revival suddenly quickened the faith of those around him. The skeptic who had been able to linger, sorrowful but undisturbed, in the twilight region of his doubts, now found that he stood prominent under the light of enquiry that was turned upon him. He was for the moment the most important figure in the college community; for his influence over his students was unbounded, and only they and he stood apart from the excitement and exaltation of the revival. He was no longer the only prisoner of his skepticism; the young men who looked to him for all their guidance were also bound by his indifference.

"There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories," he once told the undergraduates of Yale, preaching before them in the college chapel in a later day, "which I pray God, his recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost." Then he told them the story of his battles with his doubts, fought out long ago in the little bedroom, presenting the experience as if it had been another man's, though all who heard him knew that it was the tale of his own dark hour which he spread before them.

"He has not meant to be an atheist"—so ran the story—"but he is astonished to find that he has nearly lost the conviction of God, and can not, if he would, say with any emphasis of conviction that God exists. The world looks

blank, and he feels that existence is getting blank also to itself. . . . His hunger is complete, and his soul turns every way for bread. His friends do not satisfy him. His walks drag heavily. His suns do not rise, but only climb. A kind of leaden aspect overhangs the world."

Then he told them of the final hour of the struggle, when, like Thomas Carlyle stumbling down Leith Walk, he came face to face with the Everlasting No, turned at bay upon the doubts that had driven him from one lost citadel of his faith to another, and fought down the dark negations that encompassed him now on every side and beat them once for all. He repeated the "awfully dark prayer," which he had stammered out, years ago, to a "dim God dimly felt," and told how he had risen from his knees "as if he had gotten wings." The men who heard him preach that day knew that they were listening to something more real than what they usually heard from the college pulpit; and one of them has told us how tears of sympathy stole out at the corners of eyes that had not wept for many years, and how the President wiped his glasses when the preacher had done.

Once found, his religious faith became so compelling a thing that his future opened out clearly before him and he saw what road he must travel. Though he completed his legal studies, he abandoned all thought of practicing the law; and in the autumn of 1831, he entered the Theological School at New Haven, to fit himself for the ministry. Two years later he was ordained pastor of the North Church in Hartford, and at that church he remained until the time of his death.

The loyalty of his people in the North Church is one of the brightest things to contemplate in the story of his life. Very many men, of course, particularly among the younger generation in the ministry, recognized his greatness and owed the very best that was in them and in all their work to his inspiration; but the recognition yielded him by men outside his immediate circle was of slight value to him as compared with the unshaken devotion of the people to whom he ministered. Their love strengthened his arm. Who can say how even this strong man might have come through the storm, if he had not had this comfort all about him?

For storms enough he had to struggle through, till his body, born with good timber in it and weathered by the labor of the farm, became a worn and frazzled thing, like a ship that has come round the Horn. He had not been in the ministry many years before his writings began to attract the attention of the keepers of the dry bones of orthodoxy. It was not to be expected that a man of so much intellectual power could long keep out of print. There were times, his biographer tells us, when the tides of thought used to rise in him, filling every inlet of his mind. Nor was it to be expected that what he wrote would give much pleasure to narrow-minded theologians. His clear eye

pierced through the fogs which had settled down over minds that were still trying to steer a course by the bright but distant star of Jonathan Edwards. The great puritan mystic had been dead many years, and little men had long been busy quenching all the fire that was left in his doctrines and reducing them to the dust and ashes of a system of logic. Formulas, conventional doctrinal phrases, and the bones of a great prophet were what Horace Bushnell found lying in his path; and with impetuous honesty and the hope of victory that comes with the prophet's vision, he set himself to brush these things away.

We need not trouble ourselves much with the details of the battles that ensued. Not many of the young men who live in Bushnell Entry will be much concerned to know precisely how the truth that this man taught deviated from the orthodoxies of a hundred puny men. Whether he was Monothelite, Monophysite, Patripassian, or Sabellian, they could hardly determine and would not if they could, having little interest in the jargon of the schools. But what may well stir the blood of every Yale man who passes by the sheltered corner where his bright name is carved upon the stones, is the thought of the steadfastness with which Horace Bushnell held his high ground against the men who assailed him. If he wrote further books, elucidating what he had already written, it was because his thought had grown to a fuller fruition, and not because he wished to refute the trivial charges his critics brought against him. They did not know how to speak in his language, and he would not speak in theirs. "There, for instance," he once remarked to a friend, "is Dr. ——, my customary assailant. He writes about the human spirit as if it were a machine under the laws of mechanics; and, of course, what he says is perfectly intelligible, like any other treatise on matter; only what he says is not true!"

In the end, of course, the truth that was in him and in all he wrote prevailed. The fogs that had closed down over the religious thinking of the day, sterile and sodden, were blown away by the winds that sounded through his spirit. Other men felt the strength that came out of him entering into them, and they came away from him or from his books as men come from a gusty hilltop, where unknown lands have suddenly opened up before their eyes. In spite of anything that lesser men might do—though they might try him for heresy, or seek to snub him, or call him the worst name that their sanctimonious profanity afforded them—nothing in the end availed to check the refreshing influence he had upon the spiritual life of his people. His name has come down to us linked with that of Jonathan Edwards, honored by theologians at home and beyond the sea; and it is still revered, by those who have the discernment to see into the deeper things in life, as the name of one who set men free.

A thing one likes very well in him is the good nature with which he accepted his difficult position in the center of acrimonious religious warfare. He really liked the cranky corners in human nature, as only a man with a very genuine sense of humor can, and he could laugh at them even when they made his own life more difficult. In language that shows how thoroughly he understood the cantankerous spirit of man, he has described the delicate situation of the youthful clergyman, entering upon his duties in a parish that has felt the influence of an age of religious controversy. "The young pastor," he says, "is to be thus daintily inserted between an acid and an alkali, having it for his task to save himself from being bitten of one or devoured by the other." In the same spirit he noted the sharp watch kept upon him, even in his own house. On the evening of a certain Fast Day, he was making a hearty meal when he caught the disapproving eye of his cook, "a lady of strict Presbyterian conscience," fixed sternly upon him—and he pushed his plate away.

His adversaries could no more conquer his good nature than they could break his loyalty to his convictions; and they learned to recognize it as one of the things that made him a formidable antagonist, for it won him adherents on every hand. The men who opposed him came to dread the pleasantries with which he put them in the wrong. A word from him was enough to set all New England grinning, for no man knew better how to hit the humor of these God-fearing Yankees. When someone proposed a collaboration between two well-known clergymen, he objected on the ground that the Scriptures forbid us to yoke the ox with the ass. Men learned to hesitate before they thrust themselves adversely under his attention.

But though he might make merry at the expense of his adversaries and could find something to laugh at even in his own vexations, the long warfare against bigotry set its mark upon him. His ministry at the North Church was broken again and again with long stretches of illness. More than once, he had to drop everything and flee for his life. Though he never allowed himself to be an invalid, disease stood constantly at his elbow, and at times he seems to have kept himself alive and active only by an effort of the will. A friend of his, who once camped out with him in the Adirondacks, tells of the powers of endurance and resistance which Bushnell showed when overtaken in the woods by the hemorrhages that were no uncommon experience with him. He had paused for a moment, walking behind the guides along the trail, and his friend found that he was spitting blood. All night the hemorrhages continued to recur, but he was not to be persuaded to turn back from the expedition. He put his illness behind him, like a bad thicket he had fought his way through, and went on, light-hearted and untroubled.

On another occasion, when he had fled to California in search of health,

and had come through with his bare life, he almost immediately threw his energies into the intricate business of founding the University of California. He refused an offer of the presidency of the institution, but he gave more of his strength than he well could spare to its interests, traveling about the region around San Francisco in quest of a favorable site for college buildings. He had speedily lost all sense of his illness in his enthusiasm for the work, and he was soon able to write home that he was "wearing down every man, young or old," that undertook to go riding and climbing with him.

A great strength was in the man, which seemed to have some other source than the gaunt body. When we read of the brave struggle he made, our sympathy goes out to the heroic figure fighting against heavy odds. Yet we do ill if we pity him. He himself had no sense of deserving pity, being utterly convinced that the lines of his life had been cast in pleasant places. "It seems to me," he says in one of his letters, "that few men have been so much favored of God: my education, my marriage, my settlement, and the wonderful fidelity of my people! . . . Other men are nursed by their afflictions, and I have had a few trials myself; but the wonder is that I could have been kept so uniformly in the line of favor. I have not been made rich, nor popular, nor a mark of envy in any way, and yet I have been always on what men call the fortunate side,—not on the sea of fortune, but coasting gently along the shore, with the nicest harbors and landing places at hand whenever they were wanted. So I have had much comfort and little care, and my little skiff has been kept sailing as bravely as if it were a galley."

And so, with the winds of his faith holding it steady to its course, his ship came at last home to port. In the brilliant weather of a New England January, in 1875, he experienced for the last time the pleasure of walking and driving with his wife. When February came, his strength failed him. Through the first two weeks of the month, he lingered peacefully upon the borderland of death. His faculties were unimpaired; and he could still talk with his family, not without a jest, now and then, at the remarkable way he contrived to "draw out and spin along." On the fifteenth, they brought him word that the beautiful park which he had helped to secure for the city of Hartford was to bear his name. Two days later he died. His daughter, sitting at his bedside during one of those last days, had caught some broken phrases that fell softly from his lips, as if he were speaking to himself. "Well, now," he had said, "we are all going home together; and I say the Lord be with you —and in grace—and peace—and love—and that is the way I have come along home."

R. D. F.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

CLASS OF 1804

Vice-President of the United States

1782-1850

THERE were giants in the earth in those days. John Calhoun stood six feet two, and his great mass of brown hair, which seemed to stand erect upon his head when the fire was ablaze in him, carried his stature to an almost incredible height. He was a man of epic proportions, soul and body, and the thought of him sends the mind roaming through the realm of heroic poetry, in search of his peer. Of all the men who are commemorated in the Memorial Quadrangle, he is perhaps the hardest to imagine as an undergraduate, spending all his strength in the little community of Yale. Yet the place took hold of his affections, and all through his life he kept in touch with the college. "I consider it as one of the fortunate incidents of my life," he wrote to President Day, in 1826, "that early inclination led me to the selection of Yale as the place of my education, and have never ceased to feel towards it, and those connected with it, sentiments of esteem and gratitude."

Before the war, when southern gentlemen came north for their education, they usually came to New Haven. Attracted by the reputation which the college enjoyed in the region where he was born, Calhoun determined, on his own initiative, to fit himself for Yale. He spent a year, at the age of thirteen, in the home of his brother-in-law, the Reverend Moses Waddell, and read so greedily that he injured his health. In consequence, he was brought home and put to the plow; and for the next six years, he led the life of a farmer, reading very little and quite cut off from any opportunity to prepare himself for college. At the end of that time, Waddell set up a school at a distance of eight miles from the Calhouns' farm at Little River, and thither the boy was sent to acquire a modicum of learning before he should settle down ultimately upon the farm. His future classmates at Yale were almost ready to enter college, and Calhoun had not yet seen the inside of a Latin grammar; but in two years he was ready to join the Class of 1804, at the opening of their junior year.

Credit for this remarkable performance belongs partly to the young man himself and partly to the man who taught him. Moses Waddell ran a most unusual school in the woods on the banks of the Savannah River. At dawn, each morning, he would appear upon his porch and wind a horn, which summoned his pupils out of the log huts where they slept. When they had assembled, and morning prayers had been read, each boy picked up a chair

which was inscribed with his name, and all went trooping back to the forest, where they studied all day in little groups, lighting great fires to keep them warm if the weather was chilly. In this primitive academy, John Calhoun received an education that appears to have been as good as any that was offered in the country.

When Waddell had done with him, at any rate, the young man was well able to hold his own at Yale. Someone once asked him when the idea of his superiority to the average man first crossed his mind, and he replied, with perfect frankness, that it was in his first class at Yale. "I went on to Yale College," he said, "fresh from the backwoods. My opportunities for learning had been very limited. I had a high opinion of the New England system of education. My first recitation was in mathematics, and we had been told to fetch our slates into the classroom. On taking our seats the professor proceeded to propound certain arithmetical questions to us. I found no difficulty in working out the first, and on looking about me was surprised to find the others busy with their slates. The professor noticing my movement asked me if I had got the answer, and I handed him my slate. The answer proved to be correct. The same thing occurred every time. On returning to my apartment I felt gratified."

These terse sentences furnish the most authentic information that we have about the man in his undergraduate days. For the rest, his figure is shrouded in the mists of tradition. Calhoun rapidly became a legendary figure in Yale history, and myths attached themselves to his name, as to that of an ancient chieftain renowned in the folklore of a people. For two generations, Linonia and Brothers in Unity waged furious battles over the body of his fame, each society demonstrating by incontrovertible proof that he had been one of its members. Graduates in either camp, men of otherwise unblemished character, were ready to testify that they remembered speeches that Calhoun had delivered as President of their particular society. "Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!" After the battle had raged for many years, a friend of Calhoun, called in to settle the dispute, secured his personal authorization for the statement that he had never been a member of either society.

As doubtful as the tales of his splendid orations in the halls of Linonia or of Brothers, is the tradition that President Dwight, having been worsted in political argument by his pupil, declared that this young man "had talent enough to be President of the United States." It is certain that he disagreed with Dr. Dwight's politics, for Calhoun was an ardent Republican, while the President, like nearly every one else at Yale, was a staunch Federalist; but the story of the classroom debate between them has every appearance of a myth. When all the old tales have been told, we know just this much of the college

life of John Calhoun: that he discharged his duties faithfully, that he won an election to Phi Beta Kappa, and that he was chosen, when Commencement Day came round, to deliver an English Oration on "The Qualifications necessary to form a Statesman," but was prevented by illness from delivering his speech. Professor Silliman, who made a personal friend of him, as he did with so many of his pupils, says of him that he was "a first-rate young man, both for scholarship and talent."

Upon graduation, Calhoun went to Litchfield, Connecticut, where he studied law, for a year or more, in the remarkable school conducted by Judge Tapping Reeve and James Gould. It was in the little frame house in Litchfield that some of the ablest lawyers of the country did their reading for the Bar, and most of them found it a highly agreeable occupation. But not John Calhoun. "Many things I study for the love of study," he said, "but not so with law. I can never consider it but as a task which my situation forces on me." The truth is that he had fixed his desires on a political career, and he studied the law only because he felt that he must be in a position to support himself at the outset of his life.

It happened that he did not have to depend very long upon his practice of the law. By the time he was twenty-nine, we find him settled on a plantation of his own, in the Abbeville District of South Carolina, a member of the state Legislature, and fully launched upon his public career. He was already independent of his profession, and till the end of the chapter he remained planter and statesman.

His marriage and the dowry which his wife brought him had helped to give him independence and had quickened his ambitions. The girl he married was the daughter of his first cousin, John Ewing Colhoun, who had been senator from South Carolina in 1801. Her mother had been left a widow at about the time when young Calhoun was having his first tussle with the Latin grammar at Moses Waddell's school; and a singular friendship had sprung up between the senator's widow and the young giant of the backwoods academy. She was of a wealthy French Huguenot family, highly cultivated and much at home in the world, a woman of quick, feminine perceptions, who saw the genius in her cousin and knew how to coax out the ambitions that lay hidden in his nature. While he was in the North, he saw much of Mrs. Colhoun, who had a home at Newport, Rhode Island, and their friendship ripened speedily. He told her of the things he hoped to do, and she encouraged him in all his dreams. And like the hero of romance, who strays into a palace of enchantment and finds love and beauty waiting for his conquering arm, the young man found his fate in the home of his cousin. It was the secret wish of Mrs. Colhoun that he should marry her daughter, Floride. The girl adored her masterful cousin; and, for his part,

both mother and daughter had always been surrounded in his heart by an almost superstitious reverence and affection. As soon as Floride came to womanhood, he asked her to marry him.

The first letter that he wrote to Mrs. Colhoun, after the engagement, has been preserved, and an amusing picture it presents of the young hero making love through the medium of the lady's mama. For one reason or another, the engagement was to be kept secret for a while, and the lover offers that excuse for not addressing himself directly to Floride; but one suspects that some shyness lay upon him, and that he found it easier to pour out his feelings to the older woman, who had been the friend of his heart for many years. "Tell my *much esteemed Floride*," he says, at the close of the letter, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that the young lady might reasonably expect some word from him, "that nothing could prevent me from the pleasure of writing, but that there is so much suspicion on the subject, that I am fearful of the fate of a double letter endorsed in my handwriting."

With his much esteemed Floride beside him, to give him the encouragement and affection which the hero's nature craves, he set out full sail upon the career which he and Mrs. Colhoun had planned together. Within a year of his marriage he was elected to the House of Representatives, and in November, 1811, he journeyed to Washington to take his seat in Congress for the first time.

Thenceforward, the tale of his life is a part of our nation's history. For nearly forty years, in one capacity or another, he was connected with the federal government. He was in the House for seven years. He then became Secretary of War under Monroe, and remained in that position till 1825, when he was elected Vice-President of the United States. He served out one term in that office and had begun to serve a second when a disagreement in policy with President Jackson made it seem right to resign. Thereafter, he was Senator from South Carolina until his death, save for a short period when he was Secretary of State under Tyler, and another when he resigned from the Senate to stand as candidate for the Presidency.

But not any office that he might hold—not the highest itself, had he attained it—had power to add luster to his name. What the man was would have made any office that he held significant; and official Washington, while he was a part of it, had more savor and color in it because of his presence. The tall, gaunt figure, with the fine head and its great shock of hair, became a thing men learned to watch for in the halls of Congress, because they knew that where he moved, the business of politics, which sometimes grows very pale and lusterless in our capital, became charged anew with electricity.

As the years moved on, the figure of Calhoun, as some men saw him, came to be surrounded with a sinister light. The man had been a child of

the storm, a cloud-compeller, from the very start; and now men said that he would ride the whirlwind down upon the nation and blow destruction through the land. So men said, having thought only for the more sensational aspects of his statesmanship. He had rendered the country constructive service, shaping the national policy at the time of the War of 1812, reorganizing the entire army system and putting new life into the decrepit thing, fighting off the menace of war with England over the Oregon controversy; but these matters came gradually to be obscured by the dangerous fame that had come to the man as the "Arch Nullifier." He was known as the most prominent defender of the theory of States' Rights, if not the original propounder of that theory; and as that issue crowded to the forefront of national concern, threatening evil days, one whole section of our country knew John Calhoun as the enemy of the Union and could see no health in his soul.

What does it matter now whether Calhoun was right or wrong? We can see the honest convictions that lay at the bottom of his thinking, and that is all that need concern us. All the love of his heart belonged to the South. It was his homeland, and the beauty of its life had gone deep into his being. He found there a surer unity of purpose, a simpler standard of ambition, a nobler set of values, than he saw in other sections of the country, where the Philistine seemed to be gaining an increasing influence and to be setting his heavy hand upon the whole life of the people. The qualities that make the successful commercial nation always a little vulgar and ridiculous had no place in the South that Calhoun knew and loved; and the whole fiber of his being stiffened when he believed he saw these very qualities riding down upon the South, bent on the reformation of its institutions and the ruin of its way of life. Shall we call him fool or knave because he foresaw the doom that hung over the very things that seemed to him the best in his fatherland, and gave his strength to their preservation?

Whether he was wise or foolish, history has buried his philosophy of the government of these United States in the graves of tens of thousands of gallant men, who died in the testing of his theories. But the defeat of everything he stood for cannot obscure his gigantic and impressive figure. There he walks, across the stage of our history, with other giants of an age that was not the most propitious for heroes of his stature, an age which organized the destruction that was to come. Whatever one may say to his political philosophy, there is no dwarfing the stature of the man's courage and strength. He was a man the world had to notice and respect.

"A somewhat tall, slender-built, ghostly-looking man," an observant visitor to the Capitol describes him, "about fifty years of age, erect and earnest, with an eye like a hawk's, and hair sticking up 'like quills upon the fretful

porcupine.' His voice was harsh, his gestures stiff and like the motions of a pump handle. There was no ease, flexibility, grace or charm in his manner; yet there was something in his physiognomy and bearing,—his brilliant, spectral eyes, his colorless cheek, blanched with thought, and his compressed lips,—that riveted your attention as with hooks of steel. As his words struggled for a moment in his throat and then rushed out with tumultuous rapidity and vehemence, you were impressed with his apparent frankness, earnestness, and sincerity. As you listened to his plausible statements, it seemed incredible that this could be the great political sophist of America—the hair-splitting logician and arch nullifier, John C. Calhoun."

If he was an impressive figure on the floor of the Senate, he reached the level of stateliness on his own plantation. Here he could act the part that he found most natural—the kindly patriarch, the indulgent master, the brilliant host. Men used to say that a visit to "Fort Hill" was enough to win an abolitionist over to slavery, so smoothly and cheerfully the life of the place slipped along. He had built him a great house in the southern style, with two porches, one in front and one at the side, each with its tall pillars. The lawn was shaded with fine old trees; fields of cotton and of corn sloped down to the Seneca River; and there were rolling hills beyond, rising toward the Blue Ridge Mountains on the far horizon. Calhoun was a man made over when he had left Washington and returned to his family at Fort Hill; and news of the growing things upon his plantation was what he best liked to hear when he was in the midst of political warfare. "Were it not for you," he writes his daughter, Anna, on a day in May, 1834, "I would not have heard a word about the Humming birds, their familiarity, the vines, their blooms, the freshness of the spring, the green yards, the children's gardens. . . ." These things, so well loved, so frequently denied him, were more to him than any man imagined. There ran the roots of his soul. He owned no house in Washington, though duty kept him there the better part of his days. He always preferred to regard himself as a transient in that city, and when he was a resident there, he occupied lodgings in an unpretentious boarding house, across the park from the Capitol.

It was in these lodgings, on the last day of March, 1850, that he died, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. To the last, he persistently refused to allow his wife to be sent for, and his son John, who was a physician, and his friend, Richard Crallé, were all who watched at his bedside. "Crallé was struck with the absence of any signs of feminine attention in the sick chamber. On the narrow mantlepiece were a lump of cold boiled rice, a glass of water, some dried prunes, and a feeble tallow candle. As the night wore on, the noise of merrymaking in other parts of the house sometimes penetrated the sickroom, and occasionally some one would look in to ask if he still lived."

It is not a picture that one likes to contemplate. The man had given all his giant strength to the service of a homeland that was very dear to him; he had lived the better part of his days, an exile of conscience, far from the home that he had made; and now, his strength broken in the long battle, he had lain down to die. One may hope that in that hour he was spared the consciousness of his surroundings, and that his mind found its way home to Fort Hill, where Floride could sit beside him as he sank to sleep, in his ears the murmur of his southern waters, before his eyes the flowering of his southern fields.

R. D. F.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CLASS OF 1806

Novelist and Critic

1789-1851

YALE'S chief figure in American letters was expelled in his junior year. James Cooper had entered college when only thirteen, except for the poet Hillhouse, the very youngest in his class. The eleventh child of Judge William Cooper, he had grown up in the wild country on the shores of Lake Otsego. His father, however, was no backwoodsman, but a landowner of the old tradition, who took pride in saying that he had settled more acres than any other man in America, and that over forty thousand people held tracts under him. The boy received the best possible preparation in the household of the rector of St. Peter's Church in Albany, the son of an English clergyman, a graduate of Oxford, with a good store of classical learning, and thorough methods of study. He had the profoundest contempt for republics and the usual English opinions and prejudices about America, but considering the state of learning in upper New York, the privilege of his instruction was a rare advantage. The original plan was to have Cooper stay with him until ready for the junior class at Yale, but the rector died in 1802, and he came to New Haven in the middle of freshman year.

This was a mistake. He was so well grounded that he had to do no work to keep up with his class, and according to a letter written thirty years later to Professor Silliman, through whom he continued to keep in touch with the college in spite of his disaster, he studied only one regular lesson of Homer during his entire career. He was not otherwise distinguished. He enjoyed his first acquaintance with the sea in Long Island Sound, and long walks on the wooded hills, and one or two friendships, especially with his roommate

William Jay, son of the Chief Justice. But he was indifferent, and resented the college routine. It is not certain just what event led to his dismissal. The diary of one of his classmates, which rests in the University Library, states once that "Boyle and Cooper both Juniors have been fighting, and Boyle stands bound for his appearance at court in two sums." The Cooper family tradition is that their distinguished ancestor was expelled for an explosion which he had contrived to set off in a friend's room by a clever use of the keyhole. The same classmate's diary contains about this time an entry for Independence Day: "Celebration of the day was prohibited. About 20 of us however collected in Conner's room immediately after dinner, drank wine and sung songs until 3, when we were dispersed by one of the tutors." Any one of these incidents, or all of them, added to negligible scholarship, would have been quite enough to send him home.

At home, however, he was not to stay. He had shown no intellectual bent, and Judge Cooper now thought the best career for his son would be the navy. No naval academy or training ship existed, and the prospective officer shipped as a common sailor before the mast. His first voyage took him to London and Cartagena. They were chased by pirates and stopped by searching parties, experiences Cooper never forgot. On his return to New York, he was commissioned midshipman in January, 1808, and as it looked as if the United States and Great Britain were about to drift into war, he was soon dispatched to Lake Ontario with a party to build a brig of sixteen guns. This was another unforgettable period: the long months passed in a crude settlement on the edge of a forest wilderness forty miles deep gave to the young man a knowledge of frontier life, a sense of the dark adventure surrounding him, which reinforced the impressions of his boyhood. The war cloud passed, and Cooper received a command on Lake Champlain. In the usual course of events he would have served in the engagements of 1812, but a year before that he resigned his commission, and abandoned his active career.

What had happened was his marriage to a Miss DeLancey, the daughter of a distinguished Tory house, which had taken the English side in the Revolution. So, at the age of twenty-one, Cooper settled down to be a country gentleman. He spent much of his time in the saddle, he planted trees and built fences. As secretary of the Otsego County Agricultural Society, he introduced merino sheep into the region. A description by his oldest daughter tells how proud they were of papa when he rode in reviews, an aide-de-camp in Governor Clinton's staff in a colonel's uniform of buff and blue. Years passed rapidly this way. His unfinished house at Cooperstown burned, and he appeared to be settled for life on a farm near his wife's Westchester home.

He always read a great deal in a desultory way, military works, history, biographies, travels, sometimes novels. Of course the books were all English, since scarcely any American literature could be said to exist. One evening he was reading aloud to his wife a new novel that had been brought over in the last monthly packet, but after a chapter or two threw it aside in disgust, declaring: "I could write you a better book than that myself." Mrs. Cooper laughed at the idea, the height of absurdity—he who disliked writing even a letter, that he should write a book! But he persisted in his declaration, grew excited with the idea, and almost immediately set down the opening pages of a story, not yet named, the scene laid in England as a matter of course. The undertaking amused him more and more, he drew up a regular plot, and resolved to imitate the tone and character of an English novel of the then fashionable type. After a few chapters were written he would have thrown it aside, but now Mrs. Cooper encouraged him to keep on; why not finish it? why not print it?

This last idea amused him greatly, and no long time after, *Precaution* made its appearance. It did not cause much of a stir in this country, but was passably reviewed in England, where there was not a suspicion of its being by an American. The game might have stopped there except for Cooper's friends, who urged him to new exertions. He had succeeded fairly well in describing what he knew nothing about; why didn't he now try his hand at representing something from his own experience? Why should he, in heart and soul an American of Americans, have filled his countrymen's imaginations with cant about King George and English purity, and with a picture of a social state alien both in fact and feeling to their own? Such an appeal would sting him to action, for with Cooper love of country was not a sentiment but a passion. And so he sat down with reluctance to write an American novel. With reluctance, because it was the critical opinion of the day, not only abroad but more devastatingly at home, that nothing could be good that was not English, that our democratic institutions which had placed all people on a dead level of political equality, combined with the equal diffusion of property and our lack of history, left our national life barren of the varieties and contrasts of character that were the meat of fiction.

So having stumbled into authorship by chance at thirty, the man who was to command a larger audience than has been the lot of any other American writer now started his first serious work, not merely without expectation of success, but almost without any hope of it. He chose his theme naturally enough from the Revolution, a story of loyalty with a portrayal of the character of Washington; but the knowledge gained through his wife's family gave it excellent balance in its fair picture of Tories and English soldiers. He soon found what he seems previously never to have suspected, that he had a

great gift for improvising. *The Spy,* like all his books, was hastily and carelessly written, but it was a triumph from the moment it came from the press. It immediately ran through three editions and was dramatized with great acclaim. American critics could breathe easier when English journals at last began to speak of "a distinguished American novelist"; and if the English opinion was favorable, the French was enthusiastic. *The Spy* was translated, and has continued one of their favorites to this day.

Once Cooper's energies had been liberated, they swept everything before them. Other aspects of his country that he knew and treasured crowded to his mind. The sights he had seen and the stories he had heard in early boyhood, when he had watched man's struggle in subduing nature, served him well in creating *The Pioneers.* Then *The Pilot* grew out of a discussion at a dinner party. *The Pirate* had just appeared, and its authorship, along with that of the rest of the Waverly novels, was still a matter of uncertainty. Against its being by Scott someone urged the thorough familiarity of its writer with sea life, a thing Sir Walter had never had the opportunity to gain. Not at all, said Cooper, who never doubted the authorship; it was quite obviously the work of a landsman. He did not deny the accuracy of the descriptions, but made the point that a sailor would have stressed the same material to far greater effect. He could not convince his opponents by argument, so he determined to convince them by writing a sea story. A sea story? His judicious friends attempted to dissuade him from this folly. What could be more unreadable than an entire novel about the sea? Smollett, to be sure, had brought in sailors here and there, but a whole book about the movements of vessels and the details of naval operations—what a technical bore! On the contrary, said Cooper; and with John Paul Jones as his central figure, he struck out in an untouched field which brought him immense popularity and imitation, and broke the way for Dana and Melville.

Within five years after *The Spy,* Cooper had added *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Prairie* to these books, and Natty Bumpo, the Leatherstocking, stood forth in his full stature. Romantic to the core, this simple philosopher of the woods, this great-hearted natural man of the school of Rousseau, stands yet as perhaps the most substantial character in our literature. He not only typifies the attitude toward life of the whole romantic generation, but is the symbol, especially to continental minds, of an entire epoch of American history. With his creation, Cooper stepped into the front rank of the world's literature of his day. His works now appeared in simultaneous editions in America, England, and France, and were speedily translated into other tongues. His friend, the inventor S. F. B. Morse, returning from wide travels a few years later, could report the novelist's volumes in the windows of book shops everywhere, even in Turkey and Egypt, at Jerusalem and

Ispahan. On the continent of Europe, he had rivaled Scott in popularity. Balzac gave him unstinted praise, and took up each new book with ardor.

Meanwhile Cooper had made his residence in New York City, and was the founder and leading spirit of the Bread and Cheese, a club embracing most of the bright spirits of the day. He observed with amusement and scorn the way the English and American press was bent on naming him the American Scott. Later, when Hazlitt, who had taken one of his prejudices against him, asserted that the novelist prided himself on the title, Cooper replied that it gave him just as much gratification as any nickname could give a gentleman. Journalistic critics were aghast at such an attitude, and as is their nature, quickly changed their tune. Did this whippersnapper set himself up then to be greater than the matchless Sir Walter? They could not possibly understand that he had the highest admiration for Scott and considered himself, as he once said, nothing greater than a chip from the former's block, and yet strenuously objected to being labeled as his American equivalent. Could not America produce its own creations in its own right? Must its artists be doomed to be known as the American This or American That? Must there always be labels? Such violently individualistic devotion to his country's spirit was bound to plunge him into stormy conflicts.

The swelling receipts of his books soon put him in an independent position, and let him fulfil a long cherished plan of taking a trip to Europe. That was not the day of three-months' scrambles, and as the novelist was accompanied by his wife and five children, he naturally would not move rapidly. His intention was to stay five years, a time apparently influenced by Jefferson's remark that with the rate things changed in our country no American ought to remain away longer than this, if he hoped to recognize his home when he returned. Actually, Cooper's residence abroad was prolonged to seven years and a half. He maintained establishments in the Palazzo Ricasoli in Florence, and in the villa on the cliffs of Sorrento where Tasso was born. He traveled widely elsewhere, but most of the time he was in France,—in Paris, and in a château at St. Ouen on the Seine where Madame de Stael had lived. On his departure from America, he had sought and received the unpaid appointment of consul at Lyons, as he did not want to have the appearance of expatriating himself. Shortly, however, he reached the conviction that gross abuses existed in the system of foreign appointments, and felt it incumbent upon him to resign his post as an example of the principles he held.

The effect of Europe on Cooper was extraordinary, but might have been foreseen by anyone who knew him well. By temperament and breeding he was an aristocrat, but in thought and conviction democracy was his ideal. From the eighteenth-century squire who was his father, from the Tory rector

who had first schooled him, from Governor Jay and the gentry with whom he was brought up, from the Loyalist family into which he had married, he had absorbed certain stalwart conservatisms; yet, confronted with European institutions, these counted for nothing. He believed in America, and if he had to be labeled, he would doubtless have chosen to be known as the American Democrat.

The first thing that outraged him in Europe was the mass of ignorance and prejudice about America. He was politely assured by travelers that the Americans had neither carpets nor peaches. It was all he could do to persuade the French that the native whites were not all being slowly turned black by the sun. He failed to convince an English minor poet that gouging out eyes was not still practiced by the Bostonians. Cooper never had much patience, and soon lost it as the series of English travelers' books continued to trickle from the press, each giving as its picture of America simply those details wherein the country had had the misfortune of differing from England to that traveler's distaste. The result was Cooper's own *Notions of the Americans,* a long account of our organization and customs under the hollow disguise of letters from a European visitor to his friends at home. The treatment was blunt, tactless, and heavy-handed, qualities into which Cooper was likely to fall as a satirist, and palatable to no one. Its plain statement of the ways in which America excelled could not please many Europeans, and facts were not gilded to give his countrymen an over-alluring picture of their own land. What he was after was truth, and at the remove of nearly a century, although many of his observations are commonplace, many also show remarkable penetration. He still passionately believed that the trend in democracy was not toward leveling the higher elements to the lower, but in raising the low to the high; yet he could coolly remark that ever since 1800 the Federalists and Democrats were essentially nothing more than two great parties struggling for place, who adopted different politics about as much for the purpose of opposition as for any other reason. And how many people of our day think they have made a profound discovery when they simply echo his words that American society "has a wonderful tendency not only to repress passion, but to equalize humours"?

Most of the novels Cooper wrote abroad deal with European subjects, but the reason for this was in order that "American opinion should be brought to bear on European facts." It may have given some of his countrymen a thrill to hear such a sentence as "A fairer morning never dawned upon the Alleghanies than that which illumined the Alps"; but it did not thrill the Romans to read on almost the first page of *The Water Witch* that: "While the city of the Medici is receding from its crumbling walls, . . . the Queen of the Adriatic sleeping on her muddy isles, and Rome itself is only to be

traced by fallen temples and buried columns, the youthful vigor of America is fast covering the wilds of the West with the happiest fruits of human industry." In fact, they told him flatly he could not print it, and Cooper had to carry the manuscript to Dresden, in a country where men were not so sensitive to anything that might be said—at any rate about Italy.

When this brusque patriot returned home, a profound disillusionment was in store for him. In the years of his absence, the traditions of his father's generation had entirely disappeared, and Jacksonian democracy was in full blast. It struck him that there had been an enormous expansion of mediocrity, well enough in itself, but so overwhelming as nearly to obliterate everything that had once stood out as more excellent. He saw the towns increased, but more tawdry, the people with poorer manners and less real taste than they had ever had in his youth. As for New York, it was neither one thing nor the other, more than Liverpool and much less than London, and overrun with the "wine-discussing, trade-talking, dollar-dollar set of the day."

Filled with these opinions, Cooper poured them forth in every possible channel. They surged into volume after volume of his European travel sketches, they formed the basis of his turgid satire *The Monikins.* But this does not mean he had become denationalized; on the contrary, love of country, more intense as the difference between the actual and his ideal came home to him, dictated every word. If Leaplow (America), was roundly castigated in *The Monikins,* the institutions and customs of Leaphigh (England) showed even more meanly. Violent and prejudiced Cooper might often be, but never once did he relax his earnest pursuit of facts, never once did he write a word he did not mean. He flayed England for its smug provincialism, but hated even worse the cringing class of Americans who apologized for the character and existence of their land, instead of apologizing for their own.

Such denunciations quickly had the press of both nations in an uproar. Cooper was reviled in England for his aggressive republicanism, and denounced in America for aping the airs of English aristocracy. Coupled with his passion for truth, or better, the spring of it, was an extreme sensitiveness which could not tolerate unjust criticism. When the newspapers used what they considered their license and heaped upon him such epithets as "bilious braggart," "a full jackass," "a spiteful miscreant," "grub," "reptile," "liar," he could not wisely ignore them, but fought them with every weapon at his command. Actuated always by what he thoroughly believed to be right, he seized upon their misrepresentation of one of his actions to start a whole series of libel suits against them. At first the papers jeered the more wildly, but they saw their error as the novelist proceeded deliberately, drawing up

his own cases with the aid simply of his nephew, gaining decision after decision, and using the proceeds of one suit to defray the expenses of the next. The most spectacular case of all was that which arose out of an attack on his *History of the Navy*. In writing about the battle of Lake Erie, Cooper had as usual studied all the sources carefully, and had become convinced that the widespread animus against Commodore Elliott, Perry's second in command, was wrong. His broad-mindedness on such a point was an unpardonable sin. He was called the Detractor of American Fame, and promptly brought suit. The trial was held in New York before an excited crowd. The defense developed what appeared an incontrovertible case, until at last Cooper arose, spoke for eight hours on two successive days, and obliterated his opponents on every point.

But such a career was tilting at windmills. Cooper's naval history has remained a standard work until today, but it would have lasted exactly the same time without such a spectacular waste of vital energy on its author's part. Likewise with the other libel suits. They are forgotten now, they gained Cooper nothing at the time. They served to make it impossible for his later books to secure a fair hearing, for as he piled up decision after decision, the acid bitterness of the press turned to a discreet neglect. The popular author of fifteen years before was ignored in their columns as much as possible.

And the strain of so much conflict naturally left its mark on the man. However much Cooper might be buoyed up by the sense of doing right, the constant pain and anger struck deep scars into his heart. As a result, age did not bring him the philosophic mind, but the spirit of the opinionated partisan and heated denouncer. Yet the storm that raged in him had not been simply incoherent and futile, for lightning flashes of perception broke from him devastating in their truth. He struck at the very root of our worst weaknesses. America, he said, was a country for alibis, where most men, like Aristabulus Bragg in *Home as Found,* considered life as all means and no end. The whole country was in motion, and everybody was everywhere, and nobody was anywhere. As an inevitable consequence, there was less social freedom than in any other modern country, for one was far less master of his own mode of living, and rigidly accountable to public opinion. And when an individual attempted to break through, the whole system conspired to crush him. As a contrast with Europe, where personalities excited disgust and society was deemed fair game, no criticism of the existing order would be tolerated, but all factions would unite to roar down the protesting dissenter.

The bulk and penetration of his remarks of this sort place Cooper among the most valuable critics that it has been this country's fortune to possess, and the way this side of his work has been forgotten is a comment on his views

of how the American system contrives to suppress anything unpleasant. The lot of his novels has been far more fortunate, and although their point of view and structure are at the opposite pole from our present vogue, the Leatherstocking Tales still hold a place. The last two of the series, *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer,* appeared in the very midst of the years of conflict, and their high artistic integrity at such a time reveals the enormous energy of his mind. He had been wasting his creative talents on such dull and bungled satire as *Home as Found,* with whose pompous and snobbish central figure the critics did not hesitate to identify him, and gave him the sobriquet of Mr. Effingham as a parting gift. But now he produced once more books of his most impressive stamp, *The Pathfinder,* of which Balzac would say: "It is beautiful, it is grand, its interest is tremendous. I know no one in the world, save Walter Scott, who has risen to that grandeur and serenity of colors." And again, "Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil. This is the school of study for literary landscape painters."

After this return to triumph, Cooper continued to produce book after book, some with strength, some with far less, until his death ten years later, the year after Wordsworth's, just under sixty-two. The reader of today can rarely agree with Balzac's estimation of Cooper's art. He finds his technique romantic and diffuse. Literary landscape painting is no longer at a very high premium. And yet if you read through *The Deerslayer,* with all its improbable incidents and badly written sentences, its leisurely and lumbering course and stilted conversations, you are forced to admit at the heart of it something real. You feel the woods and lakes surrounding you; Chingachgook and old Hutter and Hawkeye spring alive to your imagination. It is permissible to doubt whether Cooper was essentially an artist at all, especially in the light of the italicized remark in one of his prefaces, "We state truths with a profession of fiction." What he was, then, was a seeker after truth most originally endowed as an improviser. He constantly strove to be accurate in his observation, to make the reader see a "mainmast spring like a whalebone whip-handle," or sharks as "dark, sharp-looking sticks glancing through the water about the vessel," to make him realize the precise virtues and defects of our social organization. As a satirist he was often uninspired, but he had the merit of possessing what a later Yale satirist lacks. If he was scathing in his attacks on American mediocrity, it was because his late eighteenth-century heritage had given him an ideal of culture and distinction which he thought it possible for his country to attain; whereas when Sinclair Lewis flays brilliantly the uncivilized Babbitt, it is always clear that he is not more than half-civilized himself. Fenimore Cooper does not stand as a great genius; the deficiencies in his thought and work are more than

obvious. But nowhere in the whole sweep of our history is there a more fearless individualist, or a more dauntless speaker of his mind.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

MANASSEH CUTLER

CLASS OF 1765

One of the Authors of the Ordinance of 1787;
Clergyman, Scientist, and Teacher

1742-1823

THROUGH Tuckerman's Ravine, on Mount Washington, flows a turbulent little brook, which has its source far up on the shoulders of the mountain and comes tumbling down over the precipices in many slender cascades. Since 1784, this brook has been known as Cutler's River, and it was named in honor of the Reverend Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Massachusetts. On the twenty-fourth of July, in that year, following this watercourse through the primeval forest, the adventuresome parson and a company of his friends made the ascent of the mountain, arriving at the summit at "six minutes after one," after five hours and thirteen minutes of the most arduous climbing.

It was a day of exciting and perilous experiences for the little company of explorers. They had to make their way, over the stones of the brook, up the lower slopes of the ravine; then force a path through the dwarf spruces, which clothe the shoulders of the ridge in an iron thicket of gnarled and twisted branches; and, at last, scramble over the rocks above the tree line, where no man had marked their way or smoothed it for them. All told, it was a hard five hours' work; and through the whole journey—over the slippery stones of the brook, through the tangle of the scrub, over the treacherous rocks of the cone—Manasseh Cutler thought less of the fatigue that he endured than of the thermometer he carried. Here was a man who set a higher value on scientific instruments than on his own skin. This was no mere pleasure excursion that he had organized; these men had come to this unwholesome spot, not to enjoy the wonders of wild mountain scenery, but to make scientific observations of several sorts. The spirit of investigation, which carried the minds and the bodies of men into many untraveled places during the century in which he lived, possessed this man Cutler completely; and it was this which brought him to the pinnacle of New England, to see what Nature could do in that unattempted place.

She did a great deal that was most unpleasant on that particular day. Shortly after noon, the clouds closed around the travelers, curtailing their observations and greatly increasing their peril; and by night, rain came upon them, miserably encamped around a decaying fire on the bleak upper reaches of the mountain. On their way down the head wall of Tuckerman's Ravine, where Cutler's River makes its first plunge toward the sea, their guide had entirely lost his bearings and had led them a journey that might well have been their last. It came close, indeed, to finishing the guide himself; for he lost his footing at the brink of what seemed to Manasseh, peering after him through the clouds, "a most horrid precipice," and went slipping and falling "down several hundred feet." Such perils, excitements, and fatigues this parson of Ipswich endured, in the cause of science, on the slopes of Mt. Washington,—and brought back with him a collection of rare plants, which he had placidly sat down to gather while he and his companions lingered on the brink of destruction.

The whole incident is typical of the man, surely as remarkable a country parson as this land has ever seen. The scientific motive of the expedition; the precision with which he counted off the minutes of his progress up the mountain and recorded them in the journal he made of the ascent; the solicitude with which he carried his thermometer through the wilderness, allowing no one to relieve him of this responsibility; the absolute indifference to danger or fatigue when new phenomena of nature were to be observed; all these are of a piece with the records of his whole life. He lived all his days in the service of scientific truth, and if he found other work to do as well, winning distinction as teacher, statesman, and priest, his life was dedicated, in the first instance, to the task of bringing all things that he could under the subjugation of knowledge.

Cutler came to Yale, from his father's farm in Killingly, at a time when the student body was lawless and riotous, under old President Clap. In his freshman year, the Corporation, taking a melancholy review of the situation among the undergraduates, spread their opinion of their youthful charges upon the minutes, in a lugubrious set of resolutions. "Particularly," the worthy gentlemen complained, "they are very negligent in attending on Prayers and Recitations, Recite but poorly and behave themselves with Levity, Whispering and Inattention at Prayers and Recitations, are frequently out of their Chambers, spending their Time in Idleness loud Talk and Laughter in Studying Time, and frequently make indecent and disturbing Noises of various Kinds in play Time, spend a considerable Part of their Time at Taverns, and generally show an habitual Disposition of Mind inclined to Vanity. . . . There are many secret Acts of Wickedness done in the Dark, which are very evident by the Effects, and yet the particular

Actors are not easy to be detected, such as stealing the Great Bible and the Monitors Bills tearing off the Caseings from the Windows, stealing the Weights tareing the Laths, Plastering and Boards from the Walls of the House, cutting down the Clock Case, ringing the Bell, contrary to Law, and many such Things as betoken a wicked Temper of Mind."

How much share in this lamentable conduct the future parson of Ipswich may have taken, we do not know. It appears in the faculty records that he was once detected "playing at Cards . . . which Practise is of a very ensnaring, dangerous and hurtful Tendency . . . and likewise introductory to various pernicious Vices," and was fined half a crown for thus endangering his immortal soul. But this may well have been the gravest of his offenses; and the studious habits of his later life seem to indicate that he made better use of his time at Yale than the boys who kept themselves busy tormenting the authorities. Two of his college notebooks have been preserved, and they indicate a mind already establishing its own laws of orderliness and industry.

One of these notebooks is concerned with the intricacies of eighteenth-century Logic and Rhetoric and is strewn with the bones of such brontosauri of the era of pedantry as Antinomasia, Auxesis, Catachresis, and Poppopasia. There are also briefs for arguments upon such diverting and useful topics as the following: "wheather an unknown law is Binding; wheather there is any shuch Thing as Disinterested Love; wheather Body acts upon Sperit." Manasseh Cutler made the best he could, apparently, of this dry fodder. He kept his notebook conscientiously and seems really to have interested his keen mind in tracing out the responsibility which "Savage Heathen" have in their sin, which they have ignorantly inherited, it appears, as the "Prosterety of Adam."

The other notebook better represents the young man's natural inclinations. It is a "Book of Astronomical Recreations, Performed at Yale College, N. Haven, A.D. 1763." This was the sort of thing that came close to his heart. All his life, he amused himself with watching the pageant of the sky, and his later journals are strewn thick with references to such planets, stars, or moons as swam into his ken. On the title-page of this college notebook, there is a quotation from Vergil, beginning with the line, "Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." The words might pass as the motto of his own intellectual life.

Upon graduation, he flirted a little with the law; but after four years or so in that profession, he forsook it for the ministry, had his hair cut off—"but with much reluctance," he confesses to the pages of his journal—bought him a dark wig, and commenced parson, in the town of Ipswich. Here he remained as pastor till the day of his death, performing the simple duties of his cure through more than half a century, while national distinction of many sorts came upon him.

For ten years or more, after he first settled in his parish in 1771, the world heard little of him. It was a period of study, research, and thought, which laid the foundations for a reputation as an amateur scientist of almost professional accomplishments. In the quiet study, on the third floor of his parsonage, he was steadily absorbing all the knowledge he could lay his hands on, coming back from his parish calls to bury himself in a treatise on Botany or "Physicks," with the greatest contentment in the world. If the weather were bad, he might spend the day in his study with a clear conscience, with long, unbroken hours over his books and notes. There is a great depth of peace in such an entry in his diary as we find under date of March 10, 1780: "Stormy. Engaged in the study of Botany." In later years, with financial need pressing upon him, he was obliged to open a boarding school, which he kept in his own house for more than twenty-five years. He carried on this work with his usual cheerfulness and with undeniable success; but he must frequently have sighed for uninterrupted hours of study, such as he knew in his earliest years at Ipswich.

It appears to have been in 1779, or thereabouts, that a great zeal for meteorology took possession of him. On December 6, of that year, his record of the day read, "Visited the sick. Dined at Mrs. Dabney's. Borrowed her thermometer." The man had a veritable passion for thermometers and barometers. Where these instruments were concerned, he would beg and he would borrow; and one almost fears that the honest parson might have stolen, had the temptation been sharp enough. "I very sensibly feel the want of a Barometer," he wrote to Professor Williams, of Harvard, in June, 1780, "without which my Journal must be very defective. If there is any gentleman of your acquaintance in Boston who has a barometer, and makes little use of it and would be so kind as to favor me with it, until I can get one completed, shall consider it as a very particular favor."

The Journal to which he refers was kept with scrupulous care through many years. In it he recorded "the height of the mercury in Fahrenheit's Thermometer in the morning, noon, and night; the course and quantity of the wind, weather, a particular description of every Aurora Borealis, and the diseases in this Town, Beverly, and Salem." This journal of the local disturbances of atmosphere or of health was a daily outlet for the scientific impulses that were in him, affording him opportunity for the minute observation and painstaking record in which the true scientist has his purest pleasure. If he watched over the thermometer as over a sick kinsman, it was not because he was a devitalized pedant, with mercury in his veins instead of blood, but because he must be recording investigations of some sort, or deny his very nature.

But one cannot win fame by recording the readings of the thermometer in

Ipswich, Massachusetts, and it was certainly not his meteorological journal which brought Dr. Cutler the distinction that placed his name over one of the entries in the Memorial Quadrangle. Nor was it his botanical researches, though they made him the foremost authority on the flora of New England and won him a most distinguished place in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The accomplishment which thrust him into history stood almost entirely apart from the principal interests of his life, and marked him for posterity, not as the country parson nor as the amateur of science, but as the builder of an empire. By one of those tricks of destiny, which color the pages of our early history with almost inconceivable romance, this man became the author of the laws under which our great Northwest was settled, and thus set the stamp of his personality upon the institutions of a whole section of our people. Caesar himself, with the legions of Rome at his back, had not the fortune to impose his will upon wild lands and untamed men half so effectively as this obscure clergyman. The northwestern frontier, so long as it remained frontier, was ruled according to his principles.

It was while he was Chaplain in the Army of the Revolution that he formed the connection that led him into this enterprise of empire building. In 1786, he joined with other officers of the army in founding the Ohio Company, with the object of encouraging the settlement of the western portions of the continent "by the most robust and industrious people in America." Cutler was the company's agent in their negotiations with Major Winthrop Sargent, who acted for the government; and it was he who secured for their purposes a million and a half acres beyond the Ohio River. In 1788, the first settlers, a courageous company of forty-five, started from the parsonage at Ipswich for the Muskingum valley, where they were to found the city of Marietta. It was a four months' journey which they had ahead of them, and unknown perils threatened them; but the intrepid Manasséh made one of the company, determined to afford them what spiritual comfort he could, upon their journey through the wilderness,—and to make scientific observations by the way.

Cutler's journal of this expedition has been preserved, and a brave tale it tells of difficulties overcome and dangers met and vanquished. It tells its story bluntly enough, without much poetic color, for facts were more interesting to the author than fancies. Few facts of any significance appear to have eluded him. He officiates at the first funeral in Marietta—and takes note that the coffin is of "cherry-tree." He moves among the Indians who have come in from the woods to visit the settlement, and records his impressions in one terse sentence: "The squaws mostly drunk, Indians sober." He clambers on to the stump of a fallen tree, finds that it is fourteen feet in diameter, and endeavors to count the rings. He tells us what these pioneers of

the Middle West had to eat on their four months' pilgrimage, and our bowels yearn for them as we encounter, on page after page, the unremitting monotony of cold pork, cabbage, and pickles. It is a realistic bit of writing, this first book written in our Middle West, and like some other pieces of realism that have emerged from the same quarter, it has life in it, and a faithful picture of a hard-headed, strong-handed race of men, hewing out their fortunes in a new land.

Before Dr. Cutler made this expedition to Marietta, he had begun the work that was to give him a high place in our history. With Nathan Dane, he had drawn up that Ordinance of 1787, which was the foundation of all government in the entire Northwest Territory,—an instrument which historians place next to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution itself for its influence in shaping the institutions of our people. For certain provisions of the Ordinance, Cutler was solely responsible, notably the setting apart of townships as a foundation for universities, a provision which established the fortunes of the great state universities, from Ohio to the coast. "Religion, morality, and knowledge," declares the Ordinance, "being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." This sentence seems to bear the stamp of Cutler's own faith in learning; and there are other provisions—that for the prohibition of slavery, for example, and the one guaranteeing proper treatment to the Indians—which reflect other aspects of his idealism.

On the whole, it was a most liberal and praiseworthy document which these two Yankee statesmen drafted; and if Cutler must share with Nathan Dane the honor of having composed it, to him alone belongs the credit for seeing that it was adopted. He threw all his energies into campaigning for its adoption and showed another side of his varied nature in the power he displayed to influence men. "Rhetoric," says his old college notebook, "teaches to Speak handsomly on a Subject, so as to Persuade, Instruct, and please." Perhaps Yale had taught him something of value, after all.

His interest in the Ohio Company and his connection with the Ordinance of 1787 gave him a prominence in the world of affairs which he would otherwise not have gained; and in his later life, he found that the world was not inclined to leave him undisturbed in his study. He had to decline an appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court in the Ohio Territory—honor of a sort that comes but seldom to country parsons—and was called to other positions that he did not feel he could decline. He served in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and for four years he represented his state in the national Congress.

These are some of the unusual passages in the life of this extraordinary

parson of Ipswich; the last man, one would have said, whom we should expect to encounter on the stormy summit of Mt. Washington, in the woods of Marietta, or in the halls of Congress. Seeing his portrait, in his clergyman's gown—the kindly, placid face rising above the Geneva bands, with the lines of mirth about the mouth—and then thinking of the wild frontier and of the stern facts he helped to conquer, we are moved to ask, "But what the devil was *he* doing in that galley?" The destinies which were forging out a nation with strong, quick-falling blows, took his life, too, and bent it to surprising shapes. Having the pliable stuff of manhood in him, he could be made to serve as it pleased God; and he himself asked no carping questions of his destiny, taking the work it laid before him and doing it with his might.

Some years ago, when Richard Storrs gave his inaugural address as President of the American Historical Association, he chose as his topic, "The Contributions Made to Our National Development by Plain Men." The plain men whom he selected as his examples were two graduates of Yale, and one of them was this parson of Ipswich. "For diversity of great gifts," said Dr. Storrs, "for their efficient use, and for the variety of modes of honorable service to his country and to mankind, I doubt whether Manasseh Cutler has had his equal in American history."

R. D. F.

JAMES DWIGHT DANA

CLASS OF 1833

Geologist and Mineralogist

1813-1895

ONE likes to picture Dana as his pupils saw him at his desk, with the textbook he had written open before him, "turning over a few pages hurriedly, putting on his spectacles, taking them off, laying them down on his desk, losing them for a little while, and then finding them and putting them on again." A typical college professor, one would say, with all the fussy mannerisms of the bookish man, whose adventures had hardly taken him beyond the limits of the campus. But seeing him in this way, about his routine tasks, we have seen only half the man. There is another Dana behind this nervous, academic figure—a daring adventurer who sails the uncharted southern seas; who lands, intrepid, upon the shores of unknown islands, and feels no dismay, though he come upon "a group of Feejee savages with human bones in their mouths, finishing off the cannibal feast of the night"; a

navigator who has been round the Horn in a ship of 650 tons and has tasted the wildness of the storm in those perilous waters; a mountaineer who has had his place on the rope upon the summits of the Alps and has gone camping in the crater of a volcano at the age of seventy-four. And this is the same man who sits fidgeting before his class, losing his spectacles and finding them again!

Very much the same man, indeed; for Dana went posting over land and sea, not because he sought crazy adventures, nor because he was one of your madmen who find no pleasure in doing things that other men have done before them; but simply because he was a college professor and was under the obligation, which lies on every teacher, to get up his material. If he knew that what he needed lay in the islands of the southern Pacific, thither must he go to fetch it, and not all the storms of Cape Horn could keep him from it. To such a man, there was no essential difference between a ramble on West Rock, where material for the geologist lay plentiful under his hammer, and a descent into the crater of Haleakala. In either case, it was the scientist's curiosity that led him on, and if he found something to set his mind at work, his expedition was an adventure, whether in Connecticut or in the Hawaiian isles. His pupils might listen to his lectures, week after week, and hardly suspect that what Professor Dana was teaching them had been brought from the ends of the earth, for their benefit, at the risk of the man's own life.

Routine and adventure held alternate sway over this academic career. For the most part, Dana is to be found in New Haven, living in the house he built near Silliman's on Hillhouse Avenue, and going about his academic duties with a grave and conscientious attention to the dullest detail of a teacher's work; but now and again, we have glimpses of him in strange corners of the world, where Nature is about her work of building up or of tearing down. Great names, too, cross the level horizon of his daily life, like the sails of ships that have come from far quarters of the globe. At one hour, he will be drilling the elements of geology into the heads of undergraduates; at the next, he will be writing to Agassiz, to Berzelius, or to Darwin, to pass on some bit of information that can be had at his hands alone. And at all hours and in all places, he is devoting himself entirely to his science, whether in the way of routine or by the road of high adventure.

The most exciting experiences of his life came to him during the four years that he spent as Mineralogist and Geologist attached to the United States Exploring Expedition to the Southern Pacific, under Commodore Wilkes. The six vessels that composed the flotilla, none of them over 800 tons, sailed out of Hampton Roads on the eighteenth of August, 1838. Sailing the south seas was no holiday pastime in the year '38. Of the previous explorers in those waters, some had been murdered, some had died at sea,

and some had vanished entirely off the face of the earth. Wilkes's expedition was not without its casualties and certainly not without its narrow escapes. In an attempt to sail through the Straits of Magellan, Dana's ship was caught in a three days' gale, which nearly put an end to him and all on board. After two days and nights of peril, the moment of greatest danger came on the third night, when the winds rose again with fresh violence and nearly piled the vessel up on the rocks of Noir Island.

"Night came again," says Dana's letter, describing the experience, "and such a night! Early in the evening the winds blew with fresh violence, and every pitch of the ship was feared as the last. How anxiously we followed her motion down as she plunged her head into the water, and then watched her rising from those depths, until with a sudden start she gained the summit of the wave, and reeled and quivered at the length of her straitened cable! The anchor dragged more or less at each of these heavy lurches, and the cable rumbled like distant thunder upon the rocky bottom,—it still rings in my ears. Towards 9 P.M. our hopes were fast fading—it was evident our anchors must soon yield; and in expectation of it, the crew, who had stood in readiness to jump at the moment, were ordered on deck to wait the event. The rumbling of the dragging chains became louder and more frequent till at last it was almost an incessant peal—announcing that the dreaded crisis was fast approaching. We dragged on, and as the wind slightly favored us, we bid fair to escape the point of Noir Island and find our grave among the Fury rocks; but when off the point the veering wind drifted us to within half a ship's length of the rocks. It was an anxious moment. We were already in the breakers that swept over the reef; the ship rose and fell a few times with the swell, and then rose and careened as if half mad; her decks were deluged with the sweeping waves, which poured in torrents down the hatches. At this moment, with a sudden spring, she broke loose from her fastenings; and as the wind hauled back a little she cleared the point and hastened out to sea, sounding a dirge with her dragging chains. The cables were instantly slipped, and the men at the order sprang to the yards and loosed sail. A sandbeach convenient for beaching the vessel would have been hailed with joy; but a merciful God had planned it otherwise. Providentially, the clouds had dispersed during the last hour and a starlight sky favored us. The storm also began to abate and the winds to veer to a more favorable direction. We succeeded in rounding the southern cape of Noir Island, and, as the wind continued hauling, we were enabled at last to head free of the coast. With each passing hour we breathed more and more freely."

This was but the most perilous of many adventures that befell him during the four years spent upon this expedition. For the time being, he was seaman as much as scientist; and he learned, as the sailor does, to know all the ways

of the sea. On a single cruise aboard the *Peacock,* he covered 19,000 miles of untried ocean and was 260 days at sea with only twenty-two in port. In the course of their journeying, the explorers visited ten groups of islands and discovered land where no white man had seen land before. Again and again, they encountered savages of no very amiable sort, and left them convinced that these strange visitors were supernatural beings. "They thought we might have sailed off from the sun," says Dana, in one of his letters, "when it comes down to the water at night or leaves it when rising in the morning. They, therefore, received us as beings from another world. The affrighted people thought us gods, and brought out large numbers of cocoanuts and mats, and all the little property they had, as a peace offering. The chief, a venerable old man of gray hairs, trembled from head to foot, and even shed tears in his terror."

Years later, when Dana was climbing among the volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands, the natives called him "The Sorcerer who could rend rocks." It is not surprising that ignorant savages should have suspected Black Magic in this man, who came among them so miraculously, with knowledge of the secrets of the earth; more surprising if the intelligent should fail to see that his mind dwelt constantly on the borders of the unknown, where the magic that men call Nature performs its supernatural work. He himself was clearly aware that all the knowledge that men hold lies like a little strip of light along the shores of a dark continent of the unknowable. "Science," he says, in one of his lectures on the formation of the coral islands, "while it penetrates deeply the system of things about us, sees everywhere in the dim limits of vision, the word *mystery*."

Thus aware of the limitations of human research, in serving scientific truth, he served a higher truth as well, seeing beauty and all high things at the end of his investigations. "Beauty marks every object," he said once, "be it even the weed, shell, or polyp of the deep ocean to which the eye may penetrate. It is the most marvellous feature of created objects, that external beauty of form and coloring should have been made consistent with all the various ends to be accomplished."

Dana professed little regard for poetry and read it but seldom; yet there seems to have been something of the poet in him, after all. He would have been more at home than he could have imagined with Wordsworth or with Burns. Only once, so far as we have knowledge, did he falter in his pursuit of science. He had come upon a beautiful white bird on some tropic island, and although the task lay outside his own province, he felt it a duty to science to secure so noble a specimen. "By a scientific process," he says, "the work of death is easily accomplished. I went up to him—he stood still, not offering to fly. I commenced to carry out my plan;—a slight point of blood

soiled the white plumage, and my zeal gave out. It was another's duty to play executioner and not mine; and after stroking down his feathers and wishing him well, I walked away. But as I glanced back from time to time, there was that bird still, looking toward me, and I see him yet as on that day."

It is thirty years and more since Professor Dana ceased to be seen in the streets of New Haven; but the men who used to meet him there, glancing back into the years from time to time, have glimpses of the man they knew and loved. A life of such nobility is not easily forgotten. He was handsome and brave and wise. His memory sheds a glory on the profession that he followed and on the college that he served.

R. D. F.

JONATHAN DICKINSON

CLASS OF 1706

First President of Princeton College

1688-1747

ON the twentieth of April, 1747, the following notice appeared in the public prints of New York:

"This is to inform the Publick, That the Trustees of the Colledge of New Jersey, have appointed the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, President of the said Colledge: which will be opened the fourth Week in May next, at Elizabeth-Town; at which Time and Place, all Persons suitably qualified, may be admitted to our Academic Education."

Before he undertook his duties as head of the New Jersey College, now known as Princeton, Jonathan Dickinson, like Rector Pierson of Yale, had been a "povre persoun of a toun"; and a man not all unlike Chaucer's high-souled Parson he appears to have been. Around his career hangs an atmosphere of great antiquity: of a time when the sons of Adam grappled earnestly and publicly with their sin; of the age of Whitefield, the revivalist, and of David Brainerd, missionary to the Indians; of a time when the Parish of Elizabeth-Town lay at the extreme border of the white man's civilization, with no church to the westward of it. Dickinson lived in a world which seems almost as different from our own as Chaucer's England.

The pastor of the church at Elizabeth enjoyed no sinecure in those distant times. The parish was a large one, and as the outpost of civilization, it had first-hand knowledge of the responsibilities and the difficulties of the frontier. The farm folk were prosperous enough to pay their pastor the munificent

sum of £80 per annum, with the addition of "House, Glebe, and Perquisites of Marriages"; and they were accustomed to receive full measure of service in return. Pastoral care in such a parish laid a severe tax on a clergyman's body, as well as on his charity; but Dickinson was as "wonder diligent" in the discharge of these duties as the good soul whom Chaucer described so long ago.

> Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
> But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
> In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
> The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte.

Like so many colonial parsons, he was physician to the body as well as to the soul, and among his publications is a communication on "the Throat Distemper," proposing what seemed an effectual remedy. He did the multifarious daily work of his calling with old-fashioned zeal, in the spirit and to the glory of his Master.

He was but twenty-one when he was called to the pulpit at Elizabeth, only two years after he was graduated from the Collegiate School at Killingworth; yet he rapidly made himself a power in the colony of New Jersey. He took a prominent part in the religious controversies of the day, holding sturdily for moderation and liberty against the sterner Puritans. His influence was always exerted on the side of tolerance and peace; and he was invariably ready to compromise a little with his own views, rather than to give bigotry an opportunity to provoke strife. For years he struggled to compose the storms that were wont to convulse the synods of East Jersey. It was his influence —and he was acknowledged the ablest man in his Presbytery—which defeated an attempt to require of all ministers and candidates for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, a "hearty assent to the Westminster Confession and Catechism." His love of liberty, as well as his level-headed sense, was unalterably opposed to all attempts, on the part of Authority, to impose a creed upon any man. His opposition was expressed so vigorously, both orally and in written pamphlets, that it was impossible to keep him off the committee to which the matter was referred; and he succeeded in modifying the proposition so decidedly that the measure which he submitted, known, thenceforward, as the "Adopting Act," could be accepted by sensible men.

This was but one of the battles he won against the zeal of bigots, but one of the occasions on which he found himself out of sympathy with large numbers of his fellow citizens. In the emotional atmosphere of the period of religious revivals, he kept his head cool and made many enemies by quietly refusing to acknowledge the preposterous claims of the revivalists. When George Whitefield visited his parish, in November, 1739, he allowed him to address his people, and watched the results with open mind.

"I could observe no other Influence upon our People by that Address," he says, "than a general Thoughtfulness about Religion; and a Promptitude to make the Extraordinary Zeal and Diligence of the Gentleman, the common and turning Topick of their Conversation. I don't know that there was any one Person brought under Conviction, or any new and special Concern about their Salvation, by that Sermon; nor more than one by any Endeavours that were used with them that Fall, or the succeeding Winter."

While he did not approve of the sensationalism of the revival methods, and was doubtful of the permanent effects of conversions induced by emotional appeals in crowded churches, he had enough in common with the revivalists to feel that there was need of a quickening of the faith among his people. It distressed him not a little to feel that it might be his own perversity which was holding back a good work in the town of Elizabeth. "Tho' there was such a shaking among the dry Bones so near us," he says, "and we had continual Accounts from Newark of the growing Distress among their People (their young People especially), and of their awful solicitous Concern about their Salvation; our Congregation remained yet secure and careless; and could not be awakened out of their Sleep. You will easily conceive, that this must needs be an afflicting and discouraging Consideration to me: that when from other Places, we had the joyful News of so many flying to Christ as a Cloud, and as Doves to their Windows, I had yet Cause to complain, that I labour'd in vain, and spent my strength for nought."

At last, having given the matter deliberation, he determined to try his own hand at promoting a revival at Elizabeth, scrupulously avoiding, however, the emotionalism which he distrusted. This is his own account of the effort and of the results he gained:

"Having at that Time invited the young People to hear a Sermon, there was a numerous Congregation conveened, which consisted chiefly of our Youth, tho' there were many others with them. I preached to them a plain, practical Sermon, without any Pathos or Pungency, or any special Liveliness or Vigour; for I was then in a remarkably dead and dull Frame, till enlivened by a sudden and deep Impression which visibly appear'd upon the Congregation in general.—There was no Crying out, or Falling down (as elsewhere has happened) but the inward Distress and Concern of the Audience discover'd itself, by their Tears, and by an audible Sobbing and Sighing in almost all Parts of the Assembly. There appeared such Tokens of a solemn and deep Concern, as I never before saw in any Congregation whatsoever. From this Time, we heard no more of our young People's meeting together for Frolicks and extravagant Diversions, as had been usual among them; but instead thereof, private Meetings for religious Exercises were by them set up in several Parts of the Town. All our Opportunities of publick Worship,

were carefully and constantly attended by our People in general; and a serious and solemn Attention to the Ministry of the Word, was observable in their very Countenance."

A far-away world indeed, where broad-minded men like Dickinson troubled their hearts because young people met together occasionally for "Frolicks and extravagant Diversions"! Yet perhaps he was not the last president of Princeton who has found such matters lying heavily upon his mind.

The project for a college in New Jersey had his approval and assistance from the first, and he was the logical man to choose as President. His influence in the Presbyterian Church was of the greatest, and every man in the colony, no matter how bitterly some might oppose his theories, trusted in the manifest honesty of his soul. His writings upon theological matters, moreover, had given him a very considerable reputation as a scholar, both at home and abroad. "The British Isles," said John Erskine of Edinburgh, "have produced no such writers on divinity in the eighteenth century as Dickinson and Edwards." The new college was to have both these great theologians as President, and Dickinson was the first to serve.

If he felt any scruples about nourishing a rival to his own Alma Mater, they were dispelled by the rough treatment that Yale had accorded to young David Brainerd. In the emotional heat of revival time, Brainerd had declared that one of the members of the Yale faculty had "no more religion than a chair," and for this incautious outburst he had been summarily dismissed. When the young man undertook his service with the Indians, he saw much of Dickinson, who had always interested himself in the work of sending out missionaries into the western woods of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and during the last months of his life, Brainerd lived at the parsonage in Elizabeth-Town, while his young strength, broken by toil and exposure, gave way gradually before the approach of death. In those months, Dickinson had an opportunity to discover what a rare spirit the young missionary carried within him; and he may very well have felt that when Yale showed no better discernment than to dismiss a man like that, for a boyish indiscretion, it was high time she had more rivals to dispute her arrogance.

The charter for the new college was secured in October, 1746, and in the following May, the first classes met at Dickinson's parsonage, on the south side of the old Rahway road. The President himself gave most of the instruction, but he had the assistance of a tutor, Caleb Smith, who was also a graduate of Yale. But the infant college had not long to enjoy the care and nurture of its first distinguished President. An attack of pleurisy fell upon him in the early Autumn of 1747, and he died on the seventh of October, having held office as President of the college but five months.

The New York *Post Boy,* in the following week, lamented his death in

good eighteenth-century phrases, which clothe his memory in the old-fashioned dignity that seems to belong to him.

"He was of uncommon and very extensive Usefulness," says the *Post Boy*. "He boldly appeared in the Defence of the great and important Truths of our most holy Religion and the Gospel Doctrines of the free and sovereign Grace of God. He was a zealous Promoter of godly Practice and godly Living, and a bright Ornament to his Profession. In Times and Cases of Difficulty, he was a ready, wise and able Counsellor. By his Death our infant College is deprived of the Benefit and Advantage of his superior Accomplishments, which offered a favorable Prospect of its Future Flourishing and Prosperity under his Inspection."

R. D. F.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

CLASS OF 1769

President of Yale College

1752-1817

IN his own day, Timothy Dwight was equally respected as a poet, a divine, and an educator. In these days, reference to his poetry is chiefly confined to witty remarks by people who have not read it, and his sermons have gone the way of most of the theology of a century ago. It is only as a teacher, a patriot, and a man that he is remembered now. Yet, though the modern verdict is doubtless just, both his poetry and his theology are worth a moment's consideration, if only to emphasize his more important and enduring contributions to his time and ours.

At the age of nineteen, he began to write *The Conquest of Canaan,* an epic poem in eleven books, dealing, as the title shows, with Israel's occupation of the Promised Land. The subject is chosen with discretion: Joshua has the possibilities of a very good epic hero, and the tale abounds in alarms and excursions. The work was completed in three years, and if industry and persistence could make a poet great, the author might still enjoy the golden opinions his contemporaries held of his art. But, truth to tell, he had not the epic genius. The verse is not bad; it is quite as good as that of most of the minor poets of the late eighteenth century. The patient reader will find occasional passages, chiefly religious, of a certain exaltation, and there are no great blemishes of plan or execution. But the thing is dull, and that is the unpardonable sin in an epic.

In 1794, he published a much shorter poem entitled *Greenfield Hill,* in

seven parts, dealing with various questions of the nation's infancy. It is a less serious-minded work, and correspondingly more successful. While it would be folly to call it inspired, its descriptions of the country and customs of New England have a real interest for the reader still. It reveals, moreover, a fine patriotism, which is further proven by various shorter pieces, one of which, the song beginning

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise

has maintained a precarious place in our literature. But it is to his hymns, particularly

I love thy Kingdom, Lord

that he is indebted for any permanent claim to be considered an American poet. His only other long poem is a satiric piece entitled *The Triumph of Infidelity* which was published anonymously. This is really a religious tract devoted to attacks upon contemporary opponents of orthodoxy, who appear in the form of asterisks, and displaying a particular animus against Hume, whose work is characterized as

Pure, genuine dross, from gold seven times refined.

It gives the key to Dwight's theology, which is more fully and more worthily set forth in four volumes of sermons. Dwight was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, so that it was inevitable that the old fashion of careful exposition of the Scriptures should occupy the chief place in his preaching. But although Protestant orthodoxy is the basis on which he stands, there is a broad interest in the natural universe as well as in the world of men, and an appreciation of the Bible as literature which distinguishes his sermons from his contemporaries' and makes them still enjoyable to browse among.

There is another aspect of *The Triumph of Infidelity* which is worthy of notice. It is dedicated, in a most inimical spirit, to Voltaire, and it shows throughout a conservatism, social as well as doctrinal, which gives one pause when it is remembered that it is the work of an ardent Revolutionist. For Timothy Dwight was closely associated with the American Revolution. It was 1765 when he entered Yale, at the tender age of thirteen, and throughout his college course, the relations of the colony to the mother country formed a question of absorbing interest. In that time the old aristocratic fashion of listing scholars according to the social standing of their fathers gave place to an alphabetical arrangement, and it was his class that voted to appear at Commencement in homespun rather than wear imported cloth. He was a tutor at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and had delivered the valedictory address to the class which graduated in September,

1775, in which he bade them take thought for their duty to the new country which was coming into being. In 1777, having been licensed to preach, he left the college, and joined the Continental Army at West Point, in the capacity of Chaplain to General Parson's Brigade. After the death of his father had forced him to leave the army to support his family, he sat for two sessions in the Massachusetts Legislature, and, to the end of the war, lent whatever support he could to the cause of independence. *The Conquest of Canaan* was dedicated to George Washington, *Greenfield Hill* to John Adams.

But Timothy Dwight is a fair example of the fact that the American Revolution was a political rather than a social affair. The talk of liberty and equality was not of much avail against a rooted tradition of old-world respectability, and, as the Father of his Country showed himself a thorough aristocrat, so, in a less degree, Dr. Dwight upheld all his life the standards of personal dignity and respect for consequence which seemed to him a foundation of any well-regulated society. Indeed, his own sense of importance exposed him both to censure and ridicule, at times, and earned for him the title of "his Loftiness" from President Stiles.

Nevertheless, the Revolution bore good fruit in him. It not only developed his own spirit of independence, but made him appreciative of an honest independence in others. When he was elected President of Yale College in 1795, he found it in no very healthy condition, and it needed not only the energy of a conscientious executive, but the courage of a pioneer, as well, to restore it to its normal state, and then start it on the development which transformed it from a provincial school to an institution of liberal education. Appreciative of convention as he was, he nevertheless refused to let the college be stifled by conventions cherished for their own sake. His colleagues testify to the amount of work that he did—teaching as well as administration. Of course, most of his time was spent in the round of duties which leave no trace, but, beside his regular tasks, he did two great things for Yale, one intellectual, the other spiritual. While he was still a tutor, the following vote was passed by the Corporation:

"Upon application made to this board by Mr. Dwight, one of the tutors, at the desire of the present senior class, requesting that they might be permitted to hire the said Mr. Dwight to instruct them the current year in rhetoric, history and the belles lettres: Upon considering the motion, the corporation being willing to encourage the improvement of the youth in those branches of polite literature, do comply with their request, provided it may be done with the approbation of the parents or guardians of said class."

However doubtful one may be of the power of a man already employed as a tutor, to do justice in addition to rhetoric, history, and the *belles lettres,*

the service to the curriculum is apparent. It was the beginning of a movement which he served still further during his presidency, and whose end is not yet.

His second great deed came upon his assuming the presidency. Irreligion had become fashionable in the college, though the authorities had vainly sought to curb it by suppressing free discussion of religious matters. President Dwight's method was more farsighted than that. In a class of "forensic disputation," one of the questions proposed for debate concerned the inspiration of the Scriptures. It was the President's duty to select the subject, and, much to the surprise of the class, this was the one he chose. He directed the students to support whichever side they would, and advised them to prepare their ground with due care beforehand. The champions of infidelity were a large majority, and he heard them out with patience; but, when they had closed their case, he assailed them, not for their impiety, but for their ignorance, and, by the ease with which he met their arguments, showed them that their thinking had been neither so deep nor so original as they supposed. The immediate effect of his courage was to make religion fashionable, but a higher effect was to establish in the College the principle that truth had nothing to fear from examination. This principle was consistent in his teaching. When he had occasion to disagree with the text, he explained his stand and his reasons, and, by example as well as by word, encouraged his students to arrive at their own conclusions.

It has been said of President Dwight that he was greater than anything he did. His power as head of the college, his influence as a citizen, his success as a teacher, all depended on the force of his personality. Whatever his leaning toward pomposity may have been, it did not prevent him from being a friend of young men. The writer of the epic was a youth of more brain than spirit, but the President of the College was a man of character, without which his intellectual attainments would have been but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. After twenty-two years as President, he died, in 1817, in his sixty-fifth year.

Posterity owes one peculiar debt to Timothy Dwight. His vacations were spent in traveling through New England and New York for the sake of his health. On one of these excursions it occurred to him that it would be interesting to know what had been the aspect of the country a hundred years before. This, he soon found, was impossible. No one had taken the trouble to leave a record. So, with a kindly thought for those who might have the same curiosity a hundred years thereafter, he began to make a full, detailed account of the country through which he passed. These observations, in the form of letters to a fictitious Englishman, were published after his death. There is nothing in the nature of a sentimental journey about his travels;

the romantic spirit is quite absent from his descriptions, but his accurate and painstaking notes are of immense value for that most fascinating of pursuits, the recalling of the life of an elder generation.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

CLASS OF 1849

President of Yale College

1828-1916

ON the sixteenth of August, in 1845, Timothy Dwight presented himself, a trembling subfreshman, in the gallery of the Old Chapel, for examination for admission to Yale College. He had been ably prepared, under "Old Dominie" Olmstead at the Hopkins Grammar School, and need not have feared for the results of the ordeal; but in those days, when the candidate was thrust into the Olympian presence of the elder members of the faculty, and asked to deliver himself orally upon Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, and Geography, entrance examinations were far more painful than those the modern subfreshman undergoes. "Who founded St. Petersburg?" Professor Silliman once asked his frightened victim; and with astounding promptness the answer came back: "Saint Peter."

Timothy Dwight, who records this little tragedy, made no such break himself, under the nervous tension of the inquisition, and was promptly and unconditionally admitted to the freshman class. He began his career as a Yale man, he tells us, "on a beautiful September day, late in the month." Thereafter, for more than seventy years, his life was part of the life of the college, until many men, whether they knew him as classmate, tutor, professor, or president, came to regard him almost as type and symbol of the place.

Bound to the college by the closest ties of kindred—the grandson of the earlier President Dwight, a descendant of Jonathan Edwards and of his wife Sarah Pierpont, who was the daughter of one of the founders of the Collegiate School—the man seems to have been born with the love of Yale in his blood. His life began under the elm trees of New Haven, and under those elms it moved serenely onward all its days, until his figure, like the trees themselves, became one of the most intimate memories men carried away with them from their college days. He yielded naturally to the influences that directed his life into the service of the University, as if such were his inevitable and most desirable destiny, and no shadow of regret ever crossed his mind, to darken the way of life that he had chosen. "That au-

tumn day of the past," he says himself, bringing the book of his memories to a close, "was indeed full of promise—that day of the beginning,—and the teaching which has come from it to my mind and heart, as the years have passed, is that life grows happier as we move onward in its course."

Grey-headed alumni, whose memories run back to the 'Fifties, speak of him as "Tutor Tim." They knew him in their college days in the relationship, which was not always so pleasant as in his case, of teacher and pupil; and he won his way to their affections by the friendly way he had of meeting them and by his frankness in sharing his ignorance, as well as his knowledge, with his pupils. They went to him to talk over things they did not understand, and came away delighted to discover that their tutor, like themselves, was not sure of his knowledge of all things in heaven and earth. He was their friend as well as their instructor; and in after years, at their reunions, they were prone to make him "honorary member" of their class and to raise the roof if his familiar figure appeared suddenly and quietly in the doorway of their headquarters.

His friendships reached into every corner of the life of Yale during the long period of his service to the institution, and his *Memories of Yale Life and Men* is as intimate as a family history. In its pages we encounter the men who helped to make the destinies of Yale for a century or more, and we meet them on delightful terms of intimacy, introduced into the very circle of their daily work by this co-worker of theirs. We have a glimpse of old Professor Silliman, falling into a brown study during a faculty meeting, while his colleagues discuss a case of discipline, and rousing himself from pleasant thoughts to face the uncongenial task of pronouncing judgment. "He took the College Catalogue which was lying on the table near him, and opening it he said, 'What is the student's name, Mr. President?' 'Jones,' the President replied. 'Ah,' said he, after turning over the pages somewhat carefully, 'Jones of the Junior Class?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'I notice that he is from Baltimore,' the professor answered; 'when I was lecturing in that city, his father entertained me most hospitably at his house. I think I would treat the young man as leniently as possible.' "

On another page, we see President Woolsey, standing up before the student body in the Old Chapel, to dispose of a campus squabble over the management of an undergraduate ball, and we catch the firm note of decisiveness in the words this historian has preserved for us, to show us how campus problems once were settled: "I understand that a plan has been formed by the Senior Class for a ball to-morrow evening, and that much contention has arisen in the class respecting certain matters connected with it. There will be no ball."

So men of different stamp and different temperament, brought together

in the common labor of teaching and of study, rub elbows in this book of memories. The decisive disciplinarian and the kindly old gentleman with whom any reason for leniency was good enough, are both set before us as they were; and the man who tells us of them, having a keen eye for what was best in every man, quite evidently would not have had either of these elder friends of his made over in a different mold. The gifts of wisdom and of happiness had come to him with the long years, and both had taught him to be well content with the men who worked beside him. His book is as pleasant a book as ever was made, for his memories of Yale life and men were all colored by his own serenity of soul.

One man, among the many who labored toward the shaping of Yale in those seventy years, has but an inconspicuous place in the book; and we should scarcely know how great a figure he was in our history, if we had no documents but this to judge by. His name is Timothy Dwight. He was a man of the truest modesty and most genuine humility, quite unable to make himself the hero of his autobiography; but all Yale men who remember the well-beloved Timothy will read his book as much for the sake of the revelation that it gives of his large and generous character as for any other reason. They know that he lived through a most important epoch in our history, when the college of the Old Brick Row was growing up into a university, and that the story he has told in his book is the story of those years of hope and progress; but they know, too, that one of the fairest things that chanced across the path of Yale, in those crowded years, was the person of this man and the love that he inspired. Call her University or call her College, Yale has prospered, as she always shall, only by virtue of the lives given to her service; and no gift of this sort was ever given more loyally, more happily, than the life of Timothy Dwight.

Among the alumni who were in college during the years that followed his retirement, his figure is remembered like some mid-winter sunset in New Haven,—a vision of the elder hours withdrawing amid a glory of color, wherein the towers of the college and the venerable elms upon the Campus seemed to have a share. In some such sunset hour, perhaps, we had caught a glimpse of the ex-president, stoop-shouldered, wrapped in thought, shuffling slowly across the Campus or up Hillhouse Avenue; and we saw him as a visitant out of the well-nigh forgotten past. At all other times and seasons, the college world and all that was in it belonged to us, who were the youngest of the family of Yale; but at such a time, as we saw this old man moving in slow dignity before us, apparently oblivious of us and all our noisy ways, it came suddenly upon us that Yale had known many years before ever she knew us and that her strength ran far into the past.

In those years, he appeared but seldom in the public life of Yale; but on

one occasion, every year, he stepped out of his retirement to stand for a moment before us, sign and symbol of the past. On Commencement morning, when all the degrees had been given, and the last hymn had been sung, there fell a hush on the crowd in Woolsey Hall, as Timothy Dwight stepped forward, from his place beside President Hadley, to pronounce the Benediction. In that silence his voice, though it was a little faint and husky, reached every corner of the hall, and to each of us it seemed the voice of the old Yale calling down the peace of Heaven upon us who were of the new.

R. D. F.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

CLASS OF 1720

Theologian and Metaphysician

1703-1758

JONATHAN EDWARDS was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, on October 3, 1703. His father, the Reverend Timothy Edwards, was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1691, and had performed the surprising feat of taking the degree of A.B. in the morning and A.M. in the afternoon of the same day. It was apparently for theological reasons that he decided on Yale for his son's education, in spite of his distinguished career at Harvard. Jonathan was accordingly admitted to the college at the age of thirteen.

He was an unusual boy. There seems to have been a good deal of imagination in him; but, even in his youth, there began to be apparent that dominance of reason over all his other faculties which, in his maturity, was his most striking characteristic. The taste for solitary meditation to which he testifies might, in another generation, have flowered forth in poetry and romance, for he lacked neither the gift of language nor the seeing eye, and the divine spark was in him if it ever was in any man. Two things determined his course of life for him: first, and most important, his preoccupation with the idea of God; second, his sheer power of mind. There is little that is boyish in the scant records of his early years. We know that he was sensitive and upright and devout, but of his humanity we are hardly able to get a glimpse, at this or any later stage of his career: it is likely that his contemporaries got very little more.

After graduation he spent two years in New Haven in the study of theology, and then held a tutorship in the college for two years more. It was at this time that he married Sarah Pierpont, the daughter of the Reverend James Pierpont, one of the founders of the college. All who knew her unite

in praise both of her beauty and her piety. Their mutual respect, their perfect loyalty and increasing devotion made the marriage an ideal one; and the many virtues of Sarah Edwards must have contributed to the fact that such a number of their descendants rose to eminence. These years of teaching were irksome to the young man, and, although we are assured by President Stiles that he was regarded highly at Yale, he never seems to have been well satisfied with himself in the rôle of teacher.

In 1727, with the call to the First Church in Northampton, his real career began. That pastorate had been held by his mother's father, the Reverend Mr. Stoddard, and at first Edwards was associated with the old man as his assistant. But it was not for family reasons that he was retained. Already his genius was beginning to be manifest and before long he was acknowledged to be the most eminent divine in New England. Ministers of his type are rare in these times because the world's demands on the ministry have changed so much. Being naturally a man of great modesty and reserve, his inclinations chimed perfectly with his conception of duty and led him to withdraw more and more from the world of men to give himself over to careful and exacting study and thought. His constitution, which was none of the best, suffered by his excessive and unvaried labors. It was only by the most scrupulous care that he preserved his health, and it is hardly to be doubted that his death at the age of fifty-five was partly due to the exhaustion of his vitality. What he lacked in robustness of body he made up in vigor of mind, and, to the end of his life, he was capable of long and intense application without any danger of becoming jaded mentally.

As one of his biographers has wisely remarked, his was an acute rather than a comprehensive mind. Anyone who has the curiosity to investigate the Yale curriculum of those days will see that his education had in it very little in the nature of general culture, and he seems to have made no effort to supply the deficiency. Probably he was not conscious of it. For him theology was the one important study, and the preaching of the faith the one important work. Therefore, his learning consisted largely in a minute acquaintance with the Scripture and a wide knowledge of controversial doctrine. He addressed himself to professing Christians, laboring to confirm them in the faith and to guard them against error. Heathen and heretics he regarded as possible subjects for conversion, but as of interest solely on condition of conversion. Of the unconvertible he was only occasionally aware. He had no thought whatever for their welfare. The eternal laws of God were the subject of his meditations and his words, and to those alone who could accept and understand those laws he spoke.

Nowadays he would be called a narrow man. It is a fair criticism, but it must be remembered that narrowness does not necessarily mean pettiness;

and, after all, the contemplation of eternal laws gives the intellect considerable scope. Yet it is neither his profession nor his earnestness that makes him great. Many another minister of New England, unimportant then and forgotten now, was as devout and single-minded as he. To one who has the courage to read the works of Jonathan Edwards the truth comes home that it was his genius, triumphing over his narrowness, which gives him claim to be considered the foremost thinker of his country.

In his diary are found a set of resolutions, written while he was still a boy. They constitute a standard of conduct the very writing down of which might appall a character less courageous. Perhaps the most admirable item is that which reads "Resolved, to live with all my might while I do live." But that which most profoundly affected his writings is this: "Resolved, in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity." Many a man has made that resolution for himself, but very, very few can bring themselves to take the infinite pains necessary to put it into literal effect. Jonathan Edwards did, and therein lies his first claim to greatness as a writer. This does not mean, of course, that his premises were always sound or his conclusions always admissible. Far from it. It does mean, however, that, starting from a premise which represented the truth to him, he went by the guidance of his reason, along the path his faith indicated, without fear or bias or any kind of dishonesty, to the conclusion which appeared to him inevitable. This surely is the nearest approach to "pure and simple verity" of which mankind is capable. How little his eagerness for truth was affected by personal motives is clear from his controversial writings. He met the storming of his enemies with a perfect calm, their insults with silence. His replies dealt solely with their doctrine; he never stooped to consider their person or his own.

Aside from this passion for truth, the most noticeable feature of his works is the intensity of thought they display. There is no shirking of issues, no mere indicating lines of argument, no mental laziness concealed beneath an attractive manner. The extraordinary care which he spent on the definition of his terms so that there could be no possible misconception of his meaning, the abundance of illustration from the Scriptures (which is practically the only kind of documentary evidence he employs), the keen analysis of human thought and actions, all testify not only to great labor but to a mighty mind. He spared neither himself nor his audience, and sermon and treatise alike make demands on the patience and application only justified by his conviction of the overwhelming importance of his subject. Yet, though he never tries to please, there are passages that blaze out of the careful, logical context, and give one sudden visions of a soul filled with brightness and glory inexpressible from the steadfast contemplation of that God who was for him the source of life and its end.

His ministry at Northampton came to a tragic close. In 1740 there had been one of the revivals characteristic of New England in that epoch. The wave of religious excitement had been followed by the inevitable reaction, and people began to feel that the frenzy they had admired was after all a mere travesty of religion. Edwards was not to be caught by one extreme or the other. He had refused to believe that the appearance of conversion was a proof of grace, and he now as firmly refused to grant that it was a disproof thereof. In his view it was inessential. This led to a split in the congregation, aggravated by some matters of church discipline. But beneath it all, there was the fact that he was no longer the pastor this congregation needed. The severity of his theology bore hard on those who were conscious chiefly of the need for spiritual comfort. His fundamental axiom was the sovereignty of God, but the conclusions he drew as to rare reward and plentiful punishment seemed to exalt His power at the expense of His mercy. It was no help to the congregation, of course, that their minister spared himself as little as he did them. Nor did his lofty intellect compensate them for the lack of humanity they felt in him. No one but an Edwards could live for long in the system he conceived. Unfortunately, neither side could see wherein the basic issue lay. Not all his fine freedom from vanity could show him in what he had failed, and the people can hardly be blamed for not entirely appreciating his greatness. It is to be regretted that their case against him was urged with a pettiness and a rancor, of which they heartily repented. In 1750, by vote of the council and the congregation he was formally dismissed.

The humiliation was bitter to him, of course, but more bitter still was what seemed to him the triumph of false principles in the matter. However, he was as little capable of idleness as of complaining, and he retired to Stockbridge where he gave himself over to work in a mission for the Housatonic Indians. It was at this time that he wrote some of his greatest works, the most famous being the *Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of that Freedom of Will, which is supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame,* which Daniel Webster regarded as the greatest product of the human reason. Any modern reader, however, will probably get more profit and enjoyment from *A Treatise Concerning the Religious Affections,* and a somewhat more benign impression of the author.

In 1758, he was called to be President of Nassau Hall, now Princeton University, but on March 22 he died, having held office for little more than a month. His last words were of his wife, in whom all his human affections had been concentrated and who was, perhaps, the only person who had ever seen adequately expressed that side of him whose submergence his time and ours alike most regret.

It is not probable that mankind will come again to a state in which Jonathan Edwards will be regarded as an infallible religious guide, but he has been an ideal to many who have rejected his theology, and to all ages he may well stand as a type of that which is the glory of New England and her best contribution to the inheritance of the nation: courage and straightforwardness and unrelenting self-discipline.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS

CLASS OF 1837

Leader of the American Bar and Secretary of State

1818-1901

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS was one of those rare and happy mortals whose gifts all combine to produce eminence in a chosen career. There was none of the doubt in electing one out of a number of conflicting leanings which so many men of genius have experienced. His gift of language laid the basis for his success as an advocate, and to that success the subtler elements of his temperament and personality all contributed.

He was born in Boston in 1818. Both his father's family and his mother's were Yale stock, and his career and that of his descendants in the college give him a position among those whom Yale claims most entirely and intimately as her own. He was a member of the Class of 1837—probably its most remarkable member, for he combined a high scholastic record with an interest in literature and debate and a great popularity founded solidly on the respect of his classmates. Neither in college nor out of it was he offensively good, and one reads with some pleasure of the "irregular conduct" of the future Secretary of State, which testified to the high spirits which characterized him throughout his life but which were not of a nature to occasion the serious reproach either of friends or faculty. He played an effective part in the life of Linonia, long since dead, but his most lasting achievement in undergraduate life was the foundation of the *Yale Literary Magazine,* suggested, it would seem, by W. T. Bacon, but more dependent in its first year on the ability and enthusiasm of Evarts. It is easier to think of the *Lit.* as an innovation when one remembers the number of undergraduate periodicals which have sprung up in the years since, to blossom for a brief period and fall away. In 1836 the *Lit.* was even as they,—a doubtful experiment whose fate hung in the balance. But anyone who takes the trouble to glance through the pages of that first volume will see that there is not only a real

literary ability apparent, but a wise and hearty spirit behind the venture, such as does not always fall to the lot even of worthy enterprises. In this case it was the spirit of William M. Evarts. To him also is due the choice of the couplet (taken from the back of a portrait of Elihu Yale)

> Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses
> Cantabunt soboles, unanimique patres

which still appears on the *Lit's.* cover, proclaiming to a generation decreasingly able to understand it, the permanence of Yale in despite of fashion.

One would like to know more about the office of Minor Bully, which fell to Evarts. The records of Bullyism, while voluminous, are not very clear, so that we can be sure of no more than the fact that the College Bully, originally selected as a tower of strength in the frequent conflicts with the townsfolk, had gradually become a kind of class president, whose physical prowess was seldom in demand. The Minor Bully seems to have been at first the smallest man in the class, so entitled in jest; but, by 1837, popularity was more important than stature, and the Minor Bully was an aid to the Major Bully in his constitutional function, such as he could not have been in matters of warfare. Evarts, indeed, was the regular presiding officer at class reunions (though '37 was possessed of a Major Bully: William C. Scarborough), and it is safe to conclude that the office was, in his case, a proof of the esteem in which he was held.

He took to the study of the law at Harvard not only a fine mind, well trained to analyze and comprehend, but an ability to make his place among his fellows, which was of the utmost importance to him in his profession. Moreover, he took two qualities, rare enough in the general run of mortals, but essential to great advocates: the power to identify himself wholly with the interests of his client and the power to see central principles clearly, unaffected by the confusion of secondary issues. His powers were fully tested, and his quality plainly seen, in the early years of his law practice in New York, for those were the days when the issue of slavery was the dominant and unavoidable question, and no young lawyer who aimed at eminence could keep clear of it for long. His first public contact with the problem was one better calculated to win him the respect of posterity than to conciliate his associates. Twelve years after his graduation from college, he was made Assistant District Attorney of New York City, and the next year, 1850, he was called on to address a large meeting at Castle Garden on the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law. By the great body of abolitionists, with whom his sympathies naturally lay, the speech was taken as evidence of a deplorable leaning toward slavery; but the calmer eye of history can see that his position was essentially the position of Lincoln, a fidelity to the Union

and the orderly processes of governmental growth, which he would not lay aside for any consideration however momentous.

He had later opportunity to prove his whole-hearted hostility to slavery when he was of the counsel of the State of New York in arguing before the New York Court of Appeals the famous Lemmon slave case against Charles O'Conor, counsel for the State of Virginia. The question at issue was the status of negro slaves introduced into New York in transit from one slave state to another. Evarts maintained that they were free upon entering New York and could not be removed thence except by their own consent. His successful argument marked him at once as a lawyer of unusual ability and also as an anti-slavery advocate of principle and determination. It would, of course, have been impossible for him to argue the case, or, indeed, for the court to decide it, unaffected by the violent partisan feelings of the times; but, as one reads the argument, the impressive thing is the general soundness and moderation of the plea, its clear grasp of the nature and limitations of state and federal rights, and its effective appeal to the evidence of history against the institution it opposed. It is small wonder that Evarts was retained in the next year to assist the District Attorney in the prosecution of the crew of the *Savannah,* a captured privateer from Charlestown. Since the jury finally disagreed, the case cannot be counted as a victory for the government, but Evarts' speech to the jury is still worth reading for its handling of the large incidental questions involved, sectional, constitutional, national, and humanitarian.

His fortunes were now firmly connected with the government and made him, in the course of time, successively Attorney General, Secretary of State, and United States Senator. But these distinctions, while they were well earned, were not so important to the man's career as the extraordinary group of great cases in which he proved himself one of America's finest advocates. The defense of President Johnson at his impeachment trial, the presentation of the case for the United States before the International Tribunal at Geneva established to settle claims between the United States and England arising out of the Civil War, the defense of Henry Ward Beecher, the case for the Republican Party before the Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission—this is a combination of celebrated actions such as few lawyers are fated to meet. Not, of course, that he argued them single-handed, but his connection with them all was vital and established him firmly at the head of his profession.

Much, perhaps most, of the work of even the best lawyers is rewarded with the somewhat anaemic immortality which extends no farther than the application of the special case. The pleadings before the Geneva Tribunal, important as they were, arouse only a languid interest in the reader who is not a specialist in international law, and the conduct of the Hayes-Tilden case seems both partisan and legalistic, as was right and necessary under the

circumstances. But the Beecher trial and the impeachment have a greater claim to attention. The former was a case, sensational in its nature and very liable to sensationalism in its treatment. But Mr. Evarts, facile, clever, witty as he was, nevertheless succeeded in raising the whole defense to so high a plane that it still commands admiration and respect from all thoughtful and decent men who read it with a desire for the truth. It is, indeed, a great defense of a great man, doing honor alike to the servant of the law and the servant of the Lord.

His most famous achievement, and his most important service to his country was in the defense of President Johnson. Evarts was partisan enough when the occasion required, but no one could see more clearly than he the disastrous results if partisanship should be allowed to settle such a question as that of the President's legal relation to Congress. The keystone of his argument was the proposition that the Senate, sitting in cases of impeachment, was a court of justice and that it must look to nothing but the administration of justice. Even the failure of the case against the President was a secondary matter compared to the importance of the establishment of that principle, which has never since been challenged. If the American Executive has nothing to fear from the unreasonable interference of a hostile legislature, we owe it chiefly to the wisdom and the eloquence of William M. Evarts.

His weightier speeches and his lighter show both the virtues and the vices of a man speaking for the occasion. There are sentences that will not parse. There are sentences that seem fated never to stop. There are colloquialisms and false starts and syntactic afterthoughts. His orations will never be printed in books of rhetoric nor declaimed by schoolboys. Yet his words, no less than his honors, make him very nearly the ideal of American pleaders. His speeches have the breath of life in them, and it would be a sad mistake to have edited out the unevennesses of a man whom judges heard with respect, juries with conviction, and diners with delight.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET

CLASS OF 1805

Founder of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America

1787-1851

GALLAUDET'S classmates felt sure that he would do something notable with his life. He had not joined them in New Haven till the beginning of their sophomore year, but he had made his place immediately among them. "More youthful in appearance than even in age," says his classmate

Heman Humphrey, later President of Amherst College, "modest, unobtrusive, and strictly correct in all his habits, Gallaudet was a universal favorite in his class. He had a talent and a taste for mathematics, which would have given him very high distinction as a professor in that department had he chosen to devote his life to it. In English composition he had no superior, and no equal in his class. Indeed, there was no branch, except declamation in which he did not excel." In a class of forty-two, he was one of six to graduate with an oration stand; and it is reported that he missed being valedictorian by inches, the award going to a taller man, on the ground that he had a "higher standing" in the class.

In the first ten years after his graduation, Gallaudet accomplished nothing that gave promise of a distinguished career. He found it difficult, indeed, to make a start in a career of any sort. Ostensibly, he was waiting for his physique, which was never of the best, to reach its full strength; in reality, as the event proved, he was waiting for destiny to touch him on the shoulder and tell him what he was to do with his life. In the meantime, he tried his hand at many things,—the law, writing, teaching; and in each, in turn, he met with disappointments which must have been hard to bear. Two years as tutor at Yale College left his health so weakened that he despaired of success in any form of work that kept him much confined; and at last, when college closed in the summer of 1810, he turned his back on the professions and sought work that would keep him out of doors. For a year, he journeyed on horseback through Kentucky and Ohio, a traveling salesman for a New York firm.

The actual accomplishments of these years had not been of a sort to bring any man much satisfaction, and such records as we have of his inner life during this period bear witness to his discouragement. Within him were all sorts of undirected energies, which were later to give strength to his frail body and such dignity to his slight stature that men have been known to say that they remembered him as a man of imposing presence; but as yet these energies could find no proper focus and moved fretfully beneath the surface of his daily life, giving him the greatest discomfort. A journal of his meditations, kept while he was teaching at Yale, shows him struggling with his dissatisfaction and attributing his unhappiness, in bitter humility, to his own depravity. "I am languid, and cold, and slothful . . . I am too irritable. I am too much addicted to the indulgence of loose and impure and trifling thoughts and words . . . I am much, very much, too indolent. I indulge, too much, my appetite for food and drink." Once, when he had been led away by his love of gaiety to take too much wine, he repaired immediately to Hartford and made public confession before the officers of his father's church. And on Christmas Day, 1808, in his room in Yale College, he wrote

in his journal, "I know that I am walking in the way that leads to eternal perdition. Dreadful infatuation; deplorable rashness!"

It was the part of wisdom for a man who had become so morbidly introspective to give up trying to teach. Gallaudet had very genuine ability as a business man, and when he left Yale in 1810, in quest of his health, he was quite prepared to abandon the professions altogether. But he was not destined long to waste his talents upon salesmanship. Exercise and fresh air improved his health and steadied his nerves; and in January, 1812, thus restored in body and mind, he entered the Andover Theological Seminary, to study for the ministry. Destiny was drawing close to him now.

When it came, it took a most unexpected form. During one of his vacations, while he was a student at Andover, he made the acquaintance of Alice Cogswell, the daughter of one of his neighbors at Hartford. She had gone deaf, in her infancy, as the result of an attack of spotted fever, and now, at the age of nine, she had neither heard nor spoken for five years. In the garden of his father's house, Thomas Gallaudet came upon this child, playing with his younger brothers and sisters. Something within him impelled him to break his way through the wall of silence which held the girl a prisoner, and before they parted that day he had taught her the first word that had entered her consciousness since she lost her speech at the age of four. That was the beginning of the education of the deaf and dumb in the United States.

Gallaudet himself had no idea that Alice Cogswell was to be a determining factor in his life. Throughout the rest of his career at Andover, he kept in touch with her, winning her confidence more and more, teaching her many words and simple sentences, and inducing her parents to place her under systematic instruction; but she was only a minor interest in his life, which now seemed shaping itself, at last, to fulfil his own ambitions and the expectations of his classmates. He did brilliantly in his work at the seminary and received offers from important parishes even before his studies were completed. If his health, which had suffered under the strain of intense application to his books, would but suffice, he could promise himself a career of great distinction in the pulpit. At the conclusion of his course at Andover, he returned to Hartford and gave himself a year of comparative leisure, to regain his strength before accepting regular employment.

And then Alice Cogswell laid claim upon his life, in the name of the deaf and dumb. Her father, encouraged by the progress she was making, had reached the conclusion that something should be done, in this country, for others who were similarly afflicted; and he was convinced that Gallaudet was the man to do it. There were meetings at Dr. Cogswell's house, and the upshot of the matter was that on April 20, 1815, Gallaudet made this entry

in his journal: "I informed Dr. Mason F. Cogswell and Mr. Ward Woodbridge of my willingness to undertake the employment of instructing the deaf and dumb in my own country." A month later, he sailed for Liverpool, to study the methods of teaching the deaf in the schools of England and France.

In England, he met with rebuffs and discouragement. Instruction of the deaf, in that country, so far from being a philanthropic enterprise, was a profitable business, presided over by the Braidwood family and organized into so powerful a monopoly that it had blocked all attempts to establish schools for the deaf in Ireland. The benevolent persons who controlled the institution at which Gallaudet had hoped to learn the art of teaching the deaf put every conceivable obstacle in his way, lest his philanthropic efforts should make it impossible for the Braidwood family to establish a similar monopoly in America, whither one of the more disreputable of the flock had recently embarked, a fugitive from his creditors. In Edinburgh, Gallaudet encountered the same enlightened system. The instructor in charge of the school was disposed to make it easy for him to study the methods he himself employed; but those methods had been learned from Thomas Braidwood, who had bound him, under penalty of forfeiting a thousand pounds, not to communicate any information upon the subject for the space of seven years. Gallaudet did his best to induce Braidwood to release the instructor from his promise, so far as it might refer to teaching an American; but the monopoly was not to be so lightly broken, and the young philanthropist speedily learned what the business world thought of attempts to void a contract in the interests of Christian charity. The newspapers, commenting upon his efforts, took him to task for "obtuseness of understanding" and a "defective moral system."

Convinced at last that the knowledge he required could not be wrested from the hands of the Braidwood family, he braved the disorders of Europe and set out for Paris. Here he put himself at once in the hands of Abbé Sicard, who was then at the head of the Royal School for Deaf Mutes; and the good abbé, whose charity, unlike that of the Braidwoods, did not both begin and end at home, immediately saw to it that he should have the instruction which he had tried in vain to procure in England. With free access to every class in the school at Paris, and under the private instruction of the abbé's assistant and former pupil, Massieu, Gallaudet made such progress in mastering the methods of instructing the deaf that within three months he felt himself sufficiently advanced to assume the responsibility of teaching. On the eighteenth of June, 1816, he sailed from Havre, taking with him Abbé Sicard's favorite pupil, Louis Clerc, who had been teaching under the abbé at Paris and was anxious to assist his new friend in the pioneer labor that lay ahead of him in America.

The care which Gallaudet expended upon teaching his companion English, during their long voyage across the Atlantic, brought immediate returns in cold cash; for skeptical persons who had regarded the proposal to educate the deaf as quixotic could hardly overlook this young man's attainments. With Clerc beside him to give point to his arguments, and with his own faith in the project to lend him eloquence, Gallaudet encountered little difficulty in raising funds. On April 15, 1817, with more than $17,000 subscribed toward its support, the school for deaf-mutes was opened in Hartford.

It was only natural that Gallaudet should be made the principal of the institution. What is surprising is the fact that the directors do not seem to have realized how valuable a principal they had. They required him, throughout the entire term of his service as head of the school, to spend six hours a day in the exhausting work of teaching; they devised a system of divided authority, by which the superintendent of the buildings and grounds was encouraged to regard himself as a person of quite as much importance as Gallaudet; they raised the salaries of all their teachers except the principal, until not only Louis Clerc, but many less valuable men as well, were being paid more than the head of the institution. In the third year of the school's existence, factional strife, which appears to have been fomented by the superintendent, spread from the school to the board of directors; and a motion to request the resignation of Gallaudet was lost by one vote.

In the face of such rebuffs as these, Thomas Gallaudet continued his work for the deaf and dumb. Many times he would have been glad to resign, but his judgment told him that there was no one who could take his place, and that the work he had begun could not go on, unless he swallowed his pride and continued to hold office. His health, which had precluded him from following a career that promised him more immediate distinction, was not much improved, and might have furnished sufficient excuse for withdrawing from a task that seemed likely to bring him nothing but discomfort; but he scorned to make it an excuse and contrived, somehow or other, to find strength to perform labors which would have broken many a stronger man. He taught his full schedule day by day, cheerfully accepting the many interruptions that broke into his classroom; he received every visitor to the school in person; he arranged and conducted exhibitions of pupils for the purpose of enlisting the aid of legislatures and the general public; he carried on the entire correspondence of the school, exchanging letters with the relatives and friends of all his pupils; he gave up hours to the training of new teachers. If the school prospered, erecting its own buildings in the fourth year of its existence and securing assistance from the New England States and the federal government, its prosperity was due to him. All his

energies were given to the institution; even his vacations were spent upon the labor of preparing the annual reports, which went out over the signature of another man. And in the privacy of his own chamber, as his journal bears witness, he prayed for "more self-denial and humility—more patience and perseverance."

It was the teaching that broke him down at last. There are teachers, as we all know, who fatigue no one but their pupils. Gallaudet would never have been that sort of teacher, no matter what the nature of his classes; and the particular difficulties of the kind of teaching he was called upon to do kindled his enthusiasm and drew out his energies. "The labor of teaching the deaf and dumb," he wrote the directors of the school, "is more exhausting and makes deeper encroachments upon the constitution and bodily health than that endured in almost any other pursuit or profession." It was a labor that called for the most intense concentration, not of thought alone, but of feeling also; for much that he taught his students was conveyed to them solely by the expressions of his face or the attitudes of his body, and his every hour in the classroom required of him the animation of an actor of pantomime. He once astonished Trumbull, the painter, by telling the story of Brutus and his two sons to a deaf-and-dumb boy, by means of facial expression and movements of his body, without resort to the language of the fingers. It was hardly remarkable that his pupils made great progress under his instruction.

Even less remarkable that the teacher's nerves collapsed under the strain. In January, 1830, Gallaudet wrote a long letter to the directors of the school, asking for relief from the burden, now become intolerable, of conducting a regular class in addition to his other duties. It is a very manly document, in which the services he had rendered the institution are set forth in full, but with all due modesty; and no one could read it without feeling that this man had earned the right to ask so light a favor. The directors, indeed, voted to release the principal from the duty of teaching a class, though only for the space of a year; but the other teachers were disposed to protest, and Gallaudet, disheartened that the very men who worked beside him viewed his struggle with so little sympathy, tendered his resignation. He had served the school for fourteen years and had seen it grow and prosper until he knew that it could at last go on without him.

His shattered health had been a determining factor in his decision to take the step that led to his resignation; and for a number of years, he refused to accept any position that would lay such exactions upon his strength as he had known while principal of the school for the deaf. Offers of every sort poured in upon him. He was invited to become a professor in Dartmouth, to fill the chair of the Philosophy of Education in New York University, to

direct the new institution for the blind at Boston, to be principal of the first normal school in the country, to teach in sundry high schools and seminaries. Missionary societies made him flattering offers to secure his services. He was willing to give much of his time to some of the enterprises that sought his aid, and actually traveled for a year through Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, in the interests of a society which rejoiced in the pious appellation "Look Upward, Press Onward," and which was dedicated to the task of resisting the spread of the Roman Catholic faith in the new states of the middle border. Such employment, however, was but temporary, undertaken at the special call of a conscience which seems to have been only too alert. For the most part, he lived quietly at Hartford, cultivating the society of his excellent wife, who had been one of his first pupils at the school for the deaf and dumb, and enjoying more leisure than he had known for many a year.

The means to support that leisure he earned with his pen. In the very year in which he resigned from the school for the deaf, he had published his *Child's Book on the Soul,* and this was followed, in rapid succession, by the *Child's Book on Repentance,* the *Child's Book of Bible Stories,* and the *Youth's Book on Natural Theology.* God forbid that we should trouble the dust that impiety has allowed to settle on these edifying volumes! An unrepentant generation of youths and children, who desire no natural theology, know nothing of Bible stories, and scorn the idea of the soul, will hardly think the better of Thomas Gallaudet for writing on such topics. It may be safe, perhaps, to remind them that there was a time when the youth of the nation was nurtured on these mysteries, and that in that day many men and women laid the foundation for their faith upon these books. Even the child of the modern era will be impressed, at any rate, by the fact that the circulation of Gallaudet's books came close to a million copies. His first four volumes were followed by *The Everyday Christian,* nine volumes of *Scripture Biography* (from Adam to Jonah), the *Child's Picture-defining and Reading Book,* and the *Mother's Primer.* All his works sold in large numbers in England, as well as in America, and they were translated into many foreign languages.

In 1838, after eight years without regular employment, he was persuaded to become chaplain of the retreat for the insane at Hartford. It was not a well-paid position, and its duties were such as most men would have shunned; but the same instinct that had led him, years ago, to break through the wall of silence which imprisoned Alice Cogswell, impelled him to accept this work as well. He was no less successful with the insane than he had been with the deaf and dumb. He made it a rule never to practice deception with them, and every engagement he made with them he fulfilled

to the letter. He preached to them every Sunday in the chapel at the asylum, —an audience that few men would have been able to command. He went among them when they were in their darkest moments and even their keepers feared to visit them. They trusted him. "On one occasion, a case of protracted violent mania was giving the physicians much anxiety, none of the attendants being willing to venture into the furious patient's room. The chaplain entered fearlessly, and when the maniac advanced with an uplifted chair to attack him, he said with an amused smile, 'You would not assault a little man like me!' Instantly the patient was on his knees asking Mr. Gallaudet's forgiveness, and his delirium was shortly at an end."

So, among these broken lives, the little man brought his labors to a close. Day by day, he went about his duties at the asylum, quite oblivious of the fame that he had won. He was known and honored throughout the land, not for his books alone, but as the father of American philanthropy. When he had sailed for Europe in 1815, there was not, in the whole country, a charitable institution of any sort, save a small hospital for the insane in Virginia. By 1851, the year in which he died, there were institutions, in every quarter of the land, for the care of those whose lives had been crippled by deafness, insanity or blindness; and every one of them owed its existence, in one way or another, to his inspiration. The work he had begun with Alice Cogswell in his father's garden had borne fruit an hundredfold.

R. D. F.

JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS

CLASS OF 1858

Scientist

1839-1903

JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS was one of the few really great scientists that America produced in the nineteenth century. Yet the fact that he is largely unknown to the public is hardly to be wondered at, considering that his genius was essentially mathematical and concerned itself with theoretical questions demanding a power of reasoning which will never be common. He belongs properly to the ageless empire of the mind, and was always something of a misfit in his own generation.

His father was Professor of Sacred Literature in the Yale Divinity School; there were three elder sisters and no brothers, and in this somewhat repressing atmosphere the boy grew up, gentle, sober, and inept, with enormous mentality and entire modesty. He lived at home during his college

course and was practically unknown in his class. He was a good scholar after the fashion of the day, which expected really good scholars to be equally at home in Latin and mathematics. In fact, after five years of post-graduate work, he held a tutorship in Latin. But he changed presently to natural philosophy, and thereafter devoted himself wholly to science. For a few years he studied abroad—an unusual advantage at that time—and in 1871 was appointed Professor of Mathematical Physics in Yale College. The nature of his subject made his students few, and that was as well. He had neither the talents nor the tastes to make a popular lecturer, while the kind of teaching that he did was of the utmost value both to him and to his scanty but highly-trained pupils. Yet, though he lived apart from the ordinary current of University life, no one was more scrupulous in attention to academic duties. He was constant in his attendance at faculty meetings, where his kindliness was perhaps more conspicuous than his temperamental fitness for the routine work of professorial life. If he suited his surroundings ill, however, he, at least, was never conscious that it was because he was of a caliber too large for any community.

And, it must be confessed, his colleagues were slow to realize it. The man was so utterly without assumption, and his achievements so far beyond the scope of ordinary minds—even academic minds—that his associates would have been astonished if they could have foreseen the kind of tribute which the scientists of the world would one day pay him. His medium of publication was not such as to bring him immediate notoriety. His most important papers, "Graphical Methods in the Thermodynamics of Fluids," "A Method of Geometrical Representation of the Thermodynamic Properties of Substances by means of Surfaces," and "On the Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances" appeared in the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences,* an old and meritorious society, but not conspicuous among the learned bodies of the world. It is a question whether anyone who heard him read the papers really understood them. Indeed, there were but a handful of men in the world capable of appreciating them. He had created the science of physical chemistry. The fundamental principles with which he worked were the conservation of energy and the universal tendency of energy toward diffusion. Neither of these was his discovery, but what he contributed was their application to the purely physical aspect of masses—that is, the constitution and behavior of masses without reference to the question of molecular structure—with an accuracy and to an extent which entitles him to rank among the greatest of scientists. It must be remembered that his conclusions, which practically cover the whole field of physical chemistry, were not the result of years of experiment but the fruit of pure reason. Subsequent research has confirmed them, but has not yet exhausted the material for investigation which he presented.

Slowly the importance of his contribution began to be recognized. Clerk Maxwell had discovered Gibbs and referred to his work with high praise, but Maxwell had died in 1879, only a year after the publication of the second part of Gibbs' third and most important paper. It was in 1884 that Pupin, then a student in England, saw a mention of the Yale professor in a book of Maxwell's and, when he went to Berlin, was in a position to convince von Helmholtz that his experiments in physical chemistry had been anticipated by an unknown American. In 1892, Ostwald of Leipzig came upon the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy* and published a German translation of Gibbs' work. Then he took his proper place among the great scientists of his age, and, when he died in 1903, had been conspicuously honored by learned men and learned societies the world over.

There have been attempts to make a popular hero of Willard Gibbs. It is pointed out that the glory he brought to his Alma Mater has been repayed with a shocking neglect. But it is to be doubted whether he would have cared much for the results of the well-meant efforts on behalf of his fame. What should it profit such a man that people should be familiar with his name who have never read his works and could not understand them if they did? He has received, and will continue to receive the homage of great scientific minds. If he ever thought of his own future fame, he would surely have been most gratified by the prospect of the position which he has won in the respect of his peers. He can well dispense with popular applause.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

DANIEL COIT GILMAN

CLASS OF 1852

First President of Johns Hopkins University

1831-1908

AS an undergraduate, Gilman was one of the "big men" in his class: a prize man, an editor of the *Lit.*, a member of Skull and Bones, a leader in the life of the place. He had come to Yale, at the age of seventeen, a little more mature than the average freshman. Though his father had once been a wealthy man, financial reverses had cramped the family fortunes, and Daniel had been at least partially self-supporting for a year or two before he entered college. He had worked in his father's mercantile house in New York and had prepared a card catalogue for the library of George Washington, which had been purchased for the Boston Athenaeum, and another for the Mercantile Library of New York City. As these occupations were not

enough to exhaust his energies, he had amused himself by publishing a weekly periodical for family consumption, writing its columns with his own hand and decorating its pages with ornamental pen work. He had, in fact, a decided talent for ornamental lettering and earned part of his college expenses by this unusual means, which he found quite as lucrative as the newspaper work and private tutoring which he also managed to carry on in the busy days of college life.

Highly edifying, I suppose, to have heard the address which he delivered before Linonia, Brothers, and Calliope on "The Claims of Yale College upon its Undergraduates," or his oration at the Junior Ex. on "The Poetical in our College Life"; but these are not the passages in his undergraduate life that one would be most glad to have shared with him. More delightful, certainly, than the formal gatherings in stuffy halls, where young orators sawed the overburdened air, were the cool evenings on the waters of the harbor, where the *Atalanta* made her leisurely way past the Fort toward Poplar Beach. For Gilman was one of the "Pippins," who composed the first crew of the *Atalanta,* and he shared the delights of exploring the harbor and the Quinnipiac in those early days of Yale boating. To be sure, the keeper of the log of the *Atalanta* had to complain that Gilman seldom joined their expeditions, save when he brought ladies with him to share the moonlight on the water. "We should be glad to see him oftener and by himself," says this scribe, "and we think his rowing might be improved by practise." But when he did take his place at the oar, he contributed highly to the gaiety of the party, the keeper of the log informs us, even if he was a little slow at catching the stroke.

After graduation, he went to Harvard for a year of further study, and then to Europe, as attaché of the legation at St. Petersburg and regular correspondent of four American newspapers. Both these positions seem to have left him opportunity for study and travel, and we hear of him in many quarters of Europe. At one time, he is delivering an address at Manchester on "Common School Education in America," and standing his ground under a severe heckling on the question of discrimination against the negro. At another, he is in Germany for Christmas, assisting in decorating the tree, mounting candles, hanging apples, and placing gingerbread men "in a state of suspended animation." And at all times and places, he is informing himself steadily on many subjects—history, music, art, sciences—but most particularly on progress in the field of education, for his instinct seems to tell him that his life will be given to university work.

In '55, he turned his steps back toward New Haven, and very shortly he was up to his neck in a great variety of duties connected with the college, which was now taking its first steps toward becoming a university. His official position at Yale was at first Assistant Librarian, and then, after two

years, Librarian; but in the nine years during which he occupied these positions, he found plenty of work to do outside the Library. He organized an exhibition of paintings and statues in Alumni Hall, the first thing of its kind ever dreamed of in New Haven; he served on the building committee of the Yale Art School, which may very possibly have been one of the results of his exhibition; he wrote pamphlets and delivered addresses of sundry sorts, in the interests of the college; and with Dana, he published a "Plan for the Complete Organization of the School of Sciences connected with Yale College."

Almost enough occupation for one man, it might be supposed; but Gilman had the capacity for doing many things at once that marks the great executive. His energies, at this period of his life, appear to have been insatiable; financial need, moreover, pressed upon him, for the Librarian's salary was pitifully small, and the cost of living rose with the outbreak of the Civil War. Fortunately, there was remunerative work at hand, of a sort which suited his tastes. He had served for three years with conspicuous success as school visitor in New Haven; and when he was asked to accept a salaried position as secretary of the State Board of Education, he undertook the added labors with a light heart, though the work involved a deal of weary jogging about through the state. When there was labor to be done in the field of education, though it were the hardest, plainest toil, Gilman was ready to do it.

One thing, however, this born executive could not endure; he was sorely fretted when he saw work that had been undertaken in the name of education being carried on half-heartedly and ineffectually. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the college had never yet demonstrated any really powerful interest in its Library. If the place was kept open a few hours every day, it was thought sufficient; and, in the winter, at least, it was certainly no very inviting place for scholars, for all the heat was furnished by a single stove placed in one of the corridors. Funds for books and maintenance were hard to wring from the clutches of the trustees, and to ask for paid assistance was a waste of time. For several years, Gilman paid the salary of an assistant out of his own pocket, in order that the building might be kept open more than five hours a day; and with a hope that was not easily discouraged, he continued to bring the needs of the Library to the attention of President Woolsey.

In the course of 1864, however, he discovered that the salaries of all the officers of the college, except the Librarian, had been raised, and his heart failed him. On June first, he wrote the President, resigning his position.

"Improvements and changes," he wrote, "which have long been talked of as essential to the progress of the library, the increase of funds for the pur-

chase of books, the employment of permanent assistance, the introduction of a heating apparatus, the opening of a quiet reading room, the consolidation of the Society Libraries, and other minor alterations, seem to be no nearer than when I entered on the office of Librarian."

How far the authorities were from sharing Gilman's views of the importance of the Library, may be gathered from some passages in the letter which Woolsey wrote in reply, congratulating the young man on his wisdom in relinquishing the position. "The place," wrote the President of Yale, "does not possess the importance which a man of active mind would naturally seek; and the college cannot, now or hereafter, while its circumstances remain as they are, give it greater prominence."

The incident is not without its irony—typical, shall we say, of the academic life? Here is a young and valuable man, who has given nine years of his life to the service of the college, in what he has the wisdom to see is a most important part of its work. He has parted his meager salary, that the work may be done better, meeting the expenses of his own life by assuming burdensome labors in addition to his college duties. And when he finally grows discouraged, not less at the neglect of work he knows to be essential than at the scanty recognition that has come to him, he finds that his resignation is accepted with alacrity, and not without something like a mild rebuke for his own patience in enduring so long the position of an underling. Sometimes, perhaps, Yale has laid a severe strain upon the loyalty of some of her most serviceable sons.

Opportunity came at last for the unhampered expenditure of all his energy. The Scientific School, for whose organization Dana and Gilman had published their plan, needed just the qualities that a group of young men could give to its service. It was more or less independent of the conservative government of the college and had its own governing board to direct its affairs. In 1866, in the year following his resignation as Librarian, Gilman was elected to this governing board and was made its secretary.

For six years, all his energies were given to the development of the school. He taught several different subjects—physical and political geography, history, and political economy; he was a leader in the work of raising funds and collecting books and equipment; he took a prominent part in conducting a campaign of propaganda in the interests of the school, touring the country districts to explain the advantages of a scientific education to men who had never considered such a thing before, and who were, in general, wary of the name of science, which was known but vaguely, as a repudiator of the Bible and the enemy of Faith.

In all these labors, Gilman was associated with a most devoted group of men, who were determined that Yale should hold the place Silliman

had given her, as a pioneer among American colleges in the work of scientific education. "From the first," said President Woolsey, "the professors have struggled against probabilities; they have worked by faith, they have aimed to have a school, sink or swim, worthy of the science of this country." At the beginning, the school was not able to pay its teachers so much as their colleagues in the Academic Department received. In October, 1866, one of them wrote to a friend: "I am casting about in every way to make a little money to pay my January bills. Salaries in the Academic Department have been permanently raised to $2,600, which is about two-thirds of what it costs a family to live economically; in the Scientific School we can pay only $2,300, and hardly afford that." Yet with January bills looming darkly on the horizon, these absurd idealists, on one occasion, actually petitioned the Corporation to reduce their salaries, in order that the curriculum they had planned might not have to be abridged.

Work done in such a spirit cannot but be successful. In the six years that Gilman spent in the service of the Scientific School, he saw the number of students more than doubled, the funds augmented by a quarter of a million, the equipment in buildings and apparatus greatly enlarged, and the courses that the faculty offered increased from three to eight. No small share of the credit for this success belongs to Daniel Gilman. His steady and hopeful nature had carried his associates through more than one dark hour; his ready mind, fertile in expedients, orderly in arranging details, working as certainly in the execution of untried projects as in the discharge of routine duties, had proved to be just the sort of mind that was most needed in the shaping of this new enterprise. The man was born to build new things, and to build them on brave lines.

His life in New Haven, in spite of the burdens he carried, was a very pleasant one. He had formed the most agreeable friendships, particularly in one organization, known vaguely as "The Club," which included Dana, Larned, Gibbs, and Whitney among its members. He had grown much attached to the wooded country, which rolls backward from the seacoast at New Haven, and used to take long trips of exploration into its remote valleys and along its windy hillsides. He got his roots so deep into the soil of the place that it was hard for him to contemplate leaving it.

But the time came when he knew that he must leave. New opportunities, such as no man could lightly refuse, called him away. It was in the early autumn of 1872 that he received a call to the presidency of the University of California, and in November, he was inaugurated. He was the second president of the university, and although the institution was fairly well established, there was plenty of pioneer work for him to do here, as there had been at the Sheffield Scientific School. The university was to move immedi-

ately to Berkeley, and in the opening year of his administration, Gilman laid the corner stone of their first new building there. Instruction began at Berkeley in September, 1873, and there the new President met his first classes, teaching Political Economy, History, and Physical Geography. He saw the possibilities of this university upon the western seaboard, and he hoped to make it such a home for the new education as he had dreamed of.

Unfortunately, there were grave obstacles in his path. The farmers of the state watched the university jealously, suspicious of all its movements. They felt sure that it was spending their money on all manner of educational extravagances and that it was only half-hearted in its interest in agriculture. The State Grange made all the trouble that it could for the new President, in the Legislature and in the state at large. In his own official family, as well, there were two born trouble makers. Like all educational institutions, the University of California was not without incompetents among its teachers. There was one man, in a position of considerable importance, who had outstayed his usefulness and had to be gently maneuvered out of the road, not unprotesting; and another, who had a brilliant mind and great ability, was so much more interested in publishing textbooks than in giving instruction that he cut his lectures with distressing frequency. It used to be said that he and his classes played hide-and-seek about the recitation hall, for fear of meeting one another. Gilman treated both these men as considerately as he could, but they soon perceived that the new President did not care for the kind of service they were rendering, and they hated and opposed him accordingly.

His troubles grew so serious that in April, 1884, he tendered his resignation. It was not accepted, and shortly thereafter the skies cleared. "We are now serene and prosperous," he wrote, in June, to his old friend, Andrew White, who had seen enough of the difficulties of administering a university to appreciate his troubles; "everything is lovely. Good feelings are everywhere ascendant. I can't give up, however, the recollection of our last winter's dangers, and whenever the right moment comes,—I feel that I am justified in withdrawing. What next? Here are capital openings for usefulness and for activity, but I turn homeward."

In this frame of mind, he was ready enough to accept an opportunity to take up work where he might have a freer hand. The opportunity came in December, 1874, when he was asked to become the President of the new Johns Hopkins University. All the world knows what Gilman did at Baltimore: how he created a university, which, in a single decade, took its place among institutions that had a century or more of history behind them; how he drew about him a group of scholars who speedily brought honor to the name of Johns Hopkins; how he set new standards in the educational world

of America. What is not so celebrated, perhaps, is the loyalty that he inspired in the men who worked beside him, and the great affection that they gave him and that remained untroubled through the long years of their association with him. A college president needs all the tact a man can have, for he works with a group of men of high sensibilities and a pronounced tendency to see things only from the point of view of the subject which is so dear to them. By the hard nature of things, he must frequently wound their feelings; by refusing requests which seem to them of the deepest importance, by calling their attention to heedless things they do, in disregard of the good of the common service, by curbing their well-meant enthusiasms. It takes a gentleman to do all these things and yet hold the loyalty and the affection of his faculty.

Everybody who knew him recognized the gentleman in Daniel Gilman. The farmers and fishermen at Northeast Harbor, where he spent his summers for more than twenty years, called him "our President," and differentiated him from certain other city folk they knew, because, they said, "he treats us as if we were gentlemen." But perhaps the most interesting bit of testimony to the gentleness that was in him is contained in a letter written to Gilman himself by a man tolerably known in this country for his shrewd insight into men.

"All great men have their special features," says this letter. "If I were asked what yours was, I should say, that which draws all men after him, pleasing everybody and offending nobody, doing the absolutely necessary ungentle things in a gentle way. You illustrate the supreme force of gentleness, and among all that have benefited thereby, none more than your humble servant, with whom you have been uniformly gentle, even in your admonitions.

"*I like you,*

Yours always,
ANDREW CARNEGIE."

In 1901, after a quarter of a century of service, Gilman retired from the presidency of Johns Hopkins, full of years and honor. In the following year, he was elected President of the Carnegie Institution, and for two years served in that position, setting his mark upon one more pioneer enterprise in American education. It had seemed, when Mr. Carnegie urged the position upon him, that the duties would be no heavier than he could discharge with the strength of a man of three score years and ten; but he had overestimated his powers, and at the close of 1904, he tendered his resignation. There remained some four years before he died,—years of *otium cum dignitate,* such as were his by right.

R. D. F.

NATHAN HALE

CLASS OF 1773

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori

1755-1776

IT was at eleven o'clock on the twenty-second of September, 1776, that the American spy went to his shameful death. They hanged him on a tree in the Dove Tavern Artillery Park, where the traffic now roars on Third Avenue between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-eighth Streets of New York City. It was countryside then, and from where he stood pinioned Hale could have seen through the clear blue Sunday morning the shore where Washington's troops had landed, fresh from their success in Boston, scarcely six months before. The scene had changed for him. In the shining water rode the King's battleships; on shore the redcoats went about among their snowy tents and gleaming guns. From the far north the faint crackle of rifles was borne upon the yet gentle winds. Nearby a few hangmen blundered through their preparations. An officer or two stood by, one, at least, with understanding and pity in his heart. The prisoner, however, evokes more admiration than pity, for he stands before them dauntless and young, his heart set on his high cause. When they ask him if he has anything to say, he tells them who he is, and then his spirit breaks forth in those words which move the hearts of men: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The end was rude and quick. That evening the regular daily report contained a brief announcement: "A spy from the enemy (by his own full confession) apprehended last night, was this day Executed at 11 oClock in front of the Artillery Park. . . ."

And there it might have ended forever. The boy might have been mourned for privately by Deacon Hale, his father, for Nathan was "a child I sot much by but he is gone." His brother and a few old friends at New Haven would have kept his memory green in their hearts for a few years. The heart of Alice Adams, his betrothed, might have ached a little until she found solace elsewhere. When they were gone his memory might have slipped gently from the world. Hale died in the belief that such would be his fate. For at his death there was no fanfare of trumpets, no shots, no flags. His tragedy was not acted on the great stage of the world; few saw him; fewer still heard his words—words which, though they may echo the theatrical sentiment of Cato, are yet the crown and expression of Hale's whole life. The words prove only that the spirited and noble youth had learned his lesson well at school. His heart and mind were made of one brave stuff.

Yet a good deed shines strangely in a naughty world. The kind British

officer who stood by at Hale's death could not forget him. Captain John Montressor under flag of truce for the exchange of prisoners spoke twice to American officers about the death of Hale, and one of these officers, Captain William Hull, a friend to Hale, set down the substance of Montressor's account:

> He said that Captain Hale had passed through their army, both on Long Island and York Island. That he had procured sketches of the fortifications, and made memoranda of their number and different positions. When apprehended, he was taken before Sir William Howe, and these papers found concealed about his person, betrayed his intentions. He at once declared his name, his rank in the American army, and his object in coming within the British lines.
>
> Sir William Howe, without the form of a trial, gave orders for his execution the following morning. He was placed in the custody of the Provost Marshal, who was a refugee, and hardened to human suffering and every softening sentiment of the heart.
>
> "On the morning of his execution," continued the officer, "my station was near the fatal spot, and I requested the Provost Marshal to permit the prisoner to sit in my marquee while he was making the necessary preparations. Captain Hale entered: he was calm, and bore himself with gentle dignity, the consciousness of rectitude and high intentions. He asked for writing materials, which I furnished him; he wrote two letters, one to his mother and one to a brother officer." He was shortly after summoned to the gallows. But a few persons were around him, yet his characteristic dying words were remembered. He said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

In this way does Nathan Hale step from life to eternity.

There burns in Hale's life and in his death the clear and single flame of his patriotic passion. His mind was made simply and nobly. Yet one would fain know the surge and flow of the thousand other emotions behind the clear face when Hale looked upon the tree and the grave. Old associations thronged upon him. Perhaps he saw himself as a boy again, running across the hills and fields of Connecticut at the Hale homestead near Coventry. About him was the simple and independent society of his ancestors. Here was Deacon Hale, his father, a typically prosperous New England farmer, a stern disciplinarian and Sabbatarian, yet with a streak of genuine tenderness for his children. Deacon Hale, much honored in his town for his fairness and strength of mind, may be forgiven by all save the very young for proposing that the clothes of his sons Enoch and Nathan when they were in college might just as well be made from a common measure. Nathan's mother had died early, and her place was somewhat supplied by "our good grandmother Strong." She had her place with Nathan's brothers and sisters in his last blessings. And alas for young love! the face of Alice Adams must have risen before him. She was the daughter of Deacon Hale's second wife, and the vacations from college were made precious remembrances by her presence in Coventry. It was Nathan's first, and perhaps only, love, be the ladies of New London in after years never so winsome. But it brought anguish of heart,

The Memorial Gateway

for when Nathan was a senior in college, Alice married a wealthy farmer considerably older than herself. Here the tale takes an unusual turn, for the farmer died, leaving Alice with a small son. Her heart came home to Nathan and their engagement was renewed, and Nathan, though he had admitted his deficiencies as a poet with considerable charm, felt again the fever in his blood, and so put pen to paper:

> Alicia, born with every striking charm, . . .
> Fair in thy form, still fairer in thy mind,
> With beauty wisdom, sense with sweetness joined . . .
> Let others toil amidst the lofty air
> By fancy led through every cloud above.
> Let empty follies build the castles there
> My thoughts are settled on the friend I love.

Frail woman! Nathan could not foresee that his memory was not enough for her, and indeed he would have forgiven her. After seven years of widowhood she married another. To Diomede at least she was true. What Nathan saw as he sat in Montressor's marquee was a face yearning with tenderness and pity for him.

And among his thoughts not last nor least we may be sure was the little college among the elms. Not that it was ever little to Nathan, for to him it seemed the most complete and perfect place. Perhaps he saw again the cluster of buildings about the College Yard. Perhaps he heard the call of Tallmadge, Alden, or Robinson beneath his windows in the spring evening, or played football in the Yard, or ran his last triumphant race (for he was excellent at these things), or as Chancellor of Linonia gave the high and tender words of farewell to their departing "Sirs," commenting disparagingly upon the upstart society of Brothers in Unity—"And although Plutonia should make use of every sordid and low-lived scheme, to raise herself & rival our fame, rely upon it that we shall exert ourselves in the use of all proper means to humble her pride & reduce her to nothing. And you may firmly believe, we will do our best to render ourselves worthy our illustrious Ancestors. . . . Dear Gentlemen farewell!" Or perhaps there came again to his mind the happy times when in Linonia and the college he took his part in the dramatic pieces, the *Toy Shop*, the *Conscious Lovers*, the *West Indian*, and the *Beaux' Stratagem*. The *West Indian* was particularly successful: "Both the scenery and action," says the secretary of Linonia, "were on all hands allowed to be superior to anything of the kind heretofore exhibited on the like occasion. The whole received peculiar beauty from the officers appearing dressed in regimentals and the actresses in full and elegant suits of lady's apparel. . . . An epilogue made expressly on the occasion and delivered by Hale 2d (Nathan) was received with approbation." And finally—Com-

mencement Day, and the young graduates marched solemnly in homespun as a protest against England. Friends of the college and of the seniors everywhere! Disputations, orations, dialogues, ending with an event which obviously was the treat of the day, a forensic debate between Messrs. Hale, Robinson, Tallmadge, and Sampson on the very important question, "Whether the education of Daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of sons." Tradition has it that Hale took the side of the daughters. And so the young graduate went out from Yale, with all her good wishes, and with her happiest predictions upon him. He must have remembered these things at the last, but what he could not know was that his name would be handed down through generations of Yale men as a blessed and poignant memory.

Perhaps for a little while his thoughts dwelt on the small school he had kept at Moodus in East Haddam. Years later one of his pupils said of him that "everybody loved him, he was so sprightly, intelligent and kind, and withal so handsome." But his thoughts must have run on to Union School in New London, where he spent a longer time. The young schoolmaster was happy and prosperous there. "He was peculiarly free from the shadow of guile," said a friend who knew him at this time. "His remarkably expressive features were an index of the mind and heart that every new emotion lighted with a brilliancy perceptible to even common observers." One of the memories among the many that Hale had of the cheerful seaport may have been of one of his young pupils, Robert Latimer, for the boy had written with unconscious humor to him when Hale was in the American camp about Boston. "I think myself under the greatest obligations to you for your care and kindness to me. . . . Though I have been so happy as to be favored with your instruction, you can't, Sir, expect a finished letter from one who has as yet practised but very little this way, especially with persons of your nice discernment"; and further he adds, "I am sure, was my Mammy willing, I think I should prefer being with you to all the pleasures which the company of my relations can afford me."

But the happy and industrious time soon ended, for shot had been fired at Concord, and the provincial troops were closing in upon Boston. "Oh, my dear New England," was the common cry of the day, "hearest thou the alarm of war—the call of Heaven is to arms, to arms!" And so the young schoolmaster, after spirited speeches in New London, marched away to Boston as first lieutenant of the third company of the seventh Connecticut regiment. They encamped at Winter Hill, north of Boston, and Hale's War Diary, written for the most part here, shows a curious mixture of maturity and boyishness. Perhaps his mind, running swiftly back, dwelt upon the time when Winter Hill was "stumped" to wrestle Prospect Hill, and he went

about his camp recruiting wrestlers. One entry in the Diary reads, "Evening prayers omitted for wrestling," and a little later, "Grand Wrestle on Prospect Hill, no wager laid." Elsewhere one sees Hale's entry, "Cleaned my gun—pld. some football and some chequers." But life about Boston had not been all play, for there was much to be learned about soldiering, and the young man set about learning it. Once in a great while there was a little excitement, when for example the Captain went reconnoitering and heard the British pickets exchange their password, or when a British foraging party gave the Americans a skirmish. Yet it is worthy of observation that Hale could not have become a professional soldier in any sense.

The scene of battle was changed. The British left Boston, and the Americans, anticipating the next attack, concentrated their forces at New York. Hale's troops came by foot to New London, and there took transports down the Sound. Old friends were greeted hastily. On the thirtieth of March a brave landing was made in Turtle Bay, at the foot of Forty-fifth Street. From the great Beekman mansion, which he saw before him as he landed, a little more than five months later had come the order for his death; a mile to the northward Dove Tavern Artillery Park and his fate awaited him. But his bright hopeful face was then darkened by no cloud of the future, nor in the triumphant days of flags and bands and marching that followed. On the ninth of July the announcement was made to his troops, and received with loud huzzas, that the United Colonies were Free, Sovereign, and Independent States. And now, as the British fleet and army approached, Washington flung his troops in a long line about New York, especially concentrating them on Long Island and the northern end of Manhattan Island. By a sudden attack on Long Island the British forced their way to East River and almost captured the American army on Long Island. For a while the two armies watched each other across East River. Washington was extremely anxious concerning the next attack of the British. If they attacked to the south of him, the city of New York was endangered; if they attacked to the north of him, his army was in danger of being bottled up in Manhattan Island. There was an imperative need for speedy and accurate information as to the intentions of the enemy.

The legend of Hale's bold and clever feat in cutting out a sloop loaded with supplies from under the guns of the British man-of-war *Asia* has not been authenticated. That he was capable of such action cannot be doubted. Hale's regiment was not in the battle on Long Island. He was pining for action. And presently the opportunity came from an unexpected quarter. Washington suddenly created a department of secret service in his army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Knowlton who had fought gallantly at Bunker Hill, and who had been a ranger in the French and Indian Wars,

was appointed commander. He chose, evidently, the men he wanted as officers for their recognized fitness, and Nathan Hale became one of his captains. Knowlton's Rangers, as they were called, distinguished themselves in the battle of Harlem Heights, and Knowlton was there slain, but Hale, who had pined for action, was not among them then. Washington's need had been forcefully presented to him, and after much thought, he had undertaken the repugnant office of spy. It is possible that Washington himself spoke to Hale. The tradition that in the deathly silence that succeeded Knowlton's appeal for volunteers there "came a voice with the painfully thrilling yet cheering words—'I will undertake it,'" from young Hale, as yet scarcely recovered from a recent sickness, seems, alas, neither well authenticated nor quite credible. The hearts of men, thinking long upon the heroism of Hale, have been prone to dress him in colors more brilliant but less happy than the actual ones. Nathan thought long and painfully, and no doubt prayerfully, upon the step he was taking. He accepted his task quietly and secretly for the love of his land. His good friend Hull spoke with him earnestly, expostulating with him, and explaining his unfitness for the rôle, for he was too frank and open for deceit and evasion. Hull prophesied that his promising career would end in ignominious death. As he protested, Hale took his hand affectionately and said, "I will reflect and do nothing but what duty demands." When Hull next heard of his friend it was that his prediction had been fulfilled in every detail. Ruefully, and yet courageously, Hale at the gallows must have remembered the words of his friend.

Hale undertook the mission, and toward the tenth of September he began to make his way to the rear of the British troops on East River. Accompanied by Sergeant Hempstead, he went along the Connecticut shore to Norwalk. To the west the Sound was patrolled by British warships, but here he found the American sloop *Schuyler,* under the command of Captain Pond, which set him ashore at Huntington Bay in Long Island on the night of the fifteenth or sixteenth—the very days on which Washington lost New York. And now Hale was ready for his test. From Hempstead we get the last details: "Captain Hale had changed his uniform for a plain suit of citizen's brown clothes, with a round, broad brimmed hat; assuming the character of a Dutch schoolmaster, leaving all his other clothes, commission, public and private papers with me, and also his silver shoe buckles, saying they would not comport with his character of schoolmaster, and retaining nothing but his college diploma, as an introduction to his assumed calling."

From his landing at Huntington Bay until the fatal night of his capture, Hale is lost to our view. When, in the next day or two, he learned of Howe's success at New York and the withdrawal of the American army to Harlem Heights, he would have been justified in turning back, for Washington's

pressing need for information was past. But he stood on hostile soil, and conceived it to be his duty to go on. He made his way to New York, probably observing the British ships in the Sound and East River and the enemy camps. The thrilling moments, the fear of detection, the adroit and skilful escape are all lost to us except as we may imagine them. Since he had spent five months in New York, there would be many to recognize his open features and athletic form. Throughout, Hale seems to have conducted himself with courage and skill. He had almost done his whole business. He had sketched the British works across the upper part of Manhattan Island. What a moment it must have been for him! A mile away and in plain view were the American lines; a little to the west lay the Harlem field of battle; a little to the east was his own company of Rangers. It was only a step to his own men.

Then suddenly he was captured. Perhaps he was trying to break through the line by night to make a dash for it when he was caught. The old tradition has it that Hale made his way back to Huntington, and as he approached the shore at one point to obtain passage back to Norwalk, as he told Hempstead he would do, he was betrayed and captured. This story seems unlikely in view of the fact that he was captured according to the British reports on the night of the twenty-first and executed at eleven o'clock in New York the next morning. The legend that he was recognized and betrayed in New York by a Tory relative, a graduate of Harvard College, does not seem to be well authenticated. Sergeant Hempstead understood that the enemy pickets caught Hale as he was attempting to escape through the outposts near a tavern called "the Cedars," about a mile from the American lines. That night he came before Howe, and afterward was guarded in the greenhouse of the Beekman gardens. The swiftness and relentlessness of Hale's trial and execution is relieved by one passage in the order in which Howe announced the execution to his troops. Hale was a spy by "his own full confession." To us these words do not convey the abandoned villainy which Howe supposed they would.

He went down to his death. He was twenty-one years old when he died. He was bright and generous, whole-souled in friendship, beautiful and young. When his letters stop abruptly one feels a poignant and personal loss. As we walk "in the suburbs of old Yale" we shall speak of him. His memory may be green for some years in the minds of men.

WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

DAVID HUMPHREYS

CLASS OF 1771

Soldier, Diplomat, and Man of Letters

1752-1818

ONE legend about David Humphreys seems too plausible to be disbelieved: that he was the champion at Yale of the "respectability and rights of the Freshmen." Humphreys was a stout fellow, and a kindly; all his long life he was busy impressing Presidents, Deys of Algiers, and wool-raising farmers with the fact that he had the good of things very much at heart. After his bravery at Yorktown in 1781, he received an "elegant sword"; and after his importation, in 1802, of his famous merino sheep he was awarded a medal for improving "the breed of that useful animal in his own country." These two events, each in its way typical of the robust soldier of the Republic and its equally robust citizen, had the same origin: David Humphreys' solid, sensible talents, which made his stay in this matter-of-fact world a very genial, hearty, successful business. Upon all his portraits and poems and letters there is forever this imprint of *stability*. We understand perfectly the recollection of Humphreys by a lady who saw him, when she was a little girl, and he an old man. He "kept up in his appearance and habits all the traditions that have come down to us from the Revolution. I remember him . . . in a blue coat with large gold . . . buttons, a buff vest, and lace ruffles around his wrists and in his bosom. His complexion was soft and blooming like that of a child, and his gray hair, swept back from the forehead, was gathered in a cue behind and tied with a black or red ribbon. His white and plump hands I recollect well, for whenever he met me they were sure to ruffle up my curls, and sometimes my temper." And our tempers, too, sometimes suffer a little at the portentous dignity of this efficient eighteenth-century gentleman who believed with equal firmness in the God of the Deists, in George Washington (who is on every page of his life and writings), in the heroic couplet, and in his woolen mills at Humphreysville, Connecticut.

About Humphreys there is a hint of the grandiose, both in his innumerable public capacities and in his interminable poems. He is always writing letters of lofty sentiment, always standing before us on canvases with a background of prancing warhorses and Jovian generals, always writing poetry lighted by the rocket's red glare. The titles of three characteristic poems are not more incredible than their majestic contents: *A Poem Addressed to the Armies of the United States of America* (1780); *A Poem on the Happiness of America: addressed to the Citizens of the United States*

(1786); or *Poem on the Future Glory of the United States of America* (1804). Such Olympian moods do not suggest a brooding, introspective nature, and it is certain that Humphreys had extremely few doubts about the existing order of things, in his age or in his own soul. We sometimes wish he would have one or two. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the future of America, in which he had a profound and noble interest, might not wholly depend upon her breeding George Washingtons and merino sheep. Yet all this is well, for we detect in this career, as full and rich as that of another Hartford wit, his friend, Joel Barlow, a strong sincerity. His tears at the death of his "dear general," Washington, are genuine, and so are lines such as:

> Thee, Agriculture! source of every joy.

Humphreys' talent for external success found expression early. There seems to have been no apprentice period. Born in 1752, the son of the Reverend Daniel Humphreys, a Congregational clergyman, of Derby, Connecticut, he entered Yale college at the age of fifteen, and became the friend of Timothy Dwight, and John Trumbull, the poet. Eight years later, at the age of twenty-three, he was a captain in the American army. Now begins his vast correspondence; in it we see at once his extraordinary aptitude for the science of military discipline and warfare, which made him at twenty-six a major on the staff of General Putnam and, two years later, a colonel under Washington. The letters are full of bold, penetrating summaries of campaigns, and in his *Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam* (1788) he writes like a Tacitus on the events of which he was a part. In the retreat to Harlem he sees Putnam "issuing orders and encouraging the troops, flying, on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most necessary." Or in the battle on the Heights he watches Knowlton's Rangers attack the rear of the British. It was then that "the enemy saw the party sent to decoy them. . . . They ran precipitately down the hill, took possession of some fences and bushes, and commenced a brisk firing at long shot. Unfortunately Knowlton and Leitch made their onset rather in flank than in rear. The enemy changed their front, and the skirmish at once became close and warm. Major Leitch having received three balls through his side, was soon borne from the field, and Colonel Knowlton . . . was mortally wounded soon after." So in his direct, sensible prose, to the end of life, he chronicled the stirring deeds of his age, and he himself is plainly visible, a soldier whom the commonest subaltern respected, and whom Washington trusted completely.

At the close of the Revolution, Humphreys was a lieutenant-colonel, and, more important for his future fortunes, he was bound by close personal ties to Washington. After a visit to Mount Vernon, he was appointed Secretary

to the Commissioners (Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams) for "forming commercial treaties in Europe." He arrived in France on August 8, 1784. Then began this energetic fellow's diplomatic career, revealing the same powers for success, and polishing his natural qualities till they shone with quite a cosmopolitan luster. In Paris he was at ease. He was presented to the King, and he confesses without solicitation that he now moves in a "circle of noble & Literary characters." Among these he discussed his country, circulated his poems, graciously permitting their translation by Chastellux into French, and sang the glories of his friend and mentor. "And indeed my dear General," he writes his hero, "it must be a pleasing reflection to you, amid the tranquil walks of private life, to find that history, poetry, painting & sculpture will vie with each other in consigning your name to immortality." Franklin in coonskin cap standing before his three or four kings was not more suave than this practical soldier from Derby, Connecticut. He was not even on speaking terms with disappointment and failure, and though we search in vain for any real diplomatic achievement, Humphreys returned to America after a two years' stay to receive other honors: a seat in the Connecticut State Legislature, the command of a regiment for western service, and more godlike affection from George Washington.

Meanwhile we have been neglecting another aspect of Humphreys' mind. The great soldier, the great statesman, must be also, forsooth, the great poet. American literature of the eighteenth century was for the most part written avocationally by men of action, and in laying his strong, capable hands on poetry, Humphreys was merely following such exemplars as Franklin and Freneau. He had always liked writing, and the racy letters, sometimes composed during battles, have their counterparts in verse conceived under similar conditions,—though definitely less racy, as we shall see. Humphreys loved the good sturdy efforts of the mind which created, he thought, the true mood for poetry. Occasionally, in the bedchamber at Mount Vernon, he leaped from bed and awaked his roommates to hear him declaim what a wakeful hour had wrested from the Muse. In other words, Humphreys wrote the poetry we should expect from him: stout buckram verse as well-groomed as his own tie-wig. Though no inconsiderable records of the Revolution, of the biography of Washington, of American agriculture may be studied through the life story of Humphreys, he was known also to readers of American literature, even fifty years after his death, as a remarkable American poet. Like Carlyle's *protégé*, Ebenezer Elliott, he sang of industrial labors, but unlike the workingman poet, he was irritatingly cheerful about it.

While in college Humphreys played with poetry; witness his sonnet as he left New Haven for the war:

Adieu, thou Yale! where youthful poets dwell, . . .

In 1779 he wrote his grandiloquent and gory *Elegy on the Burning of Fairfield in Connecticut.* A year later there are omens of his doubtful mastery of rhymes in the poetical epistle written to the young lady in Boston, in 1780, in which

> Some days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on
> And found my Trumbull at New Haven; . . .

His first serious offense, however, against our literature was the *Address to the Armies,* composed in camp at Peekskill, in 1782, a very miracle of stuffy exhortation. There were intervening indiscretions such as the epistle to Dwight when Humphreys was *en route,* in 1784, for France, with its descriptions of the salon of an eighteenth-century liner:

> See the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold
> Show fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold!
> O'er painted ceilings brighter prospects rise,
> And rural scenes again delight our eyes.

It was obvious that Humphreys' poetic imagination was to concern itself with the tangible verities around him. There followed in succeeding years a series of titanic poems: *A Poem on the Happiness of America;* the *Poem on the Future Glory of the United States;* and *A Poem on Industry, Addressed to the Citizens of the United States of America* (1794); *Poems,* and *Miscellaneous Works* (1790 and 1804).

As poems, these are, of course, curiosities. They should be read aloud, as burlesque, to all students of Humphreys' poetical master: "Every poet," says the American, "who aspires to celebrity strives to approach the perfection of Pope and the sweetness of his versification." In style Humphreys is Pope disguised as an American orator. With an enviable erudition on all American political issues and American national aspirations and American verses, Humphreys celebrates these in extravagant and booming couplets. He hymns American generals, individually, as

> the veteran Gates
> A strenuous victor for the northern states,

or Greene whose

> piercing view
> Intuitively looked creation through,

or he woos them in lists:

> Then WARREN, MERCER, NASH, MONTGOMERY, shone
> Though dimmed with blood—too liberal of their own!—

or he relates his own experiences:

> Like the large oak that many a Winter stood,
> The tallest glory of its native wood,
> WOOSTER was seen to stand—and like that oak,
> I saw him fall beneath the fatal stroke.

In other poems he shows that the making of maple sugar will eventually abolish slavery; that the condition of the Indians is regrettable; that "Columbian dames" should ply the loom; that young men must enlist in the navy. He invokes Culture, Connecticut, and

> Thou fount of learning where I drank, thou Yale!

He demonstrates the benefits of sheep raising, and he draws heroic pictures of the "burning turrets," after the ravages of the British, of American cities, —Danbury, Fairfield, and Norwalk. He is full of literary echoes: the north wind is a "gelid breath"; keeping a farm is feeding "the ox laborious and the noble steed." His battles are filled with "furious coursers, snorting foam and gore"; the world is "the ball"; and "smile" finds a dubious rhyme in "soil." As a poet, indeed, Humphreys is incredible, or, if you prefer, in the words of one critic, "elegant," "vigorous," "spirited to a high degree," and rising at times into "sublimity."

Yet we must not be entirely deceived by all this. Humor was not Humphreys' strong point, but there is plenty of evidence in his letters to indicate that he had a whimsical sense of his own shortcomings as a poet. As a matter of fact, his jingle, *The Monkey, Who Shaved Himself and His Friends,* is in the manner of the cleverer "wit," Doctor Lemuel Hopkins, and falls just short of being a delightful bit of satire. Similarly, his tragedy, *The Widow of Malabar,* with its horrors of Brahminic sacrificial pyres, breaks off suddenly with an epilogue from that real humorist, Humphreys' friend, John Trumbull. The sum of the matter is that as a poet Humphreys deserves a modicum of respect. There is no evidence that he took himself as seriously as a poet as did his later critics. He merely followed the convention of his time that a gentleman should turn a verse or two, and for these he naturally imitated that model of models, Alexander Pope. We know little of his reading and intellectual life, but we suspect that they were meager. His poetry, then, is good, honest, informative prose shaken together into tags, with an admixture of that mood of *miles gloriosus,* which he so loved in both public and private life. When, like a famous character, we are "starved for a little pomp," we may turn to the poetry of David Humphreys.

Pomp in his own life Humphreys was still to have in abundance. He continued to be violently successful. After his return to America, in 1784, he had a share, presumably, in *The Anarchiad,* the satirical publication of the "Hartford Wits"; he stood high in the military affairs of the nation; and in

1788 he again became a counselor at Mount Vernon. Here he lived for a year, and accompanied Washington to New York, in 1789, when he took the oath of office. Henceforth, indeed, in all public scenes, behold the distinguished Humphreys! From 1791 to 1802 he was United States minister to Portugal and Spain. His most signal achievement during these eleven years was his establishment, in conjunction with Joel Barlow, of the treaty with the Barbary states which freed American prisoners. He chose a wife, too—a sensible man, he waited until he was forty-five—and there is amusing evidence of the dominance in his mind of his venerated "General" in a letter to him, written on January 1, 1797: ". . . I am going to tell you that I propose very soon to connect myself for life with a Young Lady of this City. She is the daughter of a Mr. John Bulkeley, an eminent Merchant, . . . The proposed connection is extremely agreeable to everybody concerned. If I am not much deceived the character, manners, good sense, good dispositions & accomplishments of the Lady will entitle her to some portion of the friendly regard of yourself & Mrs. Washington. . . . She has, from a long friendship for me, as well as from other circumstances, formed exactly that opinion of you both which she ought to entertain." No one may ever question the fervor of Humphreys' attachment for George Washington.

The successful statesman returned in 1802, a member of the Royal Society of London and the intimate friend of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. Humphreys changed vessels at New York, and sailed up the Housatonic to his native Derby. On the deck of the sloop was the man of the world, but disembarking on the country wharf it was at once evident that he was still, also, the Connecticut Yankee. (He had, indeed, written his old friend Dwight to buy him a farm.) For, from far and wide, rustics had come to see that sloop's cargo, brought with infinite difficulty from Spain to Connecticut by David Humphreys. What they examined with such curiosity were about ninety merino sheep imported by this patriot for the future of the wool-growing industry. It was Humphreys' practical application of his inspiring lines:

> First let the loom each lib'ral thought engage,
> Its labours growing with the growing age;
> . . .
> See *wool*, the boast of Britain's proudest hour,
> Is still the basis of her wealth and pow'r!
> . . .
> Then, rous'd from lethargies—up! men! increase,
> In every vale, on every hill, the fleece!

Soon—though this was not a financial speculation—a Humphreys merino ram fetched about two thousand dollars, and in 1810 was issued the charter

of the Humphreysville Manufacturing Company with a capital stock of $500,000. At his inauguration, in 1809, Madison's coat was made of Humphreys' merino wool. Not long afterward Humphreys received a medal bearing a record of his services and a picture of those sheep of his, now more famous than any known to Argonauts. In 1817 he founded the Connecticut Agricultural Society. Can true Americanism go further?

Yes, for there were endless other services and honors, in Boston, where he lived after 1802, as a colonel of "Veteran Volunteers" in the War of 1812, as a member of a state legislature, as an ever eloquent celebrant of Washington's memory. Societies showered decorations upon him, and at his death on February 21, 1818, there was an amazing cortège of State and Church, University and Town. Amazing, if we do not recall that David Humphreys was —it would almost seem without a struggle—a successful man,—and an honest one. The wanderer in the Grove Street cemetery, by his grave, will discern a symbol of his unity with himself and his age in his very monument. It is an obelisk, of granite, very splendid in its day. It is a proud, serene, stately memorial, covered with honors and sonorous sentences, but somehow sincere. For it bears a tribute to his enduring friendship for Washington.

STANLEY THOMAS WILLIAMS

SAMUEL JOHNSON

CLASS OF 1714

First President of King's College

1696-1772

IF character may be reduced to action in the manner of the ancient Greek Drama, all the piety and learning of Dr. Samuel Johnson might be imprisoned in two great deeds. The first of these was the establishment of the Church of England in the New England Colonies, and the second, following naturally from the first, was the founding of King's College in the city of New York. These were the great achievements of a long and busy life. If the list were to be extended, one might add that he was the friend and philosophical son of the eminent Bishop Berkeley, that he was respected and admired by that shrewd judge of reputations, Benjamin Franklin, that he corresponded on friendly terms with archbishops, escaped the smallpox, and for many years was friend and patron to Yale College. In the later period of his life, his gratitude to Providence for the last two of these items, though fervently expressed, yet shows a little of his bewilderment at the existence of these evils.

Samuel first saw the light of day on October 14, 1696, in the town of Guilford, Connecticut. His ancestors on his father's side had been established in that region since 1641, and in later years Samuel said of them that they were "well esteemed for men of good sense and piety, but neither of them had much more of a turn for worldly wisdom than I have." When he was very young, Samuel one day found in his grandfather's house a book with a number of Hebrew words in it. He went about begging that the words be translated to him, but no one could tell him further than that they belonged to the language in which the Old Testament was written. The incident seems to hold in little all the traits of Johnson's character and the direction of his interests, for here may be seen his precocity, his intellectual curiosity, his determination to be learned, his struggle and difficulty in obtaining that learning, and his devotion to religion. From that time it was decided that the boy should attend the new Collegiate School at Saybrook. At the age of eleven, he was so happy as to come under the tutelage of Jared Eliot, a graduate of the new college. When Eliot resigned, Johnson fell under the direction of Joseph Smith. "Though a graduate of Harvard College," says the naïve biographer of Samuel Johnson, "Mr. Smith was not a scholar who inspired his pupils with much respect for his attainments, and after trying in vain for six months to make progress in his studies, he left his poorly qualified master and returned to Guilford." And here the boy ran through a list of tutors, making rapid advancement in Greek and Latin, until at the age of fourteen he was pronounced fit to join the college at Saybrook.

American education in 1710 was not in a happy condition. By this time the old scholars who came among the original settlers were dead, and no new ones had come up as yet to fill their places capably. "The utmost as to classical learning that was now generally aimed at," says Johnson, describing the state of education at college in his time, "and indeed for twenty or thirty years after, was no more than to construe five or six of Tully's Orations, and as many books of Virgil poorly, and most of the Greek Testament." They went through a little of the Hebrew Psalter. The "renowned" Joseph Noyes was Johnson's tutor in the languages, and encouraged him to go forward with Hebrew. It was his favorite study. His tutor in mathematics gave him nothing more recent than Euclid. The Rector of the college was required to ground his scholars in "theoretical divinity." Johnson found an escape from this oppressive course by the unusual habit of reading in the College Library. It was a happy day for him when he encountered Francis Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* and "found himself like one at once emerging out of the glimmer of twilight into the full sunshine of open day."

Toward the end of 1715 several factions seem to have risen in the Collegiate School at Saybrook. Certain rebels withdrew into the north to Wethers-

field; others settled under Johnson at Guilford. The seniors of the college thought it expedient to follow the Rector, Mr. Andrew, to Milford. The trustees, however, in September of the next year, concluded that some unity was desirable, and voted that New Haven was to be the seat of the college, that Johnson was to be one of the tutors, and that Samuel Smith of the Wethersfield faction was to be the other. Johnson waited upon Smith in Wethersfield to offer him the office of tutor, but when that worthy declined, Johnson was obliged to carry the whole burden himself. In 1718 a college building was completed and Johnson and Daniel Brown, a classmate who had joined him on the tutorial staff, moved in. About the same time the Assembly of the state ordered the rebellious scholars at Wethersfield to move to New Haven. "They made an appearance of submission," says Johnson, "and came all at once in a caravan; but it soon appeared that they had no good intention; they found fault with everything, and made all the mischief they could, as they were doubtless instructed to do." After six weeks they withdrew and rejoined their old party. By moving the capital to Hartford and recognizing the Wethersfield degrees the controversy was terminated. The timely gift of money and books by Governor Yale gave the college a fresh start and a new name, and in the autumn of 1719 Timothy Cutler became the new president.

Johnson's heart had always been in theology, so at this time he saw fit to resign his tutorship and establish himself at West Haven as minister of the Congregational Church there. By this action he lost none of the college companionship of which he was very fond, and he got more time to read in the College Library. As Johnson read voraciously in ecclesiastical history, and made a special study in the Book of Common Prayer, he began to drift insensibly toward the Church of England. In a short time a small group of friends, which included President Cutler, Jared Eliot, and Daniel Brown, began meeting frequently to inquire into the tenets of their beliefs. With much prayer and heart searching they soon came to the conclusion that the Church of England was the nearest to the apostolic model. Courageously they made the state of their feelings known to the colony. They laid their findings before Pigot, the Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts who had just arrived in New England in the spring of 1722. They were almost the only people of an episcopal bent in New England.

In October the friends presented their case in the College Library before Governor Saltonstall, who "moderated very genteely." As Johnson had foreseen, nothing came of the conference, and on the twenty-third he took the final step, and with his two friends, Cutler and Brown, began his journey to England for ordination into the clergy of the Church of England. There is,

perhaps, some irony in the fact that their path to England lay through New England to Boston. The name of their ship was the *Mary*. The journey was a happy one; Johnson read steadily in theology, reading *Hudibras* for diversion. On December 15 the travelers landed safely at Ramsgate in the Isle of Thanet.

The next few months, except for one untoward event, were the busiest and happiest of his life. Johnson heard at least one sermon a day; at the New England Coffee House and the Vine he met almost every clergyman of eminence in London; on his outings he saw that "stupendous fabric," St. Paul's, and the Tower, and once he went to a comedy in the Theater at Lincoln's Inn; he viewed the relics of Drake the pirate and the rarities of Gresham College; he inspected the College at Harrow-on-the-Hill and kissed the hands of the Princesses at St. James; he went to Tyburn "to see Counselor Layer hanged." Above all, he made many friends among the English clergy who remembered him all his life. He was made a Master in both Oxford and Cambridge, and was generally accounted the most learned man that the colonies had as yet sent back to England. On the last day of March, the friends were ordained as priests in the Church of England, and their quest was at an end. And then the dread disease, smallpox, which seemed to stalk the footsteps of Johnson throughout life, attacked them. Brown died, and Cutler escaped hardly with his life. It was with mixed emotions of hope, grief, and poignant remembrance, that Johnson stood on the deck of his ship which dropped down the Thames on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of July and turned its prow to the west. Thereafter it was often his custom to speak of England as home.

In November he relieved Pigot in the small church at Stratford, Connecticut. From this place he was to wage the long and stirring battle of the Church in New England for the next forty-five years. Gradually he became recognized as the leading clergyman in the northern states, and was in fact, if never in name, Bishop of America. In September, 1725, Johnson married Mrs. Charity Nicoll, a widow, and at once began to prepare for entrance to Yale College the sons of Mrs. Johnson by her first husband.

There is little to chronicle save hard and happy labor in the next few years, but in 1729 Dean George Berkeley rested at Newport, Rhode Island, on his way to found a college "for Indian scholars and Missionaries" in the still vex'd Bermoothes. Some money bequeathed to the Dean by Swift's Vanessa (Miss Vanhomrigh) had made the scheme possible. In Rhode Island the Dean purchased a farm of 96 acres, and built thereon a commodious mansion which he called Whitehall. It was here that he received Samuel Johnson when that gentleman came to pay his respects to learning and the Church of England. He had read Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowl-*

edge, and had become a convert to its ideas. Here began a personal devotion which Johnson held for Berkeley as long as he lived. It was Johnson more than any other (though Jared Eliot had some part), who first interested Dean Berkeley in Yale College. According to Ezra Stiles, "He persuaded the Dean to believe, that *Yale College* would soon become Episcopal, and that they had received his *immaterial philosophy*. This or some other Motive influenced the Dean to make a Donation of his Rhode Island farm of 96 acres, with a Library of about a Thousand Volumes to Yale College in 1733." Perhaps Johnson's missionary hopefulness and fervor led him to paint too pleasant a picture to the Dean concerning the conversion of Yale College. There was indeed as Stiles admitted "greater prospect that Yale College would become episcopal than Harvard." At any rate, when Berkeley's scheme for a college in Bermuda collapsed, he returned to England the friend and benefactor of Yale and Johnson. Berkeley's farm, it may be said, was leased to certain men for the term of 999 years at a top figure of $140 a year. It will bring a better rent, perhaps, in 2761.

The next two decades found Johnson laboring steadily for the cause of the Church of England in America. He found bitter opposition in New England. Yale College was the stronghold of Congregationalism and supplied the country with ministers. For all his energy and eloquence Johnson found the going difficult. His life was happily a better sermon, and about 1740 the aspect of things began to change. The gusty winds of Methodism blew a considerable number of souls into his fold. The emotional excitement which attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield was not generally to the liking of New England people. Yet because Johnson held so steadily to the ways of his church, he was accused of obstructing its growth. It is best, perhaps, to allow him to defend himself: "So far from this," he says, "that I believe I may say without vanity that I have labored as faithfully, and with as good success, as any of my brethren in promoting that cause. I came alone into this colony a few years ago, when there were but 70 or 80 adult Church people in the whole Government, and now there are above 2,000; there are ten churches actually built and three more building, and seven settled in the ministry. I have nigh 150 communicants, of whom there wanted but four of fourscore together and received the Communion last Sunday, and my people are as regular and rubrical in our worship as any congregation that I know of. Can it then be supposed that I have obstructed our growth." Oxford, remembering him and recognizing his great talents, conferred the title of Doctor of Divinity upon him in February, 1743.

An almost equally important office of Dr. Johnson's in all these years was his encouragement of younger men. He had sent his wife's sons to Yale, and now he began the preparation of his own sons and the sons of his parish-

ioners. He sent, also, a steady stream of young graduates of the college to England for their ordination. Some years later he was to lose his youngest son in this way, for when the boy went to be ordained he caught smallpox and died abroad. This only added a note of personal appeal in his continuous requests to the Archbishops of England that a bishop be sent to America. In these years Johnson was busy writing. In 1743 he published *An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy,* "exhibiting a general view of all arts and sciences, with a Catalogue of the most valuable books in the Library of Yale College, disposed under proper heads . . . for young men at the College." In 1746 he published his *System of Morality.* "The learned Heathen never wrote to this height," said one of the commentators on Dr. Johnson's work. His life in these years was serene, the greatest cloud being the thought that Harvard College overcharged his son when it conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him. The charge was £8. For the rest, Johnson was generous to his sons, considerate and cheerful at home.

About the middle of the century the good doctor was insidiously tempted to leave his parish in New England. The gentlemen of Philadelphia wished to have a college of their own, and they delegated Benjamin Franklin to secure the services of Dr. Johnson as president. Johnson was a born schoolmaster, and he could not resist for long the idea of molding a college. When Franklin proposed the matter to him, Johnson prayed to Heaven and wrote to Bishop Berkeley. It is exceedingly interesting to see the wily Franklin stalking his prey. In his letters he plays upon Johnson's vanity as a schoolmaster, he goes into ecstasies over the good that Johnson will bring to Church and State, he slyly points out the material advantages of the plan, and while seeming to deprecate all considerations of personal comfort, he insinuates that Philadelphia and the presidency of the new college are portions of the Earthly Paradise. He pays Johnson the ultimate compliment which a man can pay to an author; he offers to publish the learned gentleman's book, and does publish it! Johnson is excited and flattered; he almost accepts, and only draws back at the last moment with a promise to come to Philadelphia soon for a visit to look over the situation. He suggests to Franklin that he is unpolished and rude. Franklin answers: "Your objection about the politeness of Philadelphia, and your imagined rusticity, is mere compliment; and your diffidence of yourself absolutely groundless." But, alas, when the time arrived for Johnson to visit Philadelphia there was smallpox in that city, and the Church of England in New England needed Dr. Johnson too much for him to think of deserting it. The only monument of the affair, besides the University of Pennsylvania, is Johnson's book, *Elementa Philosophica,* dedicated to George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, and printed by Benjamin Franklin. The book did not sell very well.

But Franklin had done his work well, and a year or two later Dr. Johnson met and succumbed to a second great temptation. This time there was no need for subtlety, and there was none. The tale begins in a quarrel between Dr. Johnson and Yale College. The strict laws of the college said that all students should attend the services, Congregational of course, in the College Chapel. The penalty for failure to attend was a fine. When the law affected members of the Church in Yale College, Dr. Johnson protested to President Clap. The President defended the law and the debate grew warm. Of course, a great multiplicity of reasons surely entered, but to a great extent King's College (Columbia) which was now projected was a direct result of Yale's reluctance to change her laws. If the punishment seems disproportionate to so slight a crime, one must remember that the world has not always shown itself to be a moral one. Some years earlier, Dr. Johnson had welcomed with high heart a suggestion from the Lieutenant-Governor of New York for a college: "I am glad to find by your *Gazette* that you are at last resolved to have a College in your Government. This is what I doubt not you have much at heart, and I heartily wish success to it, and shall be glad to correspond with you in anything in my little power that may tend to promote it, and wish it may take effect speedily that you may not suffer the Jersey College (which will be a fountain of nonsense) to get ahead of it." This is the voice of a prophet, for the Jersey college became Princeton. And now the college was an actuality, and he was invited to be president of it! His stepson, Benjamin Nicoll, had been chief mover for the new college. The tenor of it was mainly Episcopal. It was no great distance from Stratford! He could watch from that point of vantage the growth of his works. When the trustees of King's College offered Johnson the position of president, he accepted with a joyous heart.

The college prospered, except that it was very hard to keep good instructors. Money flowed in from home and abroad. Buildings were erected on the outskirts of the city, and Johnson, as he had done many years ago at Yale, took up his residence in apartments in the college. His new work kept him busy and kept him from brooding too much upon the death of his son. And now again, in the winter of 1756, the smallpox appeared in New York, and providing himself with the protection of tar to smell and tobacco to hold in his mouth, the old man retired to West Chester, where he directed the affairs of the college from a distance. Here he stayed until the presence of smallpox in West Chester in March of 1758 drove him into town again, this time to his son's house, where the freshmen of the college came to him for instruction. So for almost ten years he continued to serve his college.

In 1763, Dr. Johnson resigned his post as president and returned to his old pastorate at Stratford. His closing years were neither altogether serene

nor altogether comfortless. As ever, they were full and busy. Again he had his parish about him, and again he was defender of the faith and pleader in especial from the colonies to the English bishops. He read voraciously; he published, among other things, a *Hebrew Grammar*. And yet in these latter years friends and relatives departed from him. Smallpox took away his second wife, his stepson; his daughter died of a consumption. His only remaining son was in England on business for the colony for several years. Friends died at home and abroad. He saw all his hopes of getting a bishop for the American Church go glimmering in the political disputes between England and the colonies. Yet any sunny morning the fine old gentleman might be seen teaching his very young grandchildren the rudiments of Hebrew. Happily he did not hear the rifle shots at Concord, nor did he know that the name of his college was changed. He died on the sixth of January, 1772, and was buried at Stratford.

WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

CLASS OF 1744

One of the Framers of the Constitution of the United States and President of Columbia College

1727-1819

EMERSON'S dictum that "there is no history, only biography," may not be true of all times and all places, but it is true to some extent of Connecticut in the closing decades of the eighteenth century. For the history of the state during this period is in no small measure an account of the public services of three eminent men, Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth, and William Samuel Johnson. For solid information, intellectual acumen, and driving power, no three colonial statesmen were their superiors. They left their impress upon the history of their state and of the nation to a degree equaled by few of their contemporaries. Of this formidable trio, Sherman had the most shrewdness, Ellsworth the most force, and Johnson the most address. All three were connected with Yale, the first as its treasurer, the second as a student for three years, but only the last mentioned was a graduate.

William Samuel Johnson was born in the green and quiet town of Stratford, Connecticut, on October 7, 1727. His father was a well-known Anglican divine and has been called the father of Episcopacy in Connecticut. William Samuel remained a loyal though liberal adherent of the Protestant Episcopal Church all his life, and it is a striking tribute to his character and per-

sonality that despite his Episcopal affiliations, he was able to command the esteem and the votes of a community which was strongly, almost fiercely, Congregational. The father graduated from Yale in 1714, and one likes to believe that it was not merely the proximity of the institution but loyalty to alma mater that prompted him to send the son there.

Of the boy's college career little is known. His pious biographer, the Reverend E. Edwards Beardsley, informs us that he came so well prepared by his father that he had little to do. How he passed his spare time, we should be interested to know. Very likely he devoted part of it to reading the classics, for he delighted all his life "to search the Latin and Grecian stores," as he phrased it, "and wonder at the mighty minds of old." Thanks both to good preparation and fine intelligence, he made an excellent record. In senior year, he was awarded a Berkeley scholarship, and at graduation in 1744 delivered the Latin Cliosophic Oration, "one of the highest commencement honors."

After graduation, he continued his studies, poring over classical authors and wrestling with Hebrew. In 1747 he was awarded the degree of M.A. at Yale. For a time he dallied with the idea of taking orders, but finally decided, owing to unexplained influences, to enter the law. The distinction which he later attained in the field is remarkable in view of the fact that he was entirely self-taught. He not only laid out for himself a systematic course of legal study but more than that, he stuck to it until he was able to match wits at the bar with the ablest attorneys of his time. "He took at once the highest rank in his profession," says his biographer, "and became the renowned and high-minded advocate who was always crowded with cases, and had his clients in New York as well as in every part of Connecticut." His success as a lawyer was due not only to his matter but to his manner. Dr. John Trumbull, one of the "Hartford Wits" and a keen judge of forensic oratory, has said, "When Johnson arose to address a jury, the polish and beauty of his style, his smooth and easy flow of words, the sweet, melodious voice, accompanied with the grace and elegance of person and manners, delighted and charmed his hearers." It was inevitable that he should be elevated to the bench, and in 1772 he was appointed a judge of the superior court.

Law and politics mix readily. Johnson was elected at various times a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, of the governor's Council, and of the Continental Congress. His first national service was rendered in 1765 as a member of the Stamp Act Congress, where, in company with Robert R. Livingston of New York and William Murdock of Maryland, he drafted an address to the King, setting forth in "firm but respectful language" the rights and grievances of the colonies. Of this paper Johnson is said to have been the principal author.

In 1766 he was sent to London as a special agent to represent Connecticut before the Privy Council in the famous Mohegan case, involving title to certain Indian lands in the colony. If he were not already familiar with the law's delay, he now made acquaintance of it. It was five years before the leisurely Lords in Council rendered judgment, and all this time he was obliged to remain abroad. That he much regretted it, there is little evidence. Certainly he could not have chosen a more stirring time to be in the British metropolis. No years more eventful than those from 1766 to 1771 are to be found in the history of the relations between England and America. Within Parliament, Grenville, Townshend, and North were arguing the merits of taxation and representation. Without, John Wilkes was addressing riotous assemblages of the lower classes on the rights of electors. In ecclesiastical circles there was much talk of defying the Puritan prejudices of New England through the appointment of Anglican bishops for America.

Johnson was a witness of the agitation of the times. From the gallery of the House of Lords he watched Grafton and Shelburne, Sandwich and Suffolk, wrangling in debate over the American question like dogs fighting over a bone; or from the gallery of the Commons was tempted to applaud the moving defense of colonial rights by Barré and Burke. Listening to and reporting Parliamentary debates was sometimes a hazardous pastime. One evening when George Grenville, whose name is unhappily associated with the imposition of the stamp duty, was denouncing the Americans in impassioned words, he glanced at the gallery where Johnson was sitting and said, "I hope there are no American agents present; I must hold such language as I would not have them hear." Despite the warning, Johnson boldly continued to take down the words of the debaters for transmission to the governor of Connecticut, although in so doing he ran risk of arrest and imprisonment.

If political circles were absorbed in discussion of the authority of the crown in America, religious circles were engaged in discussion of the authority of the church. The appointment of Anglican bishops in the colonies was a project dear to the heart of Johnson's clerical father, and in his behalf he took pains to sound many dignitaries of the Established Church regarding the matter. He conferred with the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose gout made him an indifferent listener, with the Archbishop of York, a "lively, facetious, sensible, active man," with the Bishop of Oxford, and many others. "I have now been this fortnight," he writes from an historic cathedral town, "leading the life of an ecclesiastic; at church twice a day, and seeing nobody but Deans, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, and Priests—a sober, quiet, good kind of an idle life." Perhaps on these occasions he put in a plea for alma mater, for he had been authorized by the corporation to solicit funds in England for the college.

One of the most noteworthy persons whom he met during his sojourn abroad was his namesake, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The Connecticut agent found him as "odd a mortal . . . as you ever saw. You would not, at first sight, suspect he had ever read, or thought in his life, or was much above the degree of an idiot. . . ." Unfortunately, Boswell was not present to record the conversation of the two Johnsons, but the ursine lexicographer was sufficiently interested in his American visitor to write to him in later years.

As a lawyer it was inevitable that Johnson should spend much time visiting the courts. "Having rented a seat in King's Bench for the term," says his biographer, "he was in almost constant attendance in Westminster Hall; hearing a variety of cases tried and listening to the opinions of Lord Mansfield."

Love of travel led him to make acquaintance not merely with London but with many parts of England. He journeyed to France and made a tour of Holland, Brabant, and Flanders ("a most agreeable ramble"), and regretted that the pressure of the wearisome Mohegan case prevented him from treading the classic soil of Italy.

At length in June, 1771, to his joy, the Lords of the Privy Council rendered judgment in favor of Connecticut, and he was free to return home. His happiness at rejoining friends and family was tinged with regret at parting with a metropolis where his intellectual and social instincts had free play and where he was engaged in a business both pleasant and well paid. He speaks in a letter to a friend of "the transition from the gayety of London to the gloom of New Haven,"—from "the ease and indolence" of the London coffeehouses to "the business and bustle of the Connecticut bar," and remarks upon "the difference between living idly upon £600 per annum and working hard for two."

His career during the Revolution scarcely affords material for Fourth of July eulogy. His English associations, his Anglicanism, and his judicial temperament combined to make him conservative regarding the controversy with the mother country. While unwilling to surrender the rights for which he had contended as a member of the Stamp Act Congress, he believed that America would have acted wisely in offering to bear a portion of the empire's financial burden. Ultimately, in the natural course of events, he thought that the colonies would become independent, "falling from the parent tree like ripe fruit," but he was opposed to establishing independence by the sword. While unwilling to fight England, he was equally unwilling to fight America; hence he strove to remain neutral, and after the Declaration of Independence was adopted, he retired from public life and buried himself in his books at Stratford, no doubt finding consolation in the "Latin and

Grecian stores" and the "mighty minds of old." To be sure, he was accused at one time of treacherous dealings with the foe, but was able to convince the Connecticut Council of Safety of his innocence, and was never again molested by the rebel authorities. It is eloquent testimony to his talents and character that he could live down his equivocal attitude during the war, and receive further public honors at the hand of Connecticut. The fact is that conservatism was a quality which the land of steady habits could appreciate, and there were plenty of people who found in his reluctance to cut the moorings of the past, every reason for entrusting him with important affairs of state.

Thus it happened that not long after the war he was reinstated to membership in the upper house of the state legislature, and was appointed one of three counsel to represent Connecticut in the Susquehanna case, another *cause célèbre,* which originated in a dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania regarding title to certain lands in the Wyoming Valley. The suit was argued at Trenton before a board of commissioners appointed by Congress, but despite the eloquence and erudition of Johnson, Connecticut lost.

From 1784 to 1787, Johnson was one of the representatives of his state in the Continental Congress, and in the last-mentioned year was sent, together with Ellsworth and Sherman, as a delegate to the celebrated convention at Philadelphia which framed the present constitution of the United States. Commonly referred to as "Dr. Johnson," owing to the fact that Oxford had conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L., he was regarded as one of the most learned members. As one of his fellow delegates quaintly expressed it, "He is said to be one of the first classics in America." He was not only respected but liked. "He engages the hearts of men," says the same writer, "by the sweetness of his temper and . . . affectionate style of address." While he did not speak often, he always spoke to the point and was listened to attentively.

The constitution has been defined as a "bundle of compromises." While Johnson was not the author of the most famous compromise—the so-called Connecticut compromise—he had the honor of introducing and sponsoring an important part of it. His long experience on the bench and at the bar had equipped him to discuss authoritatively provision for a national judiciary, and he offered several valuable suggestions which were adopted and stand in the constitution today. He acted as chairman of the important committee of style, whose function was to put the constitution in final form for publication. While doubtless there were parts of the instrument of which he did not approve, he signed it.

Shortly after this, the Connecticut legislature called a state convention to consider ratification of the new frame of government, and Johnson ap-

peared as one of the delegates from Stratford. Once more in company with Sherman and Ellsworth, he urged adoption, concluding an effective speech with the words, "If we reject this plan of government . . . I fear our national existence must come to a final end."

When the national government was set up in 1789, Johnson and Ellsworth were appropriately elected to represent Connecticut in the first United States Senate. Here Johnson is said to have assisted his colleague in framing the celebrated Judiciary Act of 1789, which in conjunction with the third article of the Constitution laid the foundation of the national judicial system.

Somewhat prior to this, Johnson, treading in the footsteps of his father, who was the first president of King's College, accepted the presidency of that institution, since the war renamed Columbia College, and now known as Columbia University. Finding it difficult to discharge at one time the duties of both a United States Senator and a college president, he resigned the former office in 1793. We are told that he made a successful college administrator and that during his *régime* Columbia flourished. He impressed the members of the faculty not only by his erudition but by his modesty, affability, and courtly manners; and it must have been with genuine regret that they learned of his resignation owing to ill health in 1800.

Retiring to the somnolent seclusion of Stratford, he no doubt ransacked anew the "Latin and Grecian stores" and "wondered at the mighty minds of old." Death overtook the silver-haired statesman and scholar on November 14, 1819, in his ninety-second year.

EDWARD ELY CURTIS

JAMES KENT

CLASS OF 1781

Jurist

1763-1847

A SMALL boy, precariously perched on the ridgepole of a wayside schoolhouse, edged his body carefully forward, until he had found the shelter of the chimney; and from that place of seeming security, he peered down into the excitement of the highway at his feet. Soldiers were busy throwing a barricade of rails across the road; for redcoats had landed the day before near Saugatuck, and the militia, under Silliman, had marched southward to dispute their passage as they advanced upon Danbury. The enemy, presently appearing, unlimbered a small fieldpiece, to dispose of the impedi-

ment that had been thrown across his path; but his marksmanship was not of the best, and his first shot, flying high, struck the schoolhouse chimney; whereupon, a badly scared small boy scuttled down the roof and made off across country at the double-quick, sure that the British army had discovered him in his hiding place and were bent on his destruction. His name was James Kent. This was in 1777, and he was fourteen years of age.

The escapade could hardly have had the sanction of the boy's elders, for Jimmy Kent was reared in a household that permitted very little irregular conduct on the part of small boys. In the upper valley of the Croton, the Reverend Elisha Kent, D.D., patriarch and presbyter, ruled over the families of his sons and impressed his personality so vigorously upon his people, to the third and fourth generation, that a whole section of Dutchess County was known, for many years after his death, by the name of "Kent's Parish." His government, though tempered with some diplomacy, was none the less austere. It is recorded that on one occasion he was riding past a farmhouse, where the young people of his parish had gathered for the stolen pleasures of the dance. Scenting brimstone in the air, he turned, fastened his horse among the others at the gate, and entered the house, determined to smoke the devil out. To this end, he established himself in the chimney corner and proposed a hymn. When two or three had been droned out, the crestfallen young people, who had hoped for music less suggestive of sour pickles, began to sidle toward the door; and the venerable clergyman was presently left in undisputed possession of the field.

James Kent, grandson to Elisha, passed the first five years of his life under the scrutiny of this strict-minded puritan. He then spent four years with his maternal grandfather, Dr. Uriah Rogers, of Norwalk, Connecticut, who was a man no less severe; and when he was sent to Danbury, at the age of ten, to prepare for college in the Latin school of the Reverend Ebenezer Baldwin, he boarded with one Deacon Knapp, who has been described as a "puritan of the old school." So steady a diet of puritanism might have soured a less wholesome nature and left it morally dyspeptic for life; but James Kent had a spirit unusually well endowed with natural health, and he suffered no ill effects from this early subjection to ascetic piety. His mind was too vigorous and sensible to permit him excesses of any kind, and a heart naturally inclined to happiness cast sunshine about his boyhood, as about all his life.

At college, by his own account, Kent was "amazingly regular, decorous, and industrious." He drank nothing but water; he neither diced nor played at cards; he did not avail himself of the services of the dancing master, lately come to town, whom President Stiles, to the scandal of many good folk in New Haven, permitted his young gentleman students to patronize. On the other hand, he was no sequestered recluse. He was president of Lin-

onia in his senior year, and he acted the part of Alonzo in the *Tragedy of Ximena,* which the society put on in 1781. He was an eager participant in the debates, which formed the leading extracurricular activity of the day, and struggled so hard against his principal handicap as a public speaker—a tendency to talk so fast that he became unintelligible—that tears of vexation used to burst from his eyes. He succeeded so well in his efforts that he was chosen, on the occasion of the Final Examinations, to deliver what was called the Cliosophic Oration, then considered the most honorable appointment.

Reviewing his college career in later years, the eminent Chancellor found that he could not speak very favorably of the education offered at Yale in the days of the Revolution. "I stood as well as any of my class," he declared, "but the test of scholarship was contemptible." It is to be said, however, that the Chancellor's own standards were extraordinarily high, and that a life devoted to study had carried him to an intellectual eminence from which he might well look with some contempt upon the slight accomplishments which won him distinction at Yale in 1781.

Though his critical judgment, in later years, condemned the standards that Yale had asked him to meet, his warm affection for the college stood undiminished to the end of his life. "Here I had passed 4 years of innocence and simplicity and sanguine hopes of youth," he wrote in his diary, in 1813, on the occasion of a visit to New Haven, "and I eagerly dwelt with fond and tender and melancholy recollections on every spot consecrated by my youthful sports and tread." In September, 1831, he visited the college again, coming to deliver an address before the society of Phi Beta Kappa and to attend the fiftieth reunion of his class; and on that occasion, he gave tangible expression to his esteem for Yale by a generous pledge toward the first large fund which the college raised among the alumni. "When an old, gray-headed man," his son wrote, in a letter read at the Centennial of Linonia, "he would converse with sensibility and delight of the studies and associates of his youth in your academic retreat, and his almost romantic affection for the College was extinguished only with his life."

Before he was graduated from Yale, the course of his life had been determined. Happening upon Blackstone's *Commentaries,* during the enforced vacation when college was dispersed, in July, 1779, he had read them through and found them so inspiring that then and there, at the age of fifteen, he determined to be a lawyer. In November, 1781, he took up residence at Poughkeepsie and entered the office of Egbert Benson, who was then Attorney-General of the State of New York,—a man of vigorous personality and delightful crotchets, whose eloquence in praise of the Dutch Reformed Church and the Heidelberg Catechism was matched only by the

fury of his denunciations of the potato. Among his five fellow students (gay dogs who died of drink in middle life), Kent soberly applied himself to the law, reading and extracting Grotius and Puffendorf and amusing his leisure by studying English history as set forth by Smollett, Rapin, and Hume. He was admitted to the bar in January, 1785, at the age of twenty-one.

In the same year, with all the imprudence of youth, he married, without one cent to his credit. "At the farmer's house where I boarded"—to quote his own account of this indiscretion—"one of his daughters, a little, modest, lovely girl of fourteen, gradually caught my attention and insensibly stole upon my affections, and, before I thought of love or knew what it was, I was most violently affected. I was twenty-one and my wife sixteen when we married." In October of the following year, in a very small house, with very scanty furniture, the young couple set up housekeeping for themselves; and here they lived, in great contentment with one another, until April, 1793.

Study and business divided the young lawyer's time. In 1786, upon discovering, "with shame and mortification," that he could make nothing of some passages from Horace read to him by an acquaintance, he had plunged vigorously into the study of classical and modern literature, and it would appear that professional duties were not so urgent that they diverted him from the ambitious course of reading that he had undertaken. "In the morning till half after eight I read Latin, then Greek until ten. Then I gave myself up to law or business until the afternoon, and, after two hours' attention to French, I concluded the rest of the day with some English author. . . . I suspect that few persons have ever lived with more satisfaction than I did in my simple, snug, and classic style at Poughkeepsie from October, 1786, to my removal to New York."

It was a bold venture to move to the metropolis, unknown and unfriended; and for a time, his way was beset with difficulties and troubles. He lived in a narrow street, sighing for the snug little house at Poughkeepsie. In the month after his removal to the city, his baby daughter died of a fever; in the following autumn, his father was brought to his house, bedridden with palsy. Through the better part of a year, sorrow, illness, and poverty were his housemates; and for the first and only time, he was thoroughly out of spirits.

In 1794, however, the happiness that could not long be kept out of his life came back to him. He had been appointed, at the close of 1793, to the Chair of Law in Columbia College, and the course of lectures which he began to deliver in the succeeding autumn gave him occupation of the most congenial sort. The deepening shadow of his father's illness, which had crept upward to the brain, was lifted from the household by the old gentleman's death, in February, 1794, and natural sorrow for the inevitable loss

took the place of the anguish of watching the process of dissolution. The young couple moved into Liberty Street, which was then considered a very desirable situation, and prosperity and happiness came down upon them in abundance.

The first course of lectures at Columbia, begun with great enthusiasm, commanded an audience of "about forty gentlemen of the first rank in the city"; but thereafter, interest dwindled, and in the third year, the young professor, left with no pupils at all, felt bound to relinquish his position. His resignation was presented to the trustees in May, 1797.

In the meantime, his public career had commenced. In February, 1796, he was appointed Master in Chancery by Governor Jay; and in the following year, the governor made him Recorder of the City of New York. He held both offices until February, 1798, enjoying a comfortable income from the combined salaries, buying the books he long had coveted, and saving enough money to pay for his house and to accumulate a little capital. But he relinquished his well-paid positions and turned his back readily enough upon the metropolis, when he was appointed, at the age of thirty-five, a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York. "Mere men of business and of pleasure," he remarked, "who estimate happiness by income, and by the splendid luxuries of the city life, all condemned my choice as mad and absurd." James Kent had sounder ideas of what constituted happiness, and all his inclinations had pointed, for many years, toward the position that he had now attained.

What he did for the law, in his sixteen years upon the bench of the Supreme Court of New York, and in the office of Chancellor, which he held from February, 1814, until July, 1823, everyone must know, if he knows anything at all of legal history. In an address delivered in 1848, the Hon. John Duer thus described the simple and conscientious methods by which Judge Kent set about to alter the procedure of the Supreme Court of the State and to enhance the importance of its decisions:

"As soon as his seat was taken, his determination was made that he would examine for himself every case not decided on the hearing; and in such examination would not confine himself to the cases and authorities cited on the argument, but would embrace in his researches all the law justly applicable to the questions to be determined; and that in each case he would embody the result of his examination in a written opinion. Accordingly, at the second term that followed his appointment, in his first meeting for consultation with his brethren, and to their great astonishment, he produced a written opinion in every case that had been reserved for decision; and as these opinions were carefully prepared, were clear in style, forcible in reasoning, and well sustained by a reference to authorities, his brethren, even when they dissented from his conclusions, were in no condition to controvert and op-

pose them. Hence they at once understood and felt that their own position was materially changed. It was evident that they must either surrender to their junior brother—their junior in station and far their junior in years—the effective control and administration of all the important business of the court, or if at all solicitous to maintain their own character and dignity, must follow his example."

For six years Kent sat as Associate upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, and then was advanced to the office of Chief Justice. In sixteen years, he held over one hundred and forty courts and tried seventeen hundred and fifty-five cases. Most of the decisions of the Court, during his last two or three years upon the bench, were written by himself.

In 1814, with much reluctance, he accepted the position of Chancellor. His predecessor in the office he characterized as "stupid," and he recognized the fact that it would be his duty to regard the court as virtually a new institution and to make it all over, in the likeness of the English Chancery, so far as possible under the State constitution. His labors, as he well foresaw, proved to be enormous.

"My practice was," he says, "first, to make myself perfectly and accurately (mathematically accurately) master of the facts. It was done by abridging the bill, and then the answers, and then the depositions, and by the time I had done this slow and tedious process, I was master of the cause and ready to decide it. I saw where justice lay, and the moral sense decided the court half the time; and I then sat down to search the authorities until I had examined my books. I might once in a while be embarrassed by a technical rule, but I most always found principles suited to my views of the case; my object was so to discuss a point as never to be teased with it again, and to anticipate an angry and vexatious appeal to a popular tribunal by disappointed counsel."

Upon the bench of his own court, Chancellor Kent was a man not to be trifled with. Absorbed in the proceedings before him, taking but few notes, and those only upon the facts, he followed the discussion with the closest attention, keeping up a running comment upon the argument, to the discomfiture of counsel: "Your facts do not bear out your contention, sir," or "Pooh! pooh! that's no law"; or again, if the argument seemed sound: "Yes, yes, that's good law," or "That point is well taken." To the inexperienced counselor he was kindness itself, and every member of the bar who came before him could look for courteous attention; but with sharp practice, sophistry, or even mere tediousness—major and minor vices of the profession—he had little patience. On one occasion, a counselor, notorious for his lengthy worrying of trivialities, was excepting to an item in a Master's report.

"Mr. Riggs," broke in the Chancellor, "what is the amount of the item in dispute?"

"One dollar and seventy-five cents, your honor," came the reply.

"I won't hear it! I won't hear it!" exclaimed the Chancellor. "I would rather pay it myself."

In other capacities, as well as in his official one, Kent could be looked to for vigorous opinions and unflinching firmness. Although his friendship with Alexander Hamilton had given him the strongest reasons to detest dueling, he did his best to prevent the passage of a bill requiring from every person entering upon public office in the State of New York an oath that he had not been concerned in a duel in the immediate past and would not be so concerned while an inhabitant of the State. All abridgments of constitutional liberty he regarded with strong disfavor. When a temperance committee asked him to pledge himself not to use intoxicating liquor, he endeavored to turn them politely away; and when, with the bad manners permitted only to crusaders, they still pressed him, he finally gave them this answer: "Gentlemen, I refuse to sign any pledge. I never have been drunk, and, by the blessing of God, I never will get drunk, but I have a constitutional privilege to get drunk, and that privilege I will not sign away."

It was not until after his retirement from active life that he began the great labor by which his name is now remembered. The Chair of Law in Columbia College had remained unoccupied since he had resigned it, many years before; and upon his retirement from the office of Chancellor, at the age of sixty, he was called to fill it again. On the completion of his first course, in the spring of 1826, he was urged to prepare a volume for the press upon the basis of his lectures; and, at the age of sixty-three, he sat down to the task of writing a book which should embody the accumulated mass of the Common Law of the land. The famous *Commentaries* were the result. They were published, in four volumes, between 1826 and 1830, at the author's own expense. The work was received with immediate enthusiasm, and the first edition ran off so rapidly that a second was called for in 1832. Two further editions, thoroughly revised and brought up to date, were prepared by the Chancellor himself, and it was not until the fourth edition had appeared, in 1841, that he rested from his labors. His great work was done, and the name of Kent had become immortal in the annals of the law.

Years before, in a letter written to his classmate Baldwin, when they were but three years out of Yale, Kent had spoken of his "determination to put in a claim for some of those honors which imprint immortality on Characters." The determination had borne fruit in a career that made him one of the most serviceable men of his generation, and he had crowned his labors with a last great work, which will keep his name alive for many years to come. With it all, however, he never sacrificed his own happiness to ambition, but remained to the end, as he had been at the beginning, a man who well under-

stood how to draw the greatest riches out of life. His family, his books, and his friends were more to him than fame or wealth; and his delight in the simplest things—a coaching trip through the mountains of Vermont, a steamboat ride down the Hudson, a thundershower casting "inexpressible grandeur" over the Fishkill Mountains—furnished him more happiness than comes to a man who craves more stimulating pleasures.

His reading, begun so systematically while he was an impecunious attorney at Poughkeepsie, continued to be his favorite pastime. He had a particular passion for geography, and in his library, volumes of voyages and travels steadily accumulated; but he read other things as well—poetry, history, novels—leaving his pithy comments on the flyleaves of his books and writing more extended criticisms to his brother. In September, 1796, he writes that he has just entered on the eighth volume of *Clarissa;* he has been deep in eighteenth-century fiction and declares that "no writer that ever lived was superior to Fielding." A few years later, he has read Mrs. Radcliffe's *Italian* on the boat between Albany and New York, and confesses that he "melted at the tender and awful scenes of her soul-inspiring and sublime pen." In 1804, he read Shakespeare through and noted his opinions of the plays in the old edition that he used: he much admired *Henry IV, Part I* "for those great and admirably drawn characters, Prince of Wales, Hotspur, and Falstaff"; the *Tempest* he found "inimitable," *Twelfth Night,* "very indifferent," the *Winter's Tale,* "extravagant"; and *Antony and Cleopatra* he "thought nothing of." His comment upon another author every Yale freshman will read with sympathy: in his copy of the *French Revolution,* he wrote, "In his 'Sartor Resartus' and his critical essays, Carlyle is a disciple of the Platonic School of Philosophy, beyond the reach of man's understanding."

Reading maketh a full man. Yet it was not by reading alone that Chancellor Kent filled the eighty-four years of his life with riches such as few men have enjoyed. His books, his studies, his well-stored mind contributed much, to be sure, to the fullness of his life; but there was in the man himself a responsiveness to all things of worth and interest, and this was the ultimate source of the happiness that followed him all the days of his life. On the third of April, 1842, he wrote in his diary, "This day (it was also a Sunday), 57 years ago, I was married at Colonel Bailey's, at his little farmhouse, in the commons out of Poughkeepsie. Mrs. Kent and I have lived in uniform general health, and in very great domestic happiness down to this day. An enchantment seems to me to be always thrown around my own home and my own fireside and office, and the attractions of my beloved wife." Part of the enchantment, of course, was cast by Elizabeth Kent, the "little, modest, lovely girl," who stole insensibly upon the man's affec-

tions threescore years before; but part of it, one may be sure, was his own doing, for he was one of the masters in the arts of life. "Are there many mortals"—so a friend wrote to the Chancellor's son, when the tidings of Kent's death had reached him—"are there many mortals who can compare with him?"

R. D. F.

CLARENCE KING

CLASS OF 1862

Founder of the United States Geological Survey

1842-1901

ALL his friends agreed that Clarence King was a different sort of man. "I could not free myself," says E. C. Stedman, "of the illusion that he was a kind of Martian, a planetary visitor, of a texture differing from that of ordinary earth dwellers. It seemed quite natural that he should map out the globe, and bore through it to see of what it was made. Now that he is gone, I am still looking for his casual return."

Some such impression he seems to have made on everyone who knew him well. His conversation was like no other mortal's, darting as it did over the whole field of human experience, "from the true rhythm of Creole gumbo to the verse of Theocritus, from the origin of the latest *mot* to the age of the globe, from the soar or slump of the day's market to the method of Lippo Lippi." His mind and body were more alert than mere human minds and bodies. Whether he was climbing nimbly to the apex of some gorgeous paradox, or gathering his muscles for a leap across some appalling chasm to a precarious foothold on the summit of a mountain peak, his energies were constantly attempting the unusual—and accomplishing it with uncanny precision.

His nerves, too, were steadier than those that nature bestows on lesser men. Cool and self-possessed, his finger unfaltering on the hair trigger, he once walked into a willow thicket after a well-armed desperado and brought out his man at the muzzle of his gun. On another occasion, he wriggled his way after a grizzly into the aperture of a cave, too small to enter save on his belly, and aiming between the glittering eyeballs, which were all that he could see of his adversary, shot the brute through the brain. The burly soldier who was stationed behind King, to drag him out by the heels on the report of the gun, was so unnerved that he kept on dragging long after he had his man out of the hole. King's nerves were entirely unshaken.

They did not fail him even when he and a companion were captured by Indians, while riding ahead of their cavalry escort on the plains of Arizona. The two explorers were stripped half naked, and the fire which was to be placed on their chests was already lighted; but King coolly distracted the attention of the savages by pointing out his cistern barometer and explaining in Spanish and by signs that it was a newfangled gun of very long range. While he talked, the troopers rode up and scattered the Indians.

With the same coolness with which he faced grizzlies, Apaches, and the bad men of Nevada, he approached the great ones of the world. He invaded the studio of Gustave Doré and took the painter by storm. "In five minutes," writes John Hay, who witnessed the meeting, "they were brothers and were planning an excursion to Arizona to sketch the war dances of the Apaches." He sought out John Ruskin and made so deep an impression that he was invited to Brantwood, and on his departure, was offered his choice of two Turner water colors. "One good Turner deserves another," said King—and came away with both. He conducted a Sunday School class of London shop girls to Windsor Castle and so arranged matters that before they returned to town they had all had tea with the good queen herself. The reader begins to perceive, perhaps, that this was no ordinary man?

The work he did, though perhaps the least extraordinary thing about him, was sufficiently unusual to mark him for national distinction before he was thirty years old. While engaged in the geological survey of California, under Josiah Whitney, he came to see the scientific and economic value of such work as this great geologist was doing, and it occurred to him that a similar survey, extending across the country from coast to coast, would be of enormous scientific importance and would undoubtedly assist in opening up the western country and in developing the nation's mineral resources. Upon his return east, he went to Washington; and without assistance, by the persuasiveness of his own genius, this youth of twenty-five actually secured an appropriation from Congress to begin the work. He was himself placed in command of the survey—though the Secretary of War told him four major-generals coveted the position—organized his force during the early months of 1867, and on the first of May set out for the Pacific coast by way of Panama.

Seven years King's expedition was in the field, working its way eastward along the fortieth parallel, over country where every conceivable obstacle stood in the way of its labors. The original appropriation was exhausted in three years, but King had inspired such confidence in himself and such a sense of the importance of his work that Congress voted money to continue the survey. When the field work was completed, in 1873, there were four more years of work for the various specialists of the expedition, in preparing

their material for publication. King himself, during the winter of 1877-78, wrote the summary of the work of his assistants and published it, in a volume of more than eight hundred pages, under the title of *Systematic Geology*. The book is still regarded as a masterpiece of scientific presentation.

Only the advanced student of geology is likely to find his way to this volume, but the general reader will do well to search out another of King's works. His *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,* first published in 1870, reached its fifth edition in 1902. Most of the fourteen sketches which the volume contains appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly,* before the author was twenty-five years old. Not many Yale alumni of these latter years write so well in their twenty-fifth year; not many, indeed, ever will write so well. The adventures this intrepid explorer encountered on these unattempted mountain heights are described so vividly that the reader finds the palms of his hands sweating, as he swings down the face of an untried precipice with King, uncertain whether the narrow ledge on which he must drop will hold him; or as he climbs, inch by inch, up an icy chimney, where nothing but cool nerves and iron sinews can preserve him from a swift descent to certain death. And the hand which deals so surely and tersely with these perilous adventures is just as sure when it touches the more delicate business of unfolding the beauty of the things this young, poetic nature found in the lonely places which he was one of the first to reach. King was a student of painting all his life, and his own landscapes, in this book, reveal the painter's gift for capturing the deeper, individual beauties of each particular scene. This was not merely a cool young athlete, who went climbing in the Sierras for the sake of adventure, but a true artist who sought the things his soul craved in the high places of the earth.

For all the vividness of its natural descriptions and its narrative, the book would hardly stand as so sure an evidence of the author's genius were it not for the glimpses that it gives us of his ability to portray human nature. The types that cross its pages are unusual ones,—the artist of Cut-off Copple's, the Newtys of Pike, the buxom Sarah Jane, "an essentially Californian product, as much so as one of those vast potatoes or massive pears"; but they are all set before the reader in a few strokes as real and living human beings. It is a temptation to summon them all to witness to King's wide sympathies and his powers as a writer; but one alone should suffice,—the woman whom Cut-off Copple left behind him when he died, to pay off his debts and to carry on the dreary work at the mean foothill station to which he had taken her:

"At this juncture the door opened; a pale, thin, elderly woman entered, and with tired smile greeted me. While her hard, labor-stiffened, needle-roughened hand was in mine, I looked into her face and felt something (it

may be, it must be but little, yet something) of the sorrow of her life; that of a woman large in sympathy, deep in faith, eternal in constancy, thrown away on a rough worthless fellow. All things she hoped for had failed her; the tenderness which never came, the hopes years ago in ashes, the whole world of her yearnings long buried, leaving only the duty of living and the hope of Heaven. As she sat down, took up her spectacles and knitting, and closed the Bible, she began pleasantly to talk to us of the warm bright autumn nights, of Smith's work, and then of my own profession, and of her niece, Sarah Jane. Her genuinely sweet spirit and natively gentle manner were very beautiful, and far overbalanced all traces of rustic birth and mountain life."

King's friends sometimes wondered why he wrote so little. In spite of his talents as a writer, this volume and the charming *Helmet of Mambrino,* which he contributed to the *Century Magazine* in 1886, are the only literary works he has left behind him. The truth is, King cared little or nothing for a reputation as an author. He spent his thoughts in the golden profusion of his talk and had no desire to garner them up, to his greater glory, in little volumes. His ambitions all tended in another direction. The pursuit of his science was the thing that engaged the most earnest part of his nature and engrossed all the quiet hours he could command. If he coveted distinction of any sort, it was the honor that comes to the scientific investigator, and he seems to have cherished a dream, all through his life, of a time of leisure when he could give his energies to research. The dream never quite came true; but he contrived, in one way or another, to continue his own scientific studies and to produce work which attracted the attention of scientists the world over. There were few things that pleased him so much as the praise which Lord Kelvin bestowed upon his paper on "The Age of the Earth."

When we have said all there is to say about the man's work, as author, scientific investigator, practical geologist, or mining engineer, we return to the fact that what he was always transcended what he did. "Gay, versatile, debonair, irresistible, gentle, honorable, 'tender and true'—he was greater and dearer than his work." So wrote one of his friends; and such is the impression I would leave with the reader. His nature was too volatile, his gifts too many, to be forced into any single channel. His own rich and adventurous life was his career, and the friends he made may count for him in lieu of many mighty works. He was one of those rare mortals born with a great gift for friendship, and all sorts and conditions of his fellow beings found in him a man whom they could trust with their hearts' best treasures. The woman who handed her baby up to him on the platform of a train, while she ran after another of her offspring, had never seen him before and acted upon impulse; but instinct must have told her that she was placing her child

in the right hands. Not very many men—or women, either, I dare say—would have accepted an undesired responsibility so good-naturedly as this young bachelor did, when the train started unexpectedly and left him *in loco parentis* to a strange infant in crying need of ministrations such as no mere male can readily provide. He accepted the embarrassing burden in the spirit of adventure and made it his business to see that the baby's many needs were all most properly attended to before he returned him to the mother, who followed on the next train. He was a man whom you could trust with anything—your baby, your dearest secret, your maddest whim—and be quite without fear of encountering indifference or scorn.

So responsive a nature as his was sure to attract the friendship of unusual men, and it is not surprising to find some of the most interesting figures of his generation among his intimates. It is sometimes startling to discover the diversity of his friendships,—to find him cultivating, at one time and place, the difficult Henry Adams and the banditti of Santiago; but his friends themselves learned to accept the strange associations that he led them into as part of the grand adventure of knowing him. "We were his slaves," writes Henry Adams, "and he was good to us. He was the ideal companion of our lives."

The last chapter of his life was as gallant as all the rest. As the result of exposure, in connection with his work as expert witness in various mining trials, tuberculosis fastened upon him, and he took his place, calmly and courageously, in the desperate army of exiles, who move from place to place in our dry western country in an almost hopeless effort to escape their implacable foe. Many of his friends tried to persuade him to let them share his exile and do what they could to bring him comfort; but he persistently refused to let them come to him, and made his fight alone. It ended, at Phoenix, Arizona, on the day before Christmas in 1901. His last remembered words were a pun; and although he was in pain, they were spoken with a smile.

R. D. F.

ELIAS LOOMIS

CLASS OF 1830

Meteorologist, Astronomer, Mathematician

1811-1889

IN those places in the University where the memory of the great men of its past is preserved may be seen the picture of a man who represents with startling exactness the type of the conventional Yankee of the mid-nineteenth century. The features of this man are spare and the mouth stern and

close-lipped. The hair is long above the high forehead, and the face is clean shaven except for the chin, where there is a tuft of gray beard. But the most striking feature of the portrait is the dark eyes, which look straight out beneath heavy brows with a piercing gaze which seems to indicate great seriousness of purpose and unflinching resolution. The costume is always a close-fitting, dark frock coat and a neat linen stock. This is the portrait of Elias Loomis, for twenty-nine years Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

Elias Loomis was born in Willington, Connecticut, on August 7, 1811, the son of the Congregational clergyman of that town. The Reverend Mr. Loomis was of a scholarly turn of mind and, except for a year at the Monson (Massachusetts) Academy, Elias received from him all his preparation for college. This preparation was completed and the examinations passed when the boy was fourteen years old, but because of his health, which had never been good, young Loomis did not become a member of Yale College until the following year.

His scholastic record in college was good, although not remarkable. He showed equal proficiency in languages and mathematics, spoke at the Junior Exhibition on "The Unreasonableness of Popular Prejudice," and was to have delivered a Commencement Oration on "The Influence of Emulation on the Progress of Mental Improvement." The dislike of popular prejudice and an interest in mental improvement did not, however, prevent Loomis from sharing in the life of the college, for he was a prominent member of the "Bread and Butter Rebellion" of 1828. In the summer of that year, there was a serious uprising because the steward did not "at all times cause the table to be decently spread and attended," as the college laws required him to do. Several students were expelled, whereupon the others met on the Green, swore "a deathless friendship," and agreed to strike as a protest. The matter was finally arranged, but Loomis' signature may still be seen among those appended to the protest submitted to the faculty by the outraged students.

Upon his graduation from Yale College, Loomis taught for a year in a school near Baltimore and the following year attended the Andover Theological Seminary, where he led his class in Hebrew. Then came the offer of a Tutorship in Yale College, which he accepted, teaching Latin the first year, mathematics the second, and natural philosophy the third. His mind seems to have been definitely turned toward science, and meteorology in particular, by a great meteorological shower which occurred in 1833, during the period of his Tutorship. He then began his long work of investigation, determining, among other things, the latitude and longitude of the tower of the Athenaeum, which stood directly north of Connecticut Hall. His result

was within two seconds of that of modern computation, in spite of the comparative crudity of the instruments at his command.

In 1836, Loomis was appointed to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio. He was given leave of absence for the first year, which he spent in Paris hearing lectures and buying scientific instruments and books for use in his new position. This position he occupied for eight years, carrying on unceasingly his work of investigation in spite of the lack of assistance and of intellectually congenial society. His annual salary during these years was $600, but even this sum was beyond the power of the college to pay, so that so much as was not in arrears was paid largely in produce. When he resigned, Loomis remarked that there was not enough money in the college treasury to get him out of the state.

In 1844, Professor Loomis left Western Reserve College to accept a Professorship in New York University. He continued in this chair, with the exception of one year at Princeton, until 1860, when he succeeded Professor Olmsted as Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in Yale College. While at New York University he began a series of textbooks which covered the whole field of mathematics for the work of college and secondary school. Over 600,000 copies of these books were sold, the proceeds of the sales forming the basis of a fortune of some $300,000 which Professor Loomis left to Yale University for research and publication in his field. The extent of the influence of these books on Loomis' generation is, perhaps, indicated by the fact that a volume on Analytical Geometry and the Calculus was translated into Chinese, and one on Meteorology into Arabic.

In his address upon his inauguration into his Professorship at Western Reserve College, Professor Loomis, then twenty-seven years old, took a stand upon the subject of scientific study from which he never varied. After urging the necessity of more general interest in scientific investigation, he said,

". . . it is essential to the best interests of society that there should be a certain class of men devoted exclusively to the cultivation of abstract science without any regard whatever to its practical applications; and consequently that such men, instead of being a dead weight upon society, are to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of their race."

He labored always with this conviction, so that his position in the history of scientific scholarship in America is that of a pioneer. During his senior year a five-inch telescope was presented to the college. It was placed in the Athenaeum tower, mounted on castors so that it might be wheeled to the window for use. It is not too fanciful, perhaps, to trace the influence of this instrument through the small observatory at Western Reserve College, which

was built and equipped under the direction of Professor Loomis, back to the Yale Observatory of the present day, with its great Loomis Memorial Telescope, and so to the branch observatory in South Africa, which contains the most efficient photographic telescope in the southern hemisphere.

At the beginning of his second year as Tutor, Loomis set up by his window in North College a heavy wooden block to which was fixed a compass, so that he might study the daily motions of the magnetic needle. From that time until his death in 1889 he was an indefatigable investigator, as the list of his publications, over 160 in number, will testify. The subjects of terrestrial magnetism and astronomy claimed some of his attention, but his greatest interest and most important work lay in the then undeveloped field of meteorology. In 1843 he devised a method of indicating atmospheric conditions on maps which was then revolutionary but is now one of the foundation stones in the practice of meteorological science. In the same way he revolutionized the methods of study of atmospheric conditions and the collection of data for such study. The establishment of the United States Weather Bureau, and, indeed, the whole modern attitude toward meteorology which the work of the Bureau implies, is owing in large part to the pioneer work of Professor Loomis. His small beginnings have had far-reaching results.

This, then, is a rough indication of the career of Elias Loomis, the scientist. But to the layman, astronomy and meteorological theory are likely to seem somewhat remote from the concerns of everyday life. On such people Professor Loomis made his strongest impression by the highly individual quality of his personality. His characteristic, brusque manner was a part of him from the first, for President Porter, who had known him in his undergraduate days, remembered "the retiring demeanor of the young student, and his concise and often monosyllabic expressions, peculiarities which he retained through life." President Dwight also encountered these peculiarities and helps to explain them in his account of their first interview.

"On my name being announced to him," he says, "he immediately began to ask me for information respecting myself, putting questions concisely and in rapid succession, as to my year of graduation, my purpose in visiting Europe, my studies, the probable length of my absence from home, etc., etc., until I had the feeling that he was desirous of making an exhaustive search throughout my outer and inner life for all that I had or was. . . . He was apparently taking into his mind all the items of knowledge respecting a new specimen of human nature which he had chanced to discover, and was doing so with the intention of placing them in some catalogue or collection belonging to himself. . . . His questionings and his manner of presenting them were simply the result of what I may call the quite peculiar mathe-

matical characteristics of his mind. He measured, and labeled, and put aside in some compartment, as it were, everything which excited his attention or interest. Persons and subjects of thought were alike submitted to this definiteness of inquiry and accuracy of investigation. The brevity of his questions, and indeed of his expressions in general, as well as the consequent seeming rapidity with which they followed each other, had a close relation to the same mathematical characteristics. With great clearness of intellect to grasp an idea, and an insight which enabled him to set it forth in the fewest words, he was disposed by his very nature to limit whatever he had to say within such narrow bounds that he seemed to others to be not only inquisitive, but also abrupt."

The essentially scientific quality of Loomis' mind, which is reflected in the spare, New England face of the pictures, accounted for his apparent inflexibility in the ordinary relationships of life and is illustrated by the innumerable anecdotes which have been handed down. The experiments with which he illustrated his lectures were so carefully prepared that they were seldom known to fail, but on one occasion the demonstration was a dismal failure. Professor Loomis' comment, delivered in his peculiarly high-pitched, staccato voice and with his well-known laconic brevity, was, "Experiment fails. Principle remains." On another occasion he was more successful. The episode is described by a member of the class concerned, in these words:

"He was secretly proud of his accurate aim with the air gun and had hit the little target thirty feet away several times and once at the center. Presently came a shot which seemed to miss the target altogether. The division laughed. Loomis peered at the target a moment, walked up to it, squinted sidewise at it again, drew out his pocketknife and dug out a bullet from the central hole. 'Last bullet in the exact center over the first,' said 'Loom,' and amid thunders of applause from the benches, one saw his lips part in his rare equation of a real laugh."

It was generally believed by the students of his time, as they saw him, in the silk hat and tight frock coat which formed his invariable costume, walking slowly about the college, that if his steps were accurately measured through the day, no one of them would be found to differ from the others in length by the smallest fraction of a millimeter. However that may have been, Professor Loomis was not easily deceived. Among his students was one who had gained some notoriety as a cribber by virtue of unusual powers of vision which enabled him to read from a book lying open on the floor at his feet. He was called upon to recite, but before he opened his mouth he was cut off with a curt, "Book shows. That will do." Another student, who had been deficient in some requirement, had submitted a written excuse purporting to have come from his father in the West. The New Haven stationers of

that time were the firm of Skinner and Sperry. The faculty was about to accept the excuse when Professor Loomis, who had taken no part in the previous discussion, held the paper up to the light and remarked, "Watermark Skinner and Sperry. I move that he be suspended." Nor was this severity reserved exclusively for students. President Dwight, meeting Loomis one cold winter's day, remarked casually that it had been an unusually cold January. "Exactly the average of the last forty years," said Professor Loomis.

This apparent severity of manner does not, however, indicate an unfeeling heart. One student felt obliged to leave college in his senior year because of financial difficulties. He went to Professor Loomis, his division officer, explained the situation, and submitted his resignation. Loomis, without looking up from his writing, forbade him to go. Again the student offered his explanation and again was forbidden to leave. Finally he explained that he had no choice as he was without money to pay his bills, and Loomis, still writing, said curtly, "Pay what you can. Send the rest to me. Good day." A Chief Justice of the United States, who, as a member of the Class of 1837, had been under Loomis' direction, testified to his power with men in these words, "If I have been successful in life, I owe that success to the influence of Tutor Loomis more than to any other cause whatever." And the fact that Professor Loomis' work of relaxation was a genealogical book in which he traced some 27,000 descendants of Joseph Loomis, the first of the family to come to this country, is an indication that he had not withdrawn himself completely into an ivory tower of scientific abstraction.

The influence of Elias Loomis is still being felt at Yale and in the scientific world at large. In Memorial Hall is a bronze tablet to his memory, placed there by some of his former students, bearing these words, "An exact scholar, an astronomer of wide repute, in meteorology a pioneer, and a large benefactor to the University." His true memorial is not, however, to be found in bronze tablets or memorial entries. His memorial is, in the larger sense, the work of the Yale Observatory in New Haven and in South Africa, and the scientific investigation which, as it had been the reason of his being, he wished to perpetuate.

N. BURTON PARADISE

JEREMIAH MASON

CLASS OF 1788

Leader of the New England Bar

1768-1848

ON his seventy-sixth birthday, April 27, 1844, "in compliance with the urgent and reiterated request of his children" and in the conviction that he had "lived during one of the most extraordinary periods of the world," Jeremiah Mason sat down to commence his autobiography. Only the first thirty years of his life are covered in the fragmentary document which was the fruit of this excellent undertaking, and no events cross its pages that would lead a reader to suspect that he was moving through an extraordinary period of history; but there is enough to give us intimate glimpses into times that are amusingly unlike our own and into the life of a man who walked vigorously and sure-footedly in the vaward of his generation. The young lawyer who moved down to Portsmouth from the Connecticut valley, at the age of thirty, was not yet across the threshold of his professional career, and no one would yet have picked him for the head of the New England bar; but even in his autobiography, he is unconsciously revealed as one who stood in advance of those about him. He had more native intellect, more resolution, more solid sense than most of those in his immediate vicinity.

At Yale, for example, in spite of the fact that he had been at school less than two years, he found that the showing he made was "equal or superior to that of a majority of the class"; and while his classmates murmured against the fagging system as "tyrannical and degrading," he had the good wit to get himself exempted from its evils. On the very evening of his arrival in New Haven, he had strolled into the College Yard and had encountered an offensive stranger—"a man booted and with a horsewhip in hand"—who had harshly commanded him to go "ring the bell for prayers." He had made some show of obedience, but when he could find no bell to ring, his self-respect had reasserted itself, and he had returned, indignant, to his inn. On the following morning, taken to task for his disobedience by this arrogant stranger (who proved to be one of the tutors at the college), he had taken counsel with his father, "who was then in New Haven attending a session of the Legislature," and through him secured permission to room with Mr. Talcott Russell, the senior tutor. "He was a gentlemanly and kind man," he observes, "and I lived with him the year pleasantly."

Mason himself tells us that his standing in his class "was among the first." Until his fourteenth year, he had labored on the farm in Lebanon,

which had come down in his mother's family since the day when it was deeded to the white man by the Sachem Uncas, and he had found little opportunity for learning. In his college days, therefore, he felt his deficiency in the English language, but that did not prevent his distinguishing himself in the debates and becoming President of Linonia. He was also one of thirteen to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and was welcomed to that brotherhood (which was not quite so frosty a fraternity in the eighteenth century as it is today) at their meeting on July 5, 1787. "Friendship glowing in each breast," the scribe of the society records, "caught an additional ray and appeared in her most lovely robes; mutual engagements were ratifyed and sealed with the awful solemnities of the Oath; and sincere congratulations flowed from the tongue while the hand more emphatically gave the fraternal wellcoming embrace."

Mason's autobiography, like those which some other Yale men have written, expresses no very favorable opinion of the intellectual standards of the college. The faculty did its best, he admits, and endeavored to enforce diligent study by setting "rather severe examinations,"—with the result that there was a violent rebellion in the student body, and a number of undergraduates had to be expelled. Under President Stiles, of whose "admirable powers of government," the autobiography speaks with thorough respect, the senior class undertook the study of Hebrew, learning the alphabet and worrying through two or three Psalms, after a fashion. "He said one of the Psalms he tried to teach us," Mason remarks, "would be the first we should hear sung in heaven, and that he should be ashamed that any of his pupils should be entirely ignorant of that holy language." The President himself, of course, was very learned in the Hebrew, but he does not seem to have communicated much of his enthusiasm even to his most brilliant students.

Even in his college days, Mason stole some time from Latin, Greek, Ethics, and Hebrew to devote to the law, reading elementary legal textbooks and frequently attending the sessions of the local courts; and by the time he was graduated, he was fully determined upon a career at the bar. Observing that there were already far too many lawyers in Connecticut, and that the most substantial of them earned a professional income that "was said not to amount to two thousand dollars a year," he made up his mind, with characteristic independence, to try a field that was not so badly overcrowded. Accordingly, after a year of study with Simeon Baldwin in New Haven, he moved to Westminster, Vermont, and entered the office of General Stephen Rowe Bradley, a graduate of Yale in 1775.

This was a mad wag if ever there was one. "His studies were irregular," says Mason, "as his capricious humors and inclinations directed; without much refinement of any kind, he had an unconquerable love for broad

humor and practical jokes, which he freely indulged on all occasions." Under solemn injunction of secrecy, he once imparted to one of the least intelligent among his neighbors a recipe for making the fish called bass out of basswood. In his office, which opened into his house, he built a pulpit and invited an audience to hear a celebrated clergyman preach; but when the village had assembled, a strolling Universalist preacher entered the pulpit, and the earnest up-country folk, who had flocked in to hear something rather out of the way, were entertained with the usual balderdash. For a year and a half, the future leader of the New England bar continued in this comic-opera office, studying law and pettifogging for his teacher.

At the end of that time, he had convinced himself that the practice of the law in the State of Vermont was likely to prove neither lucrative nor stimulating. "Most of the members of the bar," he remarks, "were poorly educated, and some of vulgar manners and indifferent morals. Besides, a large portion of the inhabitants were new settlers and poor, and of course not desirable clients." So he moved across the Connecticut to Westmoreland, New Hampshire, and bought a small farm and a secondhand legal practice from a lawyer who had graduated at Harvard at a time when "that institution was more distinguished for producing good fellows than good scholars." He celebrated his admission to the bar of New Hampshire by giving "a brave supper at which no small quantity of wine and some wit were expended."

But if he began his career with wine and song, he soon found it wise to eschew the primrose paths in which too many of the young lawyers of the Connecticut Valley were prone to walk. These "high-goes," as he calls them, used to travel back and forth between Greenfield and Windsor, meeting one another at the sessions of the courts and at village taverns and cultivating each other's acquaintance with the aid of drink and the cards. The man from whom Mason bought his practice was one of the leaders among these gay dogs. He had established a lodge of Freemasons at Westmoreland, and pressure was brought to bear on the new lawyer to join; but, finding himself "disgusted with their coarse wit and rude manners," Mason canceled any social obligations he might owe them by giving them a royal supper at his own home, and then had no more to do with them. He was six feet six inches tall and had been toughened into rugged strength by early labors on the farm, and I suspect that few men ever made bold to question any decision he might make about his associates or his deportment.

Moving a little apart from the local members of the bar, and a good deal in advance of them, he built up an astonishing practice. In his first year at Westmoreland, he began 202 suits; in the second, 247; and in the third, 257. Then he moved to Walpole, "engaged a clever house, and small family to

keep it," and continued his successes. His practice was beginning to extend beyond his own environment. In 1795, he was sent down to the South, "to examine the circumstances attending a contract for a large tract of Virginia land." In Philadelphia, he called on Washington, whom he found quite plainly dressed, in "long boots, corduroy smalls, speckled red jacket, and blue coat with yellow buttons." In Richmond, he made the acquaintance of most of the land jobbers who thronged that city. Very little experience with the profession of the realtor, as it was practiced at the end of the eighteenth century, was enough to convince a man of Mason's eminent good sense "that it was a fallacious, moonshine business," and he soon withdrew entirely from it. The law, which he had found so alluring that he stole away from his books at Yale College to attend the sittings of the court, was the one deep and absorbing interest of his life, and nothing was ever able to divert him for very long from his own practice.

In 1797, at the age of thirty, he moved to Portsmouth, and there his autobiography leaves him. Beyond that date, we have only the records of his achievements, the things other men have said about him, and a number of his letters, to give us knowledge of the man through the years when he was making himself known throughout the country as one of the ablest lawyers of his generation. All these sources of information, of course, tell us much that it is important to know, but none of them takes us very intimately into his experiences. His letters reveal his sound, cool judgment upon all sorts of public questions and afford an occasional glimpse of the man, as he moves quietly about his business among people who made much more stir in the land. He writes a terse, straightforward style, and unless he has some political matter to discuss, his letters are brief, as if he were hard put to it to find anything to say,—even when he is writing to his wife.

"The weather has been for some time very unpleasant. There has been but one clear, sun-shining day for a fortnight. It is warm but cloudy and wet. My health, however, continues good. Were it not for the deprivation of all domestic society and enjoyment, I should like my situation here pretty well. This loss I feel very grievously. I am in company not a great deal, but as much as I wish to be. . . . I dine out not very often. Indeed there is not great danger of it. Invitations are not very pressing. In mixed tea-drinking parties I find not much amusement and still less instruction. I shall have little to do with them. I wish you to tell me what is said of the prospect of success at the approaching election. Affectionately yours, J. Mason." So the Senator from New Hampshire wrote to his wife from Washington on February 13, 1814,—a very typical letter.

Mason sat in the United States Senate from 1813 till 1817. He did not enjoy it. For President Madison's government he had little respect, and most

of the politicians of Washington filled him with disgust. "With few exceptions," he wrote his wife, "their object is personal aggrandizement, which they pursue without much regard to the public good. The means they use to effect their purposes are sometimes mean and base, and wholly unfit for honorable men." Society at the nation's capital, as the reader has already seen, held no allurements for him. Mrs. Madison, he told his wife, did not answer his ideas of a high-bred, courtly woman, and he could not often be induced to appear in "the Queen's drawing-room." He found it "a rather stupid place."

He was, in fact, frightfully homesick in Washington. Two weeks after his first arrival there, in the sweltering July weather of 1813, he wrote his wife that he already wished he might set his face homeward. "I am here constantly surrounded by people for whom I do not care a biscuit," he told her; "at home I am in the midst of those I hold most dear. Here, nothing concerns or interests me; there, everything. . . . I travel home twenty times a day to see what you are about, and always find that much more interesting than anything doing here." When he resigned his seat in the Senate, in June, 1817, he wrote Rufus King that he found many inducements to stay at home, but none to go to Washington,—"except the pleasure and advantage of being with you."

Three years later, much to his surprise, the Democrats of Portsmouth elected him to the New Hampshire Legislature; and although he had always been a Federalist, he satisfied them so well that they continued him in office. In 1821, he was once more a candidate for the United States Senate, and the members of the lower house of the Legislature gave him more than two-thirds of their votes; but the upper house sent back a message that they concurred in passing the resolution making the nomination, but had amended it to strike out the words, "Jeremiah Mason," and to insert another man's name. "As Mr. Hackett (the messenger) turned to go back to the Senate chamber, he passed Mr. Mason, who was standing before the fire in a corner of the Representatives' Hall, and with a smile said to him, 'Good-morning, Mr. Hackett, I see you propose a trifling amendment.'" He was not greatly disappointed at his defeat.

Indeed, Mason could not throw his heart into politics, because it was already given to the law. He confesses that his legal studies, in the days when he was pettifogging for General Bradley in Westminster, Vermont, were not so thoroughgoing as they should have been; but his knowledge of the law, whether it came by study or by instinct, was phenomenal. When he had heard facts and circumstances, he knew instantly down what path of inquiry to seek the law that governed the case. He did not have the good fortune to be associated, as William M. Evarts was, with many causes of na-

tional importance, and his eminence was won, for the most part, in the trying of cases which have been forgotten long ago; but it was many years before the vivid memory of Jeremiah Mason faded out of the New England courtrooms where he had practiced. If one happened to be on the other side of the case, it was particularly difficult to forget him.

In cross-examination, especially, his methods were worth watching. He never made the mistake of trying to confuse a witness who seemed to him to be telling the truth, but if he suspected that significant facts were being withheld or distorted, he went out after them remorselessly. On one occasion, suspecting something fishy about a man who appeared on the witness stand in the garb of a Quaker, he laid his powerful hands on the impostor and unfrocked him then and there. It was not his habit to frighten his victim by storming at him with loud voice and threatening gesture. On the contrary, he usually threw him off his guard by asking him any number of questions that could be answered readily enough, only gradually leading him into the paths of confusion and inconsistency. In one of his most important cases, Mason had reason to believe that the principal witness on the other side was prepared to swear falsely. He began his cross-examination in an easy, conversational tone and put the witness so thoroughly at his ease that he was entirely unprepared when he found himself facing a question that could not possibly be answered without contradicting some important statement in his testimony. "The witness saw at once the trap into which he had fallen, and was silent. He trembled, turned deadly pale, his knees shook and he seemed ready to faint. Mr. Mason asked him if he had understood the question. Still no reply, and after a long pause, during which there was the silence of death through the courthouse, Mr. Mason said, 'You may step down, sir.' "

The most celebrated case with which Mason was associated was that of *Dartmouth College* v. *Woodward,* a case arising out of the action of the New Hampshire Legislature (suddenly gone red republican), by which the affairs of the college were taken violently out of the hands of the trustees. While two rival colleges contended for the name of Dartmouth in the town of Hanover, Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster took the case for the trustees up through the courts until it came at last to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was Webster, as everybody knows, who tried and won the case before Chief Justice Marshall's court; but though his argument had the fire and rhetoric which he alone knew how to inject into legal pleading, the foundation on which he reared his case had been laid by Mason, in his argument before the Superior Court of New Hampshire in Rockingham County, in the September term of 1817. The powerful logic, the profound learning, and the clear common sense of that argument prepared the way for Dartmouth's victory over the State government; and if the

private institutions of learning in the country have since been left to direct their own affairs in untroubled security, the debt is owing to Jeremiah Mason as much as to Daniel Webster.

It was not the usual thing for these two men to be on the same side of a case. Ten years after Mason moved to Portsmouth, Webster, who was his junior by fourteen years, also established himself there; and for a decade, the two men divided the best legal business of New Hampshire. They were usually pitted against each other, and the younger man found that he was compelled to work harder, to study more diligently, and to exert his brilliant talents to the full, in order to hold his own against his experienced opponent. The robust and athletic training which these contests gave him strengthened Webster's powers, and it may be said that his brilliant career was one of the by-products of Jeremiah Mason's practice of the law. The men were fast friends, in spite of their professional rivalry. Webster was willing enough to acknowledge the enormous debt he owed to his older friend; and in his autobiography he has left this tribute to him:

"He has been of infinite advantage to me not only by his unvarying friendship, but by the many good lessons he has taught, and the example he set me, in the commencement of my career. If there be in the country a stronger intellect; if there be a mind of more native resources; if there be a vision that sees quicker, or sees deeper into whatever is intricate, or whatsoever is profound, I must confess I have not known it. I have not written this paragraph without considering what it implies. I look to that individual (Chief Justice Marshall) who, if it belong to anybody, is entitled to an exception. But I deliberately let the judgment stand."

It is surprising, perhaps, that a man of such power as Mason has left no greater name behind him. He is less known, even among Yale men, I find, than any other among those whose names stand over the doors of the Memorial Quadrangle. But he sought no public career, he wrote no books, he never ascended to the bench. Only in his profession could he be called a leader, for his judgment was far too cool and sane to carry him into the solitary position which the man who is ahead of his times must occupy. Once, on hearing that Charles Sumner was preparing an address to deliver before a Peace Society, he said to him, "Well, Sumner, you may be right, but I should just as soon think of joining a society for the suppression of thunder and lightning as a society for the suppression of war." He had the sort of mind that brings a man to the forefront of his times, though it can carry him no farther forward; and in his own generation, he was the unchallenged leader of the New England bar and one of the very best lawyers in the country. His contemporaries, at least, knew him for a great man; "a giant in stature," Henry Clay called him, "and a giant in mind."

R. D. F.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

CLASS OF 1841

Man of Letters and Agriculturalist

1822-1908

ONE autumn day, Donald Grant Mitchell, now eight years old, climbed into the family chaise and began with his father the thirty-five miles' journey to Ellington, where he was to spend seven years as pupil in the boarding school of which his father was one of the proprietors. As the chaise rolled steadily through the pleasant Connecticut country, the boy, doubtless, had all he could do to suppress a tendency to unmanly tears in the presence of his august father. Behind him was home, loved already with the half-conscious love of childhood, and perpetuated for us now by a thousand references more or less explicit in *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*. The shoes of all the brothers and sisters amicably toasting by the fireside; family prayers made endurable, though buckwheat cakes were crisping to a delicious brown on the great round griddle, by the comfortable feel of his mother's gown; winter days spent coasting; Sundays passed over *Pilgrim's Progress*—a thousand half-forgotten incidents and elements which made up for the child the idea of home, satisfying, familiar, safe. Such thoughts as these must have danced half-formulated through the boy's mind as he and his father jogged away from his home toward Ellington. There he was to be delivered to the headmaster, Judge Hall, as yet only a misty figure.

Yet, once introduced into Ellington, that "tall stately building with a high cupola on top," once inured to Judge Hall's green spectacles and the strangeness of being away from home, Donald must have found much that was satisfying and stimulating in the seven years of school life that followed. He led the ordinary schoolboy life, making friends, defying bullies, scrambling over the Connecticut countryside, reading outside of school—and sometimes in—such books as *Lazy Lawrence, The Hungarian Brothers, Scottish Chiefs, Children of the Abbey*—in short, laying the foundation for what we term a liberal education. The weekly processional to the village church furnished material for romance; enshrined in *Reveries of a Bachelor,* the Janes and Sophias of this early period blush and flutter still under the eyes of the boys from the academy and thrill at the sight of their own names cut in the ice in skating time. Meanwhile, outside of school, Donald's old universe was changing swiftly, alarmingly. His father died, his mother moved from the old home to New London, the family was scattered. Yet vital as ever in his imagination there persisted his childhood's world in Norwich, the garden and orchard which had been his father's special care and solace, the old

brown garret where he had played his elaborate games. So, half-conscious of time's mutations, he finds himself one fine morning in July, 1837, seated beside the driver on a stage of the "Hartford, Ware, and Keene Dispatch Line." He is a man grown, with twenty dollars in his pocket and his trunk on the roof of the coach. He is off to New Haven to enter Yale College.

It is difficult for those of the present Yale and the modern New Haven to visualize accurately the scene into which Donald Grant Mitchell was now introduced. Coming in by way of Temple Street under vaulted elms, the awed freshmen encountered still the classic proportions of the old State House, and were impressed by their first sight of the far-famed Tontine. From the timber bridge which crossed the canal, the loiterer gazed admiringly at "a gaily equipped barge with 'splendid accommodations for six'—drawn by two horses with ribbons flaunting from their headgear and setting off with the music of a bugle towards the upper wilds of Farmington and Northampton." The college which made this isolated town of thirteen thousand into a kind of backwoods Athens was equally simple and small. The faculty numbered under fifty, the students about five hundred and fifty. Compulsory daily chapel was held at six of the morning, and President Day used to wend his way long before sunrise on wintry mornings to preside over it. A group of men some of whose names still have the ring of authority and prestige to Yale ears—Benjamin Silliman, James L. Kingsley, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, Chauncey A. Goodrich, Denison Olmstead, Anthony D. Stanley, David Daggett—administered a curriculum composed of Latin, Greek, mathematics, philosophy, rhetoric, logic, and history.

With such a course of study prescribed, and under the awful though kindly aspect of such tutors, it is not to be wondered at that Donald Grant Mitchell had to, as he himself said, "buckle to it." His marks for the four years' course were respectable, though not high. The death of his mother and brother from consumption, as well as his own fragile state of health from a similar tendency, were undoubtedly in some measure responsible for the lack of brilliance in his record. Yet, though serious-minded, he was never altogether a student. With all his handicaps, he managed, despite the disapproval of his guardian, General Williams, to pursue his own tastes and avocations. He was a speaker in behalf of his society, the Linonian, and an impressive one, too, if we are to judge from the recollections of his classmate, J. W. Waterman, who almost half a century later recalled the "very graceful young man with a bright eye and brown, wavy hair and pale student face." To him "the consummate flowers" of Ik Marvel's rhetoric had not yet withered. Besides disputation and oratory, Mitchell interested himself in the *Yale Literary Magazine,* and was elected to the 1841 Board of Editors. He was thus already taking the preliminary steps on the road by which

he was to become a well-known and well-loved author. Finally, he was chosen to deliver the valedictory address for his class, and on August 18, 1841, he was graduated in Center Church. The galleries were groaning. The air was "heavy with the incense of pinks, fennel, new prunella shoes, and late summer flowers," and amid the muslins and fans here and there stood out some leonine head as of Governor Ellsworth, Noah Porter the elder, or General Kimberly, like the embodied presence of the Yale he was leaving.

Up to this point, young Mitchell had followed successfully the paths appointed him, treading them perhaps with a little more jauntiness and spirit than the average schoolboy and undergraduate, but still tracing accurately the accepted course of a youth of his time and heritage. It now becomes necessary for him to hit upon a definite and permanent mode of existence. This is his situation. His parents are dead. He has inherited from his mother a little farmhouse with four hundred adjoining acres in the township of Salem. He is failing in health, and depressed in spirits. His chief characteristics are a love for the country, a taste for literature, and a yearning for a home. For the moment these loves are compatible; he goes down to Elmgrove, the home of his favorite cousin, Mary Goddard, and within sight of his own small farm, which is being worked by a tenant farmer; he gives himself up to the mode of life which exactly suits him. Here was again the charmed fireside circle which he had not truly known since his boarding-school days. He commences country gentleman in earnest. What can be so delightful as overseeing one's own farm and making prize drawings of farm buildings, especially when one can at the same time tramp, hunt, and fish? The young man jots down his reflections and observations and sends them to current magazines, and he is never without a book. But so healthy a life of pastoral seclusion is not yet for him. One day he is abruptly informed by his guardian that a secretaryship is awaiting him in the office of the American consul at Liverpool. His three years of retirement are at an end, and on the 16th of October, 1844, he embarks for Liverpool on the steamship *Caledonia*.

It was the age of literary pilgrimages to Europe. Washington Irving had fired the train. Bayard Taylor was one of Mitchell's immediate forerunners; indeed, during the next two years their paths often crossed as the two zigzagged about Europe with inquiring eye, a responsive swelling in the bosom, and an incurable zeal for committing impressions to paper. Donald Mitchell wrote frequently and at length to General Williams and Mary Goddard, requesting the preservation of his letters for future use, and filled in addition five little notebooks. He wrote of the storms he encountered on his passage to Liverpool, of the Cheshire cheeses and Brussels carpets of his hotel, of the cottages of Lancashire, and with increasing insistence, of the fogs and smoke of Liverpool. It soon became evident that the climate did not agree

with him. There was nothing for it but to abandon his post. So with few prospects for the future, and with a growing tendency toward despondency and self-pity, he set off on a period of journeying, or as he himself would have put it, of wandering, through most of Europe. His letters home ring the changes on reverent historic rapture, whimsical observation, and lugubrious self-pity. He descants on the beauty of the Eildon Hills, notes that "there are many Grants in the neighborhood—two of them in the Peerage," begins an entry for July 19 with the words "Despondency, homesick, [*sic*] and loneliness." He walked over the Juras to Geneva, peered down Mount Vesuvius, and "Mary," he writes from Paris, "when I look back ten years it is *always* with a sigh and a rising tear, and if I ever smile in looking forward the same time, it is a poor sickly forced smile." One suspects that the funereal aspect of some of his utterances may be accounted for by the tendency of most young authors to rate the sable suit of woe higher than the motley as the garb of literature. And yet there was a real problem facing Mitchell which he had so far evaded and which doubtless sincerely distressed him—the problem of what he was to do with his life, of how he was to reconcile his loves for the country, home, and literature.

On his return to the United States in 1846, he could not much longer postpone a decision. Postpone it Mitchell did, however, by various shifts for some time yet. A visit to Mary Goddard; a trip to Washington and the South, during which, as contributor of letters and sketches to various newspapers, he first employed the signature Ik Marvel; the publication in 1847 of his first book *Fresh Gleanings*—all these preceded his first definite attempt to find a profession. Curiously enough, despite the pleasant degree of success attained by *Fresh Gleanings* and the Ik Marvel letters, he never seems to have definitely considered literature as a profession. He decided late in 1847 to study law, and embarked at once upon a long winter of discontent, Mary Goddard as usual serving as a safety valve for his repinings. Almost immediately, he realized and half admitted that he had made a mistake in his choice of study; the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848-1849 provided him with a fortunate though temporary avenue of escape. "I threw Puffendorf," he himself writes, "big as he was, into the corner, and said—I will go and see!"

To the student of Mitchell's life and character this winter in Paris is the least admirable of his life. Hardly aboard the *Prince Albert*, he began to long to be back in America, and, as usual, voiced the longing at length in his letters to Mary Goddard. Combined with this unhealthy discontent, Mitchell displayed a childish curiosity about the degree of interest which he supposed his sudden departure to have aroused, and a surprising amount of resentment when he failed to receive letters from Mary Goddard. Reproaches, chidings, appeals for pity on the score of ill-health, loneliness, sorrow,—all

these tumble over one another in the letters of 1848-1849, revealing Mitchell in an unfavorable light. Yet one detects under the emotional welter of these screeds, a man badly frightened—not, of course, at the scenes around him, but at something in his own spiritual situation. He was a man who had not yet found himself, his true center, and did not know how to find it. He was twenty-six. His capital was diminished. The Salem farm ought properly speaking to be sold. He hated the law. Once this God-given revolution was over, what was he to do? His book, *The Battle Summer,* the fruits of this second expedition to Paris, was a failure, and so at this time, as Mitchell may have reflected bitterly, was its author.

But the tide of Mitchell's fortunes was not to remain at such a low ebb. More than ever dissatisfied with his occupation and environment after his return from Europe, an outcast indeed, as he so often explained to Mary Goddard, he sought refuge from depression and ennui by publishing anonymously a little weekly paper called *The Lorgnette.* In this he scrutinized after the fashion of the *Spectator* and *Salmagundi* the foibles and follies of New York society. The venture met with considerable success, the profits from it amounting to about a thousand dollars. The paper served incidentally a more important end: in an effort to divert suspicion from its author, Mitchell brought together some new and some old material of a sort entirely different from that of *The Lorgnette,* and published in 1850 the *Reveries of a Bachelor.* The book succeeded far beyond the expectations of author or publisher. The next year the delighted author brought out *Dream Life,* written in the same vein, and almost equally popular.

Donald Grant Mitchell was now undeniably a literary lion. He received numberless flattering letters. All literary and social circles were open to him. He was making money. He had been appointed the first of a distinguished line to preside in the "Editor's Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine.* Yet he remained unsettled and dissatisfied still, now planning another trip to Europe, and now setting off for Saratoga Springs on the trail of the admired Washington Irving. While there he acquired the name of the *Comet's Tail,* a tribute not only to his meteoric success but also to his habit of wearing a peculiarly large red silk scarf knotted in poetic fashion about his collar. It is easy to picture him wandering in his accustomed manner morning after morning along the walk to the spring—a slender, pale youth, true to his period, with melancholy eyes and wind-tossed masses of hair. Unknown to him, his aimless saunterings were bringing him nearer to an experience which was to resolve the uncertainties and incompatibilities of his nature once for all.

Miss Mary Pringle, a young southerner of "radiant beauty," was also summering at the Springs. When asked if she did not wish to meet the famous bachelor and dreamer, Ik Marvel, she answered with somewhat con-

scious dignity, "No, I don't want to meet him. If he wants to meet me, very well." Charmed by the maiden coyness evinced in this reply, which was, of course, retailed to him, Mitchell at once begged an introduction. A year later, after a courtship involving much travel and a written proposal, they were married and off to Europe. After two somewhat desultory years of literary and diplomatic endeavor, Mitchell returned with his wife and small daughter, purchased the farm of Edgewood on the outskirts of New Haven, and entered upon the uneventful and truly significant portion of his life.

The story of this last half century can be told almost in a word. The dreamer and bachelor found himself transformed into the head of a large family and the proprietor of a large farm. He devoted himself to the practical and experimental management of Edgewood, becoming an authority on landscape gardening and rural aesthetics in general. His literary work he carried on, too, publishing from time to time volumes of stories and essays, though without ever again attaining the success he achieved with his firstlings. He lectured, he carpentered, he painted. Through many years he shouldered manfully a burden of debt and personal sorrow which would have staggered most men. And he died on the 15th of September, 1908, in the library which it had been his special interest and pride to create.

Briefly as we may sum up the quiet years at Edgewood, it is impossible to overestimate their importance for a true evaluation of Mitchell's character and work. Visit his beloved home itself, trace out through the suburban streets of New Haven the landmarks he has recorded so carefully in *Wet Days at Edgewood* and *My Farm of Edgewood,* pass through the overhanging door of the quaint old house itself into the library with its garlanded windows and books climbing to the ceiling, and one becomes aware immediately that the moving spirit behind the place was not the overtender and romantic spirit of the dreamy bachelor. Here was something more robust, more manly, more original than went to the making of those graceful derivative little sketches. It took a mind and a purpose to fashion Edgewood into the practical farm it became, to bring up on a slender income a large family, and to remain through years of commonplace drudgery still the man of letters and the artist. Donald Grant Mitchell is, of course, best known as the author of *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Days.* It is unlikely now that his fame will increase, or that he will be famous for any other reason. Yet it is ironic enough that the patriarch of Edgewood, full of years, full of woodland and classical lore, should masquerade before us as the pale and poetic youth, with the tossing locks and the meteoric scarf, with the ever ready Victorian tear trembling on his eyelid, offering to us still with wasted consumptive hand his two books "of the heart."

ROBERT WILCOX SEITZ

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

CLASS OF 1810

Inventor of the Electric Telegraph

1791-1872

IF he is correctly quoted by his son, the elder Silliman used to maintain that the furniture of the laboratory absorbed more chemistry than did the students. That, we may suppose, was in periods of discouragement, not unknown to teachers of later generations. How natural such conclusions are and how fallible, may be seen from the career of one of his pupils, Samuel F. B. Morse of the Class of 1810. There seems to have been nothing at all remarkable about him as an undergraduate except for the fact that he made money occasionally by painting miniatures on ivory for $5, or simple profiles for $1 (one wonders what has become of them all). For the rest he was a likable youngster, no great student, sometimes a cause of anxiety to his father, a clergyman of Charlestown, Massachusetts, on account of his unsteadiness. The records of his undergraduate days are scanty, and of no particular interest, though there is an amusing account of a term's expenses of $15.00 ½, with the notable items "Cakes, etc. etc. etc. $1.75—Poor man .14—Lent never to be returned .25." He was one of the apparently unimpressed students of chemistry, yet he speaks with appreciation of Professor Silliman's lectures and also of those of Professor Day on electricity. The sequel makes these early references of interest, but nothing in his college career would have given his teachers cause for considering him different from his fellows.

When he was graduated it was not to science that he turned, but to art. After a brief attempt to establish him as a clerk in a bookstore, his parents consented to his embarking on painting as a profession, and arrangements were made to send him to London with Washington Allston and his wife. In London, he gained the favorable notice of his distinguished compatriot, Benjamin West, who was then President of the Royal Academy. His own extravagant admiration for West harmonized with the general opinion, but the adoption of such an ideal may well be taken as indication of his limitations as an artist. At the same time, he was by no means contemptible, for, if he had not genius, he certainly had talent, and intelligence and industry joined to his natural skill made him a most acceptable painter of portraits. Allston proved a valuable friend, giving him the benefit of really useful criticism, which sometimes wounded his vanity, but whose justice he was glad to acknowledge. They were momentous years through which he lived in London. He saw the beginning and the end of the War of 1812 and managed to

preserve a steady patriotism without getting into trouble with his British associates. He watched the dire effects of the Napoleonic wars and saw the clouds suddenly dispersed by the victory at Waterloo.

In the fall of 1815 he returned to America and to the somewhat chilling indifference to art against which he must make his way if his success at home was to be commensurate with his promise abroad. He got sitters, and some distinguished ones, President Monroe and Lafayette among them. He was one of the founders and the first president of the National Academy of Design, and achieved considerable success as a lecturer on art. A second trip to Europe from 1829 to 1832 took him to France and Italy, where his staunch puritanism was offended by the catholicism of Rome, though his artistic experience was immensely enriched by study of the old masters.

When he returned, he was clearly one of the foremost painters in the country, and it was natural for him to suppose that he would be one of the artists selected to fill the four large panels in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. But an unfortunate incident prevented this. John Quincy Adams submitted a resolution in Congress which would allow foreign as well as American painters to be chosen, expressing his doubt as to the competence of American painters for work on so large a scale. The suggestion gave offense, and Fenimore Cooper, a firm friend of Morse's, wrote a warm anonymous reply in the New York *Evening Post* defending the ability of native talent. Unhappily the article was generally supposed to come from Morse himself, and this caused so much feeling that he was rejected by the committee.

Such incidents occur in the lives of most painters, but the extraordinary thing about this was its effect on Morse: he never painted again. A group of his associates, in token of their sympathy and respect, commissioned him to make a large picture which it was planned to leave in his possession, and some preliminary sketches were made, but the plan was finally abandoned and Morse, with scrupulous justice, repaid the advances made to him with interest. Even giving due weight to his subsequent concentration on his invention, it seems astonishing that he should abandon, so suddenly and so completely, the profession to which he had devoted himself until his forty-third year. The explanation is probably that he was conscious that his performances could never satisfy his artistic ideals. There is perhaps some real conviction as well as a deal of depression in his words to Cooper, some years later, "I have no wish to be remembered as a painter, for I never was a painter."

He was destined to be remembered in another way. His early interest in electricity had been dormant, but not extinguished, and had been revived by a course of lectures on that subject delivered at the New York Athenaeum by Professor J. F. Dana of Columbia. According to the evidence, it was in 1832

that he first conceived the idea of transmitting intelligence by electricity. His earliest discussion of such a possibility, oddly enough, was forgotten by him and rests on the authority of Cooper, but it is agreed that the subject of electro-magnetism came up as a topic of table conversation on board the S. S. *Sully,* which brought him back to America in October of that year. A certain Dr. Jackson was describing recent scientific experiments when Morse was struck by the thought of employing electricity for purposes of instantaneous communication. He became so engrossed in the idea that he occupied most of the rest of the voyage in considering the practical details, making sketches of the instrument, and devising means of using dots and dashes to represent language. The sudden check to his artistic ambition left him free to devote himself almost entirely to his invention; a professorship in art in New York University gave him enough to live on. By 1837 he had applied for a patent, and in 1838 a successful exhibition was given to a group of scientists.

But the technical difficulties were not all solved, and there were many other difficulties of various kinds. In the first place, he needed more funds than his friends could provide him. He petitioned Congress for a grant, but it was not until 1842 that $30,000 were put at his disposal and he could begin the practical testing of his machine by constructing a line from Baltimore to Washington. In the meantime, he had to face the competition of other *bona fide* inventors, Wheatstone in England and Steinheil in Germany, who were working on different applications of the electro-magnetic principle. Furthermore, the success of his experiments had produced a host of claimants for his honors. Dr. Jackson led off, with the assertion that he had originated all Morse's ideas; and sundry other persons, scenting glory and profit, disputed one point or another of the invention. It took long and tedious controversies, culminating in a suit before the Supreme Court, before Morse was conclusively recognized as the inventor of the electric telegraph, entitled to all the benefits of priority.

In the early days of his experiments, he was assisted chiefly by three men: his colleague, Professor Gale, Joseph Henry of Princeton, and Alfred Vail, son of the proprietor of iron works at Morristown. Even with these men, his course was not perfectly smooth. With Gale, to be sure, there was no break, but the relations between Henry and Morse were disastrously affected by the question of the proportion of credit due to each. Henry's researches in electro-magnetism were essential to the success of the telegraph, and Morse, doubtless, intended to render credit where he had received aid. But one regarded scientific truth as paramount, the other, scientific utility. Both were sensitive and quick to take offense, and the result was an estrangement. Still more to be regretted is the history of his relations with Vail. Minor causes of friction appeared from time to time, responsibility for which seems

to have been pretty well divided, but, in spite of the inventor's repeated and evidently sincere assurance that he intends to be not merely just but generous, in spite of Vail's mistakes and morbid fits, and the unjustifiable claims made on his behalf by others, one cannot but be disagreeably impressed by the bare fact that Vail was the first man to assist Morse financially in the days before his success, and that he died in penury when Morse was a famous man and a wealthy one. In fact, his own letters and journals show clearly enough that Morse was by no means easy to work for or with. Being himself dominated by his great idea, he expected that all his associates should be equally devoted. The vigorous language in which he defended himself against unjust attacks was sometimes extended also to those whose errors he was minded to consider "unfaithfulness." He thought of himself as an instrument of Divine Providence and never lost his grateful consciousness of the goodness of God to him, but, with his fellow men, he was wont to take a higher tone, and his real greatness would be more attractive had it been clothed with more of real modesty.

The triumph of the inventor was long delayed but complete. Recognized as the originator and perfecter of a device which must profoundly influence the life of mankind, he received conspicuous honors from all over the world. European patents had been denied him or had profited him little, but Napoleon III called upon representatives of the nations of Europe to offer him a testimonial, with the result that he was voted four hundred thousand francs. Social, scientific, academic distinctions came to him. So many inventors have died without reaping the fruits of their labors that it is pleasant to remember that Morse was recognized and rewarded for the years of hard and discouraging work when he brought in the new age by his own faith and patience. He died in 1872, at the age of eighty-one, and so high was his standing in America that Congress passed a special resolution commemorating his versatility, his probity, and his immense effect on practical science.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

SAMUEL SEABURY

CLASS OF 1748

First Bishop of the American Episcopal Church

1729-1796

WHEN the War of American Independence ended, the Episcopal Church on this side of the water found itself in the anomalous condition of a body which has lost its head, yet still survives. An institution

called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had, together with the Bishop of London, administered the Church in the Colonies, but had imparted to it no organization beyond that of the parish and no office higher than that of priest. At the peace nothing remained of the Episcopal edifice but a thin scattering of parishes largely vacant of incumbents. Clearly the body must find itself a new head, or soon perish.

The Church was nowhere more firmly established than in Connecticut, and the clergy of that state were the first to face the new situation. Ten of their fourteen remaining priests gathered in March, 1783, in the Glebe House at Woodbury, and named two men either of whom they would be glad to receive as their bishop if he could obtain consecration in England. One was Jeremiah Leaming, the senior rector of the state, whose age and state of health made such an undertaking impossible for him; his election was in the nature of a mark of respect. The other was at that time a Loyalist refugee in New York City, chaplain to a King's regiment, who had never held preferment in Connecticut and whose last visit to that state had been at the points of soldiers' bayonets and amid the cheers of an interested mob. This was Samuel Seabury.

He was a Connecticut man by origin, having been born at Groton. His father was a Congregational minister who shortly after his son's birth adopted the Episcopal faith and went to England for ordination. He returned to become rector of St. James's, New London, and here Samuel's boyhood was passed. He received his early education from his father, after which he went to Yale, graduating before he was nineteen.

Nothing whatever is known of his college career. This obscurity is the more regrettable, and the less comprehensible, from the two anecdotes that survive of his early years. As a boy he had been sent to chase some wandering cows out of his father's garden, and threw a stone at one of them with such zeal as nearly to cause her death. Later, while a student at Edinburgh, he stopped a runaway horse so skilfully that its rider was not even dismounted. What is even more remarkable is the fact that the rescuer's affections also remained firmly seated, for the rider was a young and no doubt grateful woman.

Seabury was ordained in Fulham Palace in 1753. For the next twenty-three years he officiated as the Society's missionary in New Brunswick, New Jersey, Jamaica, Long Island, and Westchester, New York. The monotony of parish work was alleviated by marriage, a financial dispute with his father-in-law, the begetting of seven children, and two or three brisk controversies. But what made him famous was a series of pamphlets issued in 1774-75 under the pseudonym of A. W. Farmer (a Westchester farmer), in which he vigorously attacked the Continental Congress. "If I must be

enslaved," he wrote, "let it be by a King at least, and not by a parcel of lawless, upstart committee-men. If I must be devoured, let me be devoured by the jaws of a lion, and not *gnawed* to death by rats and vermin."

He found an opponent worthy of his steel, who answered him under the name of "A Friend to America." This was Alexander Hamilton, a youth of seventeen just entered in King's College. His two replies to Seabury were subsequently recognized as a marvel of maturity, for one of that age, in political understanding and logic. His second pamphlet, *The Farmer Refuted,* appears in some measure to have realized the pretension of its title; at any rate we hear no more from the Farmer. But a more formidable answer was to come. In November, 1775, a company of armed men came down from Connecticut, seized Seabury while teaching school, took him to his home where they searched his possessions and molested his family, and finally bore him off to New Haven. His arrival there was celebrated by "firing two cannon and huzzaing" and a triumphal progress through the streets. He was then committed under guard to a private house and kept there for six weeks. The cow that had suffered in his father's yard was avenged.

He was released, and returned to his parish, but it soon became impossible for him to hold his cure and also pray for the King. He withdrew to New York, and for the duration of the war lived there, subsisting on his pay as chaplain of the King's American Regiment and what he could make by the practice of medicine, in which he had had both training and experience.

The situation forced on him in 1783 by the action at Woodbury was a strange one, and its anomalies increased as its horizon expanded. The Whig Episcopalians of Connecticut chose a Tory New York clergyman, who for seven years had been supporting himself as a physician, to obtain an apostolic office from a country whose temporal yoke the petitioners had just succeeded in casting off. The English archbishops found themselves in the curious position of being willing to grant the request but unable to do so without requiring the oath of allegiance to the King. The King would probably have been ready to dispense with the oath, but was not adjudged competent to do so without act of Parliament, and the ministry which was the final source of authority was that classic anomaly of English history, the Fox-North coalition—the union of the chief friend and the chief enemy of American independence. In view of these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that nothing was accomplished.

After sixteen months of fruitless effort, Seabury gave up the task and, in accordance with his original instructions, turned to the non-juring bishops of Scotland. The clergy of that country had remained loyal to the Stuarts, refusing allegiance to the House of Hanover. They were in consequence subjected to strict regulation and governmental disfavor, but their apostolic suc-

cession was undoubtedly as valid as the English, having in fact proceeded from it. Seabury found the Scottish bishops entirely sympathetic and was consecrated by three of them in Aberdeen in 1784.

He returned to this country the first American bishop of the first American diocese, a man of fifty-six, seasoned but not seared, rich in vigor but also in wisdom. His trials had schooled him well; neither in the exasperating months in England nor in the dubious and difficult years that followed did he make any considerable mistake.

The American church was still in a state of chaos. The only attempt at unity or organization was embodied in a series of conventions held by delegates from seven middle and southern states. Their attitude was somewhat alarming; they made rash and unnecessary changes in the Prayer Book and at first even offered to set up bishops by their own act. Seabury refused to countenance these proceedings, and some of the southerners retaliated by casting doubts on the validity of his consecration. He steadily held his ground and confined himself to his diocesan duties, but his influence dominated all the New England clergy and it became clear that without his participation there could be no unity.

In 1787 two clergymen, William White of Pennsylvania and Samuel Provost of New York, had been consecrated by English bishops, an act of Parliament having at length been passed permitting them to do so. Provost was a leader of anti-Seabury sentiment, but it was White who presently by his saintly character and diplomatic gifts effected a union. The General Convention of 1789 declared Seabury's consecration valid and invited him, with other delegates from his state, to join it in adjourned session. Seabury went to Philadelphia, and in the year that brought revolution to France, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America attained corporate being. An illness (whose providential nature for the church has never been adequately recognized) detained Provost in New York, and with White neither Seabury nor anyone else had any difficulty in coming to an understanding. Together they composed the first session of the House of Bishops, Seabury being designated the President.

He left an indelible mark on the Book of Common Prayer. His Scotch affiliation was responsible for the most important difference between the American and Anglican liturgies, which occurs in the Communion service. The version sponsored by Seabury brought the rite closer to the primitive Christian one. In the convention of 1792, held in New York, Seabury joined with the three other bishops in consecrating Thomas Claggett bishop of Maryland. All subsequent consecrations are traceable back to Claggett, so the strain of Seabury's apostolic ancestry still permeates the American church. Reconciliation between the Scottish and English churches themselves

occurred at about the same time, and facilitated the American union. Charles Edward, the last Stuart pretender, died in 1788; the Scotch bishops had no further cause to withhold their allegiance to the House of Hanover, and were received on terms of parity by the English.

In his own diocese Seabury was tireless and effective up to the day of his death. Throughout his career as bishop he also officiated as rector of St. James's, New London, and in 1790 he was chosen Bishop of Rhode Island by the clergy of that state. Though he was always a busy man and never a rich one, he freely gave medical assistance to the poor, and he was buried to "a tune of orphans' tears."

His literary style, though in general affected by the formality of his century, at times rose to a kind of simple, forceful beauty that exactly expressed the character of the man. "For God's sake, my dear sir," he wrote to Bishop White, "let us remember that it is the particular business of the Bishops of Christ's Church to preserve it pure and undefiled, in faith and practice, according to the model left by apostolic practice. And may God give you grace and courage to act accordingly!"

For a time he was in effect what no other man ever was, either in name or substance, Primate of America; and after there were other bishops he was always the senior. The thought of this was probably not displeasing to him. When he signed himself, on various occasions, Samuel Connect., S. Bp. Connect., Samuel Bp. Ep. Chch. Connect., or S. Bp. Connect & Rho. Isl., he was following the English precedent of omitting his family name. The bishops who did otherwise were the innovators. But when he styled himself, "Samuel, by Divine Permission Bishop of Connecticut," or "We, the Bishop aforesaid," and when he donned his miter, an emblem of office entirely out of use in England at the period, it is to be presumed that he was enjoying himself. But it was a pardonable pleasure, born more of a single-minded faith in his creed and office than of vanity. The miter still exists, in the possession of Trinity College, Hartford.

Of the crisis in Seabury's life at which he transferred his allegiance from the mother country to America no account remains; but it is clear that his loyalty, once given, was wholly given. One of the early acts of his episcopate was the introduction into the Connecticut liturgy of a prayer for the Congress and the higher officers of the state. He was not without a sense of humor. During the 1789 convention he acceded, after some discussion, to Bishop White's desire to change the liturgical words "health and wealth" to "health and prosperity." He remarked at dinner to Mrs. White: "Hereafter I suppose I must address your husband as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Common-prosperity of Pennsylvania."

His remains lie buried in St. James's Church, in New London; his memory

lives not only in his church but in many temporal monuments scattered over various countries. Of written memorials two may be mentioned. One of them is inscribed on a window to his memory in the American Episcopal Church in Rome. It runs: *Fidem servavit.* The other is a casual notation scrawled by its recipient on the outside of a letter he wrote to a Scotch friend: "Good Bishop Seabury."

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

CLASS OF 1861

Poet

1841-1887

"LET a man write about himself," said Sill: "It's the only fellow he knows anything about." A somewhat discouraging statement for the biographer who is not Sill and never knew him. But the poet in one of his essays raises a still more embarrassing question: "The continuity of our lives is not so great as we are apt to suppose. . . . In the early summer morning I see what appears to be a long silver line bending and glancing in the air between the fir and the apple tree. But when I look closely, it proves to be a succession of infinitesimal globules of gray dew, strung on an invisible spider line. Is our personality such a succession of separately sphered moments or hours? And what is the continuous line on which they are threaded?"

To trace in outline the external events of Sill's life is easy. He was born in 1841 at Windsor, Connecticut, a few miles north of Hartford. From 1841 to 1857 he was, like most young men, making himself prepared, or unprepared, for college and the world. From 1857 to 1861 he was a student at Yale, graduating under the gathering shadow of the Civil War. Then he voyaged around Cape Horn, and the period 1862-66 covers his first sojourn in California. Here he tried various occupations, working at all of them in a mediocre capacity and in the spirit of the traditional "rolling stone." Then he returned to the East. Between 1867 and 1871 he was found at different times in New England, New York City, and Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, the home of his uncle. He studied divinity at Harvard and found it inconsistent with sincerity; he tried journalism in New York and found it inconsistent with self-support; he taught school in Cuyahoga Falls, and married his uncle's daughter. Moreover, he printed at that time a book of rather mediocre verse, this being the only time in his life that he published in volume form. Then California called him back, and he lived there from 1871 to

1883. For the first three years he taught in the high school at Oakland. From 1875 to 1882 he was Professor of English in the University of California. He was an enthusiastic and successful teacher; but, like most poets, though he enjoyed his classes he could not stand faculty politics and resigned his chair for a belated vacation with the Muses. The four last years of his life, 1883-87, were spent in the East, mainly at Cuyahoga Falls, where he died at the early age of forty-five. His best verse was written partly during his professorship and partly following his retirement. Though not collected in book form until after his death, much of it appeared in the leading magazines during his later years.

Such are the facts and dates of the poet's external career. If the ghost of Sill should deny them, he could be proved wrong. Very different, however, is the task when we try to reconstruct the man's personality and thoughts, when we try to resurrect that life which he himself declared to be no continuous whole, but a series of almost separate experiences.

He was born into a cultured New England family, into the atmosphere of dignified family traditions reaching back to colonial days, and into that state of neither poverty nor riches commended by Solomon. The first eleven years of his life were passed in northern Connecticut. The mood roused in his boy mind by its staidly beautiful landscape is probably reflected in his letter many years later: "I am just back from a summering in the ancient and somnolent pastures of New England; some weeks at my old home, Windsor, in the Connecticut River valley—you remember how green and peaceful that region is, cornfields and hayfields, and elm-shaded streets and maple-shaded houses (with green blinds, mostly shut tight), and patches of their pretty woods—the trees only shrubs to a California eye, but ever so fresh and graceful, and lustrous with rain or dew." Between his eleventh and fourteenth years he lost both parents, and became a bird of passage, residing with aunts and uncles, now in Ohio, now in Pennsylvania. But the tragedies of his home seem to have been lightened by the kindness of relatives and the elastic spirits of boyhood. Compared with other orphaned poets, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats, his early years were normal and cheerful.

After one year at Phillips Exeter Academy he entered Yale. The college to which he came differed widely from the great university of today. Most of the faculty had shown no ability in writing or creative thought, and taught by a deadening rule of thumb. To the high-souled, though somewhat narrow, traditionalism always characteristic of Yale there was added then another traditionalism, not high-souled and far more narrow. This was the spirit of dying Puritanism, which dominated the faculty and trustees. In its academic fortress it was fighting desperately for its place in the sun,—or we might better say, remembering the nature of its theology, fighting for its

place in the shadow. Under these circumstances we need not be as shocked as we otherwise might have been at Sill's attitude. When over forty, he wrote to his friend Holt: "Probably you do not share my contempt for Yale College as an apparatus of liberal education. I have but a very feeble interest in it, or hope of its ever being anything but a sort of old woman's college—a nunnery of the church." The only thing of value in that old curriculum was its rigid discipline; and this Sill rebelled against as all poets do, not because it is hard or dull but because for the fiercely self-disciplining mind of the artist it is unnecessary and worse, because it conflicts with a more Spartan and judicious discipline that he is trying to give himself.

Yet Sill had both love and admiration for his *alma mater*. Even the faculty of that day he looked on with respect, as noble souls who had bored him unintentionally. For that intangible but all-pervading something which is still considered the soul of Yale his poems are full of enthusiasm:

> but she—
> Mewing her mighty youth she stands,
> And wears her laurels royally.
>
> Friendships truer than all woman's brittle passion.

Nor did he emerge without intellectual development. The very aridity of the curriculum drove him to inspiring books as a hot sun drives one to the shade, thereby justifying, perhaps, those old-time educators after all. He read Tennyson and Carlyle until the style of one and the vigor of the other passed into his blood. So this high-souled, high-strung boy drifted through his four years at New Haven, got up on wintry mornings at 5.30 for chapel, was rusticated for the unpoetical sin of refusing to scan a dead language, made the editorial board of the *Lit.*, became a member of Skull and Bones, and left the academic shades at last with a heart full of criticism and affection.

His voyage to California, though short and unimportant in relation to his later life, seems to have meant much to him as an emotional experience. It was the landsman's first introduction to the inspiring world of Byron and Masefield. If one reads Masefield's *Biography* and notes what he includes and eliminates in recording a poet's life, it is startling to see how closely his records of his own great moments parallel Sill's journal of this sail. Sill found "a fearfulness—sometimes an awfulness—about the sea—in the night, with the darkness, and the roar of the wind . . . and the ghostly sails towering up, the mast-tips sweeping great arcs across the flying rags of cloud," yet it aroused no fear in him but "a supernatural sort of awe—half cowing, and half rousing the tragic element in a man to a superhuman defiance." In the sky "were all the brightest of Southern splendors, the Cross and Centaur

sinking in the southwest, and Jupiter, hanging large and white upon the dark west." "Off in the southwest rise Andes peaks, their tops roseate over the dark bars of stratus."

The five years of his first stay in California must have seemed to him rather barren and insignificant. He made various ineffectual attempts at starting in some occupation, an attempt at love, also ineffectual, and efforts to solve the problem of religious doubt, most ineffectual of all. Though sensitive to the landscape beauty of his new environment, he felt himself there "a pilgrim and a stranger." He wrote some poetry; but even this, though it shone with a borrowed luster from Tennyson's style, was immature and mediocre. If his genius had developed and his life been enriched, it was in ways not obvious either to him or us.

From 1867 to 1871, Sill was back in the East. This was a period when both sorrows and pleasures were more intense than before. The deepest of his griefs was the death of his dearest friend Shearer. That event broke a tie endeared to him by all the best memories of college, of senior society life, and of constantly increasing affection afterward; and it saddened him for years. Then there were other minor but irritating disappointments. His abandonment of the study of divinity at Harvard, and his failure in journalism not only raised doubts about his commercial success but also roused skepticism about life and humanity. He had chosen Harvard for religious study because he supposed its attitude to be liberal, but soon found "it was the same old whine in new bottles." As an editor he laments "the stuff which a person on a daily paper is obliged to see. . . . From *Godey's Lady's Book* (which Blore calls 'The Great Female Mind Enfeebler'), up to the last new treatise on the 'Inscrutable Periodicity of Perihelions.'" His one volume of verse was savagely reviewed, especially by the awe-inspiring critic of *The Nation;* and the poems which he addressed to leading magazines came back with that militant regularity which threatens poetic neophytes with madness. His words in 1870 express the conviction, not only that he had failed, but that in failing he had disappointed his dearest friends. Like many other people he seems to have found the neighborhoods of New York and Boston lonely as the desert. Yet these gloomy hours were lightened by happy ones at the home of "my best uncle and my guardian" in Ohio and by his marriage to that uncle's daughter Elizabeth, "a love match," as he described it, "which has been about ten years getting up." When he returned to the West in 1871, he came as a mature and settled spirit.

His second residence in California was the most significant period of his life. It embraced those all important years from thirty to forty-two in which the genius of most poets is made or ruined. It was during this period that his work evolved from sonorous mediocrity to the deep-sighted and thrilling

sympathy of *The Fool's Prayer*. Yet it would be a great mistake to think of that time as a prolonged aesthetic holiday. Instead of neglecting teaching for rhymes, Sill took his educational profession with the serious intensity of the New Englander. He declared himself "only a school teacher who occasionally wrote verses"; and his assistant, afterward Professor Royce, says, "His work at Berkeley was wearing him out." When he writes to Matthew Arnold in England, he is the American educator, asking help from the English educator's experience, not one lyric singer calling to another. Like Milton, he set his duty to the State before his own versifying; and like Milton, though on a much lower plane, he leaves us wondering whether the moral dignity thus infused into his verse offsets the corresponding losses. In some ways, beyond question, his Californian residence helped him as a poet. It relieved him from the demoralizing insistence of financial worries. The professorial salary, as he himself tells us, was $3,000 a year. At a time when the results of the Civil War still made living expensive, this was not affluence, but it was comfort and freedom from anxiety. The beauty of the Californian landscape, with its mountains, great trees, and views over the Pacific, has called out fine passages in both his prose and verse: "I remember one night when we were camped by the McCloud river deep in the heart of the redwood forest in northern California. There was no moon. Far above us the great plumy tops of the redwoods, own kin to the giant trees of the Sierras, rose like cathedral roof and towers, and hid the starlight. . . . A stone's throw to the right, the voices of the clear, deep, river were talking and laughing all night long. . . . If I had lain there alone, perhaps I might have understood some fragment of this inarticulate music, or speech. But perhaps, too, I might have paid for it by never hearing mortal accents more; so weirdly this tumult of elfin syllables wrought upon me."

He was a successful teacher, usually liked by his classes, and a shy, yet impressive personality. "When I think of Mr. Sill," writes an ex-student, "when he was not depressed or absent-minded, I think of a gentle, pervasive brightness, a quick, humorous appreciation of everything, a light quaintness and original and whimsical turn of speech and behavior, which kept one amused when with him, and kept the atmosphere of his house alluring."

But universities have often proved uncongenial places for poets, and before long the academic clouds gathered around Sill. President Gilman, his friend and admirer, went to another university, thereby depriving him of a sympathetic companion and powerful protector. Despite his success in the classroom, criticism developed against him among his fellow professors. We know that they criticized his religious "heterodoxy," we suspect that they found him "not the academic type." There is no evidence that his resignation was forced or that there was bitter personal feeling on either side; but

the sense of relief seems to have been mutual when he resigned his chair. Certainly the episode was in no way discreditable to Sill. For one who understands all the conflicting interests involved, it was probably less discreditable to the university than young literary enthusiasts might think.

During the short remainder of his life, he was a literary free lance, living most of the time at Cuyahoga Falls, where he had passed some of the best years of his early manhood and won the heart of his cousin-wife. Up to this time, though he had written some of his finest verse, and published occasionally in periodicals, he can hardly be said to have had any reputation as a poet. Now by his appearance in various magazines, and especially *The Atlantic Monthly,* he won the admiration of a wide inner circle, though his position in the eyes of the general public was hardly assured until after his death. At times during these last years he was unquestionably a little lonely, feeling that there was no man of similar tastes within five hundred miles; and his correspondence with friends at Berkeley, at Yale, and in editorial sanctums, however sincerely felt, was that long-distance friendship which grows chilled in transit. Also his faith in his own verses rose and fell with tantalizing alternation; and he lamented, as so many other poets have done, that he, who could judge so justly the stanzas of others, was groping hopelessly in the dark as to the merits of his own. Yet in the main he seems to have enjoyed his aesthetic leisure and freedom from academic strain. The educator in his nature was dead, and only the author remained. When his friends talked of urging his candidacy for a professorship at Yale, much as he loved his *alma mater,* he wrote: "A man for that place should be picked out by his enemies, not his friends. There is a great opportunity there."

"If only men didn't die just as they are getting ripe and great!" wrote Sill shortly after leaving California. He little thought with what tragic appropriateness this sentence was to apply to himself. At the height of his powers and on the threshold of his reputation, he died suddenly as the result of a minor operation which had not been supposed to be dangerous. Soon after his death his various works appeared in book form, and by the time his grave was green the world had learned of his existence.

Sill was always somewhat frail in physique, and was barred by nature from many experiences celebrated today by "the red-blooded school of literature." His mind turned inward rather than outward, and had little kinship with the accurate, undiscriminating observation of the modern realist. He had no great versatility and only limited knowledge of human nature. But he expressed noble thoughts and sincere emotions in artistic language. He remained true through life to the advice that he early gave a friend: "Don't say anything you are not *sure* is true." Modest and earnest, he wished to do the right, not for reward, but for its own sake,

and do it
As though we were alone upon the earth,
And the gods blind.

With the spirit of the sincere scholar he desired to face the truth,

From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free.

Compared with the supreme masters, he himself would have declared that he was a minor poet, but he was a very genuine and noble one.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN

CLASS OF 1796

Pioneer in Scientific Education

1779-1864

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN'S father was a successful lawyer and man of affairs, who was graduated at Yale in the Class of 1752. He had made himself such a force in colonial Connecticut that, at the time of the Revolution, he was charged with the defense of the colony's southwestern frontier, with the rank of Brigadier General. On a Sabbath morning in May, 1779, the Silliman house in North Stratford was violently assaulted by a band of Tories, sent out from New York by Sir Henry Clinton, and General Silliman was carried away a prisoner. Some two months later, Benjamin was born,—into a land in violent tumult and a household which had tasted the bitterness of the separations of war.

By the time the precocious Benjamin was ready for college, at the age of thirteen, the violence and the tumult had subsided, and the land was at peace; but the after-effects of war were still evident at Yale, where a wild generation of undergraduates were living a pretty stormy life during the waning years of the administration of Ezra Stiles. The tutors had a sad time of it, in Connecticut Hall and Old South—then the only dormitories of the college—trying to hold the manners of these youngsters to the old puritan level. "I think he ought to have commanded his temper," observes the youthful Benjamin to his diary, recording a skirmish between certain of his classmates and an obnoxious officer of the college, who had sought to curtail their pleasures; and then he adds, with an ability to see the other side of things, rare enough in boys in their early teens: "although it must be acknowledged that a man ought to have the patience of Job to officiate as a tutor in the college."

This undergraduate diary is a most artless and refreshing document, giving us glimpses of a lively youngster, ready enough to take his part in any deviltry that might be going, yet never losing the integrity of his own healthy nature. "We dressed Robbins in the *beau mode,*" he records on one occasion; "but making a little too much noise, Mr. Linsly came up to still us. Nevertheless, we finished the transformation of Robbins, and he strutted around college with considerable dignity."

Or again: "I returned from the Museum, and had a call to go into Bacon's room, to help despatch some wine; which I readily obeyed, and I presume acted my part faithfully. I then returned to my own room, where I found Lynde; and soon after Bishop came in,—who had been with me in Bacon's room, and soon after him Strong. We drank a few glasses of wine, had some sprightly conversation, etc. etc. They all returned about nine; and here I at half-past nine, sitting in my great chair. . . . My time passes very agreeably."

All this, I suppose, was very reprehensible, in view of the ironclad law against the consumption of liquor in dormitory rooms, which has always stood among the rules of the college. Under these rules, the future Professor of Chemistry and Natural History might have been expelled, by his own account, at nearly any time during his college course. He seems, however, to have been in trouble with the authorities but once, and that was in his freshman year, when he was guilty of the grave misdemeanor of kicking a football in the College Yard and was instantly fined sixpence by the President, who happened to be an eyewitness of the crime.

Upon graduation, Silliman, like so many young alumni at a loose end in the world, studied law for a season; but his heart had already been given to science, and when, in 1802, President Dwight offered him the new chair of Chemistry and Mineralogy at Yale, he accepted the offer without hesitation. His veneration for Dwight knew no bounds. In his undergraduate diary, the new President, who assumed office during his senior year, is repeatedly referred to as "a great man." Dwight, on the other hand, with a confidence in his own recognition of talent which goes far to justify the young man's estimate of his character, placed entire trust in his youthful disciple, whom he had made a professor at the age of twenty-three. He sent him abroad to study at Edinburgh and charged him with sums to expend on behalf of the college in scientific equipment. He never allowed his own intellectual interests, which ran to poetry and the arts, to stand in the way of the work that Silliman was doing for science at Yale and in the country, and continually encouraged him to utilize his young strength and enthusiasm in spreading a zeal for scientific investigation far beyond the limits of the college.

For Silliman himself, acting under the spur of such encouragement, this

pioneer labor was an unending delight. He set to work with unbounded cheerfulness, in his underground laboratory, which was the best the college could afford him. He accumulated what apparatus he could and improvised when he could not buy. Glass retorts had never been seen in New Haven, but he was able to secure a broken one, which he gave to a glass blower as a model,—only to have his order come to hand with the neck scrupulously severed from the body of each retort, in too slavish imitation of the pattern. Setbacks such as this—which were serious enough when funds were so limited—he accepted as a good joke at his own expense and made his colleagues merry with tales of mishaps which a lesser man might have found sufficient grounds for cherishing a grievance.

There is little that is exciting to record out of the years of his long life in New Haven. To be sure, there was one moment of terror, when tragedy brushed very close to him. One day in his thirty-second year, when he was alone in his laboratory, an explosion drove a mixture of alcohol, nitric acid, and lunar caustic into his eyes. At such moments it is not well for a man to be alone. In pain of body and great anguish of soul, he dragged himself across the room to water, fighting off the thought of the future and a life that might be darkened by the shadow of blindness. He washed his eyes and contrived to grope his way, still blinded, to the outer air, where he found help. For many hours, he did not know whether he was to lose his sight or not.

But his eyes were saved, and the terror of darkness passed away from him. For the rest, his life was singularly free from suffering. One gains an impression of tranquil and sunny happiness spreading over all the courses of his life and having its radiant center in the man's own nature. He walked beside still waters, leading the life of the teacher, so barren of events, so rich in quiet pleasures. He was born to the work; a truly great teacher, with power to inspire something like his own devotion to his subject. For half a century, the graduates of Yale went out into the world with minds enlarged and quickened because they had sat under the teaching of Benjamin Silliman.

In his face, with its fine eyes, deep set under heavy brows, and its firmly modeled lips and chin, there was the look of authority which youth would fain call master. His voice, too, was of the sort that commands attention; and altogether, he was one of those teachers who bring such presence into the classroom that the place takes on the dignity of the council chamber of a king. Like all true scientists, he was a man of letters, and his lectures had a literary flavor in them, well appreciated by a generation of students nourished on the Classics. His stately eloquence, slightly reminiscent of the eighteenth century, caught and fascinated their attention; the wide knowl-

edge that was in him tempted their curiosity and shamed their ignorance; and the charm of the man himself went straight to their hearts.

He always contrived to make his teaching philosophical, in the broadest sense of the word. Like all true teachers, in presenting his subject he was in reality teaching what lay in the depths of his own soul,—so serene and gracious a soul that it was well for stormy young barbarians to have these glimpses into its tranquillity. There was not a trace of pompousness about him and very little austerity. He brought a merry heart into his classroom all the days of his life. He had his stock of jokes, of course, and in their use he followed the best traditions of the profession so closely that former pupils, revisiting his classroom after a lapse of many years, might have the pleasure of hearing the same well-cherished witticisms that they had heard in their college days, still doing service with their sons. He never committed the fatal error of taking himself too seriously, and he always had courage enough to be jocular about the inevitable percentage of failure which every teacher must face. "Hang up your coats, gentlemen," his son, the younger Benjamin Silliman, was wont to say to his class at the opening of the hour; "my father used to say that if his pupils hung up their coats in his classroom they were sure to take a little chemistry out with them when they left."

How much his pupils took away with them from their hours with him, he himself could hardly guess. If they took nothing else, they had acquired a genuine love for science, which stood by them through their lives. "Now that I have travelled from Niagara to Georgia," wrote Sir Charles Lyell, in a letter to Silliman, in 1842, "and have met a great number of your countrymen on the Continent of Europe, and heard the manner in which they ascribe the taste they have for science to your tuition, I may congratulate you, for I never heard as many of the rising generation in England refer as often to any one individual teacher as having given a direction to their taste."

His labors in the cause of science were by no means confined to his classroom. His own investigations went on steadily and reached out into many fields. Realizing the importance of a medium by which the results of investigation might be exchanged among the scientists of the country, he founded the *American Journal of Science,* in 1818, and until 1846 he served upon its editorial staff, putting so firm an impress of his personality upon the magazine that it was known among scholars as "Silliman's Journal." In 1838, he opened the Lowell Institute, in Boston, with a series of lectures on geology, and in 1840 he was elected president of the American Association of Geologists. In the year before his death, Congress named him as one of the original members of the National Academy of Sciences. These are a few of the conspicuous landmarks of recognition and achievement in a life devoted quietly and with complete unselfishness to the spreading of Truth.

Very early in his career as professor, he inaugurated a series of lectures to which the public of New Haven, ladies as well as gentlemen, were invited—with results he hardly could have foreseen. One of the young ladies enrolled in the course was a Miss Harriet Trumbull, of Hartford, the niece of John Trumbull, the painter. "It was my province, in the proposed course," he tells us, "to explain the affinities of matter, and I had not advanced far in my pleasing duties before I discovered that moral affinities, also, moving without my intervention, were playing an important part. To this I could not object, and it was certainly the most gratifying result of my labors that several happy unions grew incidentally out of those bright evening meetings."

One of these "happy unions"—unexpected fruit of this effort in university extension—was his own marriage to Miss Trumbull. They built them a house on Hillhouse Avenue, where the elms that Colonel Hillhouse had planted were just beginning to cast a noble shade; and here they lived in great contentment with one another, lovers to the day of his death. It was in this house, on the day that he retired from active teaching, that the old professor received the visits of his former pupils, who came, to the number of three hundred or more, to press his hand and to tell him, in such fashion as they could, how he had enriched their lives. That morning, at the Alumni Meeting, he had heard himself praised till the tears had coursed down his cheeks. For fifty years he had given the devotion of his heart to the college, and he hardly guessed how abundantly the love that he had given was returned.

There remained some ten years of peace before him, years of such service as he still could render, with strength that failed but slowly. He had the pleasure, during this Indian Summer of his life, of seeing the work he had inaugurated at Yale being carried forward by his own son and by the elder Dana, who was his son-in-law. It must have been a satisfaction to him, too, before he died, to know that a separate School of Science was well established at Yale and that it was to be the especial care of men like Brush and Dana. The sun was going down for him, but it was casting radiant colors upon all the things that were dear to his heart.

The manner of his death was gracious, as all the ways of his life had been. Through the autumn of 1864, his strength ebbed slowly away from him; and on the morning of Thanksgiving Day—a day of belated summer warmth—death came most quietly upon him, in the pleasant house where he and his wife had lived through the years of their life together. He had been telling her of the affection he had for her and of his gratitude for all her kindness to him; and having told her this much, he paused to draw a deep, quiet breath,—and his voice was heard no more.

R. D. F.

EZRA STILES

CLASS OF 1746

Antiquarian, Scholar, and President of Yale College

1727-1795

IN August, 1771, the Reverend Ezra Stiles of Newport, being then in the forty-fourth year of his age, sat for his portrait to Mr. King. "The Piece," he says in his diary, "is made up thus. The Effigies sitting in a Green Elbow Chair, in a Teaching Attitude, with the right hand on the Breast, and the Left holding a preaching Bible. Behind & on his left side is a part of a Library—two Shelves of Books—a Folio shelf with *Eusebij Hist. Ecc.,* Livy, Du Halde's Hist^{y} of China, and one inscribed Talmud B., Aben Ezra, Rabbi Selomoh Jarchi in hebrew Letters, and a little below R. Moses Ben Maimon Moreh Nevochim. . . . On the other Shelf are Newton's Principia, Plato, Watts, Doddridge, Cudworths Intellectual System; & also the New Engld primæval Divines Hooker, Chauncy, Mather, Cotton. At my Right hand stands a Pillar. On the Shaft is one Circle and one Trajectory around a solar point, as an emblem of the Newtonian or Pythagorean System of the Sun & Planets & Comets. . . . At the Top of the visible part of the Pillar & on the side of the Wall, is an Emblem of the Universe or intellectual World. It is as it were one sheet of Omniscience. . . . At a little Distance on the Left hand is a black Spot—the Receptacle of fallen Angels & the finally wicked."

Ezra Stiles, it will be perceived, was a medieval scholar, born out of season,—the last man in the history of the world, perhaps, to aim at universal knowledge. During his seventeen years as President of Yale, he held the chair of Ecclesiastical History and taught metaphysics, ethics, history, civil polity, theology, and Hebrew to the senior class. His own studies also included astronomy, oriental languages, and local antiquarian lore; and he had more than a speaking acquaintance with such of the natural sciences as were mature enough to commend themselves to his consideration. There is very good evidence, moreover,—though it seems too fitting to be true—that he dabbled a little in alchemy. Like the Emblem of the Universe or intellectual World, he was as it were one sheet of Omniscience.

The man probably was a scholar from his cradle. Certainly by the time he entered Yale, at the age of fourteen, the twig had been bent definitely in the direction of learning; and after four years in the medieval curriculum of eighteenth-century Yale, he had developed an insatiable appetite for study. He had distinguished himself far beyond the average as an undergraduate student, and was looked upon already as something of a prodigy of learn-

ing. "When he proceeded Bachelor of Arts," says his biographer, the historian Holmes, "he was esteemed one of the most perfect scholars that had ever received the honours of the seminary."

Though he had proceeded Bachelor of Arts, he could not bring himself to leave New Haven and the vicinity of the college library. He snatched at any opportunity to linger on, serving for some months as college butler and accepting an invitation from General Wooster to occupy his great house on Wooster Street while the general was absent in the French and Indian Wars. When he was offered a tutorship in the college in 1749, he readily accepted it, "not so much," he tells us, "for the honour of the office, as for the advantage of a longer residence at the Seat of the Muses."

If any honor attached to the office of tutor in 1749, it was certainly not yielded by the student body. The records of the meetings of the President and Tutors of Yale College, under date of January 21, 1752, preserve a story of a "disorderly Rout" in the College House on the preceding evening, and of the ineffectual efforts of Mr. Stiles and the other tutors to keep their tumultuous flock in order. A pathetic picture it presents of the poor little tutor (Stiles was only five feet four in height and never weighed more than a hundred and thirty pounds) vainly endeavoring to assert his dignity in the presence of a roomful of hoodlums, bent upon humiliating him just as far as they could.

"Upon which the Tutors went down,"—so reads the record—"but with Difficulty stilled them by their Presence. And as the Tutors were coming down Stairs, one of the Company halloo'd 'put out the Candle,' which Mr. Stiles, when he came into the Room, ordered to be lighted again; but none could be found, till one was ordered from the adjacent Room.—When a Candle was bro't, Mr. Stiles ordered one of them to hold it for him, till he had taken their Names: Wiggins thereupon took the Candle, & while he held it, behaved in a most indecent and disrespectful Manner; which Mr. Stiles reproved him for, but he would not cease, 'till ordered to set down the Candle, nor even then."

His experiences as tutor gave him no very favorable opinion of college students, and the memories of stormy nights in the College House lingered bitterly in his mind. On the day when he received notice of his election to the presidency of Yale, he appears to have passed an evening halfway between elation and foreboding, with the spectral memory of his vexations as Tutor haunting him in the hour of gratified ambition.

> But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
> On prospects drear!
> An' forward, tho' I canna see,
> I guess an' fear!

Dr. Stiles was never the man to anticipate unmixed happiness, and on this occasion he confided his melancholy fears to the pages of his diary. "An hundred & fifty or 180 Young Gentlemen Students," he wrote, "is a Bundle of Wild Fire not easily controlled & governed—and at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns."

If his experience as tutor had taught him that Young Gentlemen Students could sometimes behave most ungently, it had also made him a great stickler for academic ceremony and etiquette; and as President he sometimes gave the undergraduates cause to complain of the punctilious respect that he exacted for his own person, as Monarch of the College Yard. "Him to honor," says one of these disgruntled young gentlemen, "raining or not, we must never approach nearer than ten rods without pulling off our hats." And if the oppressed freshmen went to him grumbling at the tyranny of their sophomore overlords, they came away unsatisfied: a little rough-handed schooling in the respect due to one's academic superiors, it seemed to him, could hardly come amiss to Young Gentlemen Students. Such was the vicarious revenge he took for the insults of the insubordinate Wiggins.

The college over which he ruled, exacting tokens of respect from his turbulent subjects, shaming them into awe of him by the prodigious learning that he had, seems very far away, across the hundred and fifty years that separate his Yale from ours; but his own personality, out of all the things that made up the life of Yale in the latter half of the eighteenth century, stands out most clearly. If we linger in Wrexham Close, where his name stands over the entry at the foot of the tower, the whole early history of the college grows more vivid and takes definite shape, at last, in the person of this Ezra Stiles. The resolute little man, with the learning of all the ages in his head, seems to be close to us here; to walk these medieval cloisters, oblivious of us and of our twentieth century, while he turns over in his mind the purposes of his life, and shapes them again into words, as he did once before, having just proceeded Bachelor of Arts: "I consider myself as a citizen of the intellectual world, and a subject of its almighty Lawgiver and Judge; by him I am placed upon an honourable theatre of action, to sustain, in the sight of mortal and immortal beings, that character and part which he shall assign me, in order to my being trained up for perfection and immortality; and shall, therefore, from this time forth, devote my life to the service of God, my country, and mankind."

A little pedantic, perhaps, even in his piety; too conscious, certainly, of a cloud of witnesses, mortal and immortal, bending their attention upon what passed at Yale College; but at the heart of him, under his old-fashioned verbiage, true to the spirit which built up this university from the most unpromising beginnings, holding it steadily to its high purpose of serving God and civil state.

If we know Ezra Stiles better than any other among the men who helped to make eighteenth-century Yale, it is because the conscientious scholar, in his meticulous way, kept a full and very frank diary. His journal was begun in '69, in the thirteenth year of his pastorate at the Second Congregational Church at Newport, Rhode Island; and during the years that he remained in the ministry there, it tells the tale of a quiet, studious life. It tells of duties done, of enormous studies undertaken or completed, of letters exchanged with an incredible number of persons, among whom one recognizes, now and then, a figure that had won distinction or stood upon the threshold of fame. All told, it is not an eventful record. The most exciting incidents that cross its pages are the ordinations of deacons, the baptism of children, the arrival of tidings of the rebellion that was rising in the land. It is the story of a little life, flowing somewhat querulously over the trivial obstacles and among the level happenings of ordinary human existence.

Nothing ordinary, however, about the man's intellectual life, which the diary reflects rather than records. While the resolute little parson struggled with the perplexities of his daily life, finding them no easier to meet as, one after the other, his eight children came with almost annual regularity upon the scene, he never relinquished his determination to be the most learned man of his age. Where or how he found quiet in his house to study, with Betsey, Ezra, Kezia, Emilia, Isaac, Ruth, Polly, and Sara growing up in simultaneous babyhood, remains one of the mysteries of his life; but in some manner or other he solved the problem and forged onward with his studies as steadily as if he had been working in a monastery. Perhaps the years spent as tutor amid the disturbances of the College House had taught him unusual powers of concentration.

At any rate, when the presidency of Yale fell vacant, the reputation that he enjoyed as a scholar made him a logical candidate for the position. He himself, however, had the gravest misgivings as to his fitness, and made the trustees listen carefully to the tale of his shortcomings before he would accept their offer. "I very fully laid before them all my own Deficiencies," he records in his diary, "and what they must not expect from me; particularly my infirm Health, want of Talent for Gov^{t}, doubt of becoming accept^{a} to the Pastors, the Assembly, the public, and many other Things. . . . They heard me till they said they were satisfied."

Thereupon the scene of the diary shifts to New Haven, and the journal becomes an intimate picture of the daily life of Yale. In other respects it hardly changes, for it is still the tale of a man of scholarly and nervous temperament, struggling conscientiously through routine duties and holding grimly by his books in the face of every difficulty. Classes, "forensic disputations," faculty meetings, and the like now take the place of services, bap-

tisms, and ordinations; the scope of the man's correspondence widens; the association with the life of the nation as a whole becomes closer. But Ezra Stiles still walks his narrow daily path; recording the readings of the thermometer at morning, night, and noon; taking note of the transit of Venus and the passing of the "Western Members of Convention" through the town on their way to Hartford to consider the "New Constitution"; summarizing in his journal the results of a day's investigation at the site of the Regicides' sojourn in Westville; in short, looking sharply into the ways of men and of the stars, a scholar in every atom of his being.

It is not a garrulous diary that he wrote and affords us no such open access to the corners of the man's heart as certain more celebrated journals. Now and then, to be sure, he indulges himself in an examination of his soul, and we have some insight into the battles he had to fight against the scholar's fretful and persistent melancholy. "I now begin a new year," he writes, on the first of January, 1788; "as every other year of my Life, this must be a very sinful & unhappy year to me. G^{d} grant that some Comforts may be mixed up in the Cup of Sorrows & Afflictions of Life. It is cold; Fahr. Therm^{o} 11 this Morning. About 2 or 3 Inches of snow on the Ground. . . ."

In such casual fashion, the state of his soul finds its way into the journal, along with the state of the thermometer, and the most intimate affairs of his inner life stand shoulder to shoulder on the page with the changes in the weather. "His diary," remarks Dr. Stokes, "records in successive sentences the death of his wife and observations on the planets, the passing away of a friend and the number and varieties of fish in Newport harbor." On occasion, a thing crosses his path too intimate to be set down in naked English, and he confides it to his diary in Latin; but when the moment of confidence has passed, he moves serenely on to the recording of external trifles. His scholar's calm is not to be ruffled even by the breath of romance. "Vespere," he writes, "optimæ cuidam dignissimæque feminae (Viduæ) et perbene erga me meosque Volenti rationes collocutione dedi cur non secum piâ quamvis et meritissimâ nuptus inirem. There is now no Snow on the Ground. This month has been mild & open."

One would like well to know what reasons he gave this worthy widow-woman why he should not marry her, though pious and most deserving. After many years, he did marry again, and it would seem the wisest thing he could have done, bringing some warmth back into a life that had grown very chilly, like a room in some great eighteenth-century house when the fire on the hearth burns low. Tenderness, sympathy, and all the warm things of life had charred down to embers in his heart. As we turn over the later pages of his diary, coming at length to the last faint entry, written in a scrawl two days before he died, a growing pity possesses us for this determined little

man, who was compounded of things great and small. If we find him a bit acrimonious at times, solacing himself with the thought that a rival in the scholarly world, whose reputation seems to him to have been artificially inflated, will soon pass into oblivion, along with "Suarez, Aquinas, and Dionysius Areopagita"; if we find him pouncing gleefully upon some bit of gossip that puts a man he hated in a most unfavorable light, we shall forgive him easily, pitying the discomfort of a life too narrow for its own greatness.

For Ezra Stiles was a great man in our history, for all the ice and vinegar that were in him. He shaped his life according to an antique pattern, now long gone out of date, but his service to Yale is a thing we all can understand and honor. He loved the college faithfully and well all his days, and gave it the best that was in him. His own consecration to learning kept the scholarly traditions of the place alive during the justling times of the Revolution; and with the coming of peace, his faith in the destiny of Yale and in the dignity of her position in the new nation made it certain that she should prosper again and take up her work with new zeal. Over the years that have buried him deep, with all the ancient lore he cherished, we can still hear his voice, speaking his greetings to Yale, as on the day when he laid the corner stone of Old South:

"Peace be within thy Walls O Yale, and prosperity within thy Palaces! May Erudition, Religion & every Virtue be the Ornament & Glory of thy Sons! May thy Renown & Glory be diffused thro' the Republic of Letters & be Commensurate with the expansion of Knowledge & Science & with the Duration of Liberty & the United States."

R. D. F.

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

CLASS OF 1863

Sociologist

1840-1910

SOME men derive their chief significance from the events in which they take part; others contain within themselves the materials of their careers and, to the extent that it is humanly possible, make their own events. One of these last was William Graham Sumner, whose outer life tells little more than the story of his mind.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, of parents who had both emigrated from Lancashire, but most of his boyhood was spent in Hartford. From early years he was determined to enter the ministry. His father was a ma-

chinist, and never well off; when he was ready for college William had to wait for two years, working in a dry goods store.

The Yale of the mid-century provided a somewhat jejunely puritan and classical education. Henry Holt, '62, said of it that "the most diabolical ingenuity could hardly have done more to make both religion and scholarship repulsive." In the light of after years Sumner might have agreed with him, but he showed no great sign of discontent while in college. He was a studious and unathletic undergraduate, more respected than known, but greatly loved by those who knew him well. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Skull and Bones, and president of Brothers in Unity, and clearly had one of the best minds in his class, though in the race for honors and prizes he usually came in second to a more brilliant youth, afterward less heard from. His turn of mind was serious, as befitted an aspiring clergyman in those days. A classmate said of him that he became steadily younger in spirit after graduation.

Before his own Commencement day Sumner was already on his way to Europe to study for the ministry. He went to Geneva, where he acquired little beyond a knowledge of French; thence to Göttingen, where he learned to admire German Biblical criticism and wrote somewhat impersonally in his diary concerning "des grandes batailles devant Richmond"; thence to Oxford, where he talked with fellow students on the possibility of a science of society.

He returned to Yale as a tutor for three years, was ordained priest in the Episcopal Church, and spent a year in New York as assistant to the rector of Calvary Church and editor of an evanescent church weekly. In 1870 he became rector of the Church of the Redeemer in Morristown, New Jersey. The parish was recommended to him as "small, but made up of first class people," among them being two granddaughters of Stephen Decatur and a sister of John Slidell.

He regarded preaching as the first duty of a minister, and said so, but he found himself preaching in a somewhat unusual vein. "The enlightened pursuit of wealth," he announced from the pulpit, "is one of the strongest forces in society for elevating the individual and for advancing the civilization of the state." A New York banker once remarked that there was a good deal of political economy in the sermon he had just heard. What the descendants of Decatur and the sister of Slidell thought of it is not recorded, but in 1872 Sumner was appointed to the newly established chair of Political and Social Sciences at Yale. His outward history fades as the great work of his life begins.

Sumner's genius showed itself mainly in two ways. First, he was a great teacher. He was self-schooled, and flouted the notion of learning to teach otherwise than by experience; but the methods he devised, and practiced

with the art of a master, have been widely studied. He had profound convictions and far-seeing ideas on education in general. While at Morristown he had taken active part in the discussions over the condition of Yale that attended President Woolsey's resignation. That acrid controversy resulted in a partial reorganization; Sumner's calm plea for more money and more common sense contributed to the result and no doubt helped to win him his appointment. He served on the Connecticut Board of Education from 1882 till his death. Chiefly owing to his efforts, a great improvement in the common schools and the training of teachers took place, and the system that he helped to inaugurate has been used as a model by other states. In the Yale faculty his voice was often heard above whirlwinds of its own making, but he had the gift of growing cool as others became hot, and his influence was strong. He was one of the committee which in the '80s devised the elective course which, with modifications, still survives. Though he ridiculed fads in education, especially "a smattering of books engrafted on the culture of the dancing school," in the main he was a liberal, with a frank skepticism of the supreme efficacy of classical study as a preparation for life. A great part of his success as a teacher was a matter of personality. His straight, fearless thinking won the respect of the undergraduates, and though he may have antagonized them sometimes, he stimulated them always.

Secondly, and for posterity chiefly, Sumner was a sociologist. Soon after coming to Yale he gathered together an informal class for the study of Spencer's *Principles of Sociology,* which developed into the first sociological course given in an American college. President Porter objected to the use of Spencer's work as a textbook; there was publicity and an impending resignation, but in the end Sumner stood firm and remained at Yale. During the last twenty years of his life, he gave up teaching economics and devoted himself to sociology alone; he also collected a tremendous mass of data for a general work on the subject. The first external result of this was the book *Folkways,* published in 1907.

Sumner had discovered the importance in the social structure of the spontaneous and involuntary habits usually referred to as "manners and customs." Though the analogy must not be pushed too far, it may be said that this discovery did for sociology what William Harvey's discovery of blood circulation did for physiology. Everyone knew before Harvey that there was such a thing as blood, and before Sumner that there was such a thing as custom; it remained for Harvey and Sumner to show how they functioned and the importance of their functioning. It had been generally assumed that society ran itself by "institutions." Sumner showed that the social habits, folkways, underlie the institutions; they are the materials from which the institutions are formed. His chief example is that of the Inquisition, which he showed to be the result of a purely popular attitude toward heresy, re-

sisted for centuries by the Church before it was adopted. The development of this phase prevented Sumner from completing his main work, but it was finished after his death by Professor A. G. Keller and published in 1927 under the title *The Science of Society*. The dream of Oxford became fact.

During his lifetime Sumner was chiefly known for his opinions on current economic and political issues, delivered to the world in a great number of lectures and magazine articles. People came from long distances to hear him thunder forth against protective tariffs, free silver, the Sherman act, the Interstate Commerce act, the Monroe Doctrine, the divine right of majorities, socialism, and other objects of popular esteem. His guiding principle was a *laissez faire* of a more positive meaning than that usually understood by the phrase; it was really a plea to the friends of humanity to refrain from adding to humanity's troubles. He himself bluntly translated it as "mind your own business." He fought to the death against social sentiment, superficiality of thought, the predatory instinct, what he called "dogmatic ideals," and the notion that there was anything "natural" in liberty, equality, or rights. These things he showed to be the slow and painfully evolved product of civilization; it is the duty of the state to guarantee them to the extent possible and not attempt to do more.

An abrupt manner, a gruff voice and an unadorned, trenchant style complemented the uncompromising vigor of his views, and opponents plentifully appeared. One newspaper writer described him as "an anaemic mugwump, a mentally and morally pigeon-breasted prig . . . a whiffet." The offended ones most prominent were protectionists and socialists. Sumner seldom replied, and never returned abuse for abuse. When the New York *Tribune* assailed him at length he replied: "Whenever a big newspaper thinks it worth while to spend half a column to tell a man that he is of no account, he may be sure that he counts for his full share." The animosity of dissent has died away, but the terse, unblinking logic of the man still stares from the pages of four volumes of collected essays and lectures.

In youth he was inclined to censoriousness; in maturity he was, when faced by what he considered weak, hypocritical, conceited or base, extremely formidable; but there was another side to him. His wife, his children and his friends hardly knew that he could be formidable. Children inspired him with an acute tenderness. During the busiest time of his life he gave a course of informal talks on political economy to a group of young women centered about the daughters of his friend Professor William Dwight Whitney. His sheer intellectual power was immense; he mastered, to the extent of a reading knowledge at least, thirteen languages beside his own, learning eight of them after he was forty. In spite of his love of plain speech he was always a good deal of a Puritan in his views. About himself he was reticent; his brief autobiographical notes are tinged with a kind of cryptic frankness. Of

his father he wrote: "In early life I accepted, from books and other people, some views and opinions which differed from his. At the present time, in regard to those matters, I hold with him and not with the others." He said concerning his career in politics, of which the chief incident was a three years' term as alderman: "I found that I was likely to do more harm in politics than almost any other kind of man, because I did not know the rules of the game and did not want to learn them. Therefore, the adepts at it could play with me in more senses than one."

In the seventies "Professor Marsh's horses" had converted him to the Darwinian hypothesis. With this his early interest in philosophy and metaphysics faded; he spoke later of having "heaved the whole cargo overboard." Much of his religion followed them: "It was as if I had put my beliefs into a drawer, and when I opened it there was nothing there at all." Yet he never left the church and never became an atheist or a skeptic, least of all a cynic. Once in London he strayed into a Salvation Army meeting, and fell into conversation with a young woman worker. After a while she interrupted herself to ask: "Are you a believer?" Sumner smiled and answered: "Yes, I believe." Religion had not died in him, but changed. The man who in youth preached on the pursuit of wealth in later years varied the steel-trap logic of his social treatises with flashes of profound and splendid feeling; his championing of the Forgotten Man, the man who pays while others talk, teems with warm human emotion. Side by side with the famous statement that "a drunkard in the gutter is just where he ought to be" one finds such sentences as: "The truest and deepest pathos in this world is not that of suffering but that of brave struggling. The truest sympathy is not compassion, but a fellow feeling with courage and fortitude in the midst of noble effort." Faith and knowledge, thought and feeling, did not seek to drive each other out of him, but blended in that subtle and massive counterpoint which resounds so irresistibly in the lives of great leaders.

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

ZEPHANIAH SWIFT

CLASS OF 1778

Chief Justice of Connecticut and Author of Swift's Digest

1759-1823

ON December 13, 1776, Zephaniah Swift, a junior in Yale College and sixteen years of age, wrote to his classmate, Noah Webster, from New Haven. "I have never formed but a narrow acquaintance in the world," he

explained apologetically, "and have been unused to an epistolary correspondence consequently my letters and more espicially this first will afford but little pleasure in the perusal. I hope that after I have received one from you I shall have a Subject more entertaining, or at least which I can handle with a better grace."

Friendships were ripening in the Class of 1778. Among its forty members, there were a few who were very well worth knowing, and this letter makes it clear that Zephaniah Swift had found his way to intimacy with one of them. He was himself, apparently, a person not much given to sociability, and his character was marked with a hard-hitting vigor which made him more enemies than friends. Coming to Yale from his father's farm in Lebanon, after some schooling at the excellent academy established there by Governor Trumbull and presided over by Nathan Tisdale of Harvard, young Swift had evidently taken stock of his talents and had concluded that he was foredoomed to social failure.

"An acquaintance with the world and customs of mankind," he says in his letter to Webster, "is the compleatest way to form a man of Pleasure or for the World. This gives a liveliness to the manners and a pleasing seducing charm to conversation which cannot be found in them who devote their time to Study and Books retired from the world. . . . It appears that to be solely a man of Letters or a man of the world is not sufficient, for one pleases the learned and the other the unlearned, and by these means neither of them cannot please but half of the World. The way to avoid this will be to mix both these characters which will enable us to suit our discourse to the taste of the company. . . . Your opportunities," he concludes, turning the argument *ad hominem,* in a way which must have gratified his classmate, "and the time you spend with the Ladies will enable you to reach both, but as for myself I fear I shall reach neither but be a medium fit for no company. I am averse to frequent changes or trivial conversation which will not allow me to be a man of the world. I fear I shall never be able to obtain learning sufficient to be called a man of letters and if so I shall be nobody."

Nevertheless, Zephaniah Swift was not destined to be a nobody, either in "the World" or in the Class of 1778. In the annals of Yale, he is remembered along with Noah Webster, Joel Barlow, and Oliver Wolcott, Jr., as one of the men who gave particular distinction to that celebrated class, and the bond of friendship between these four men of such different natures seems to have outlasted the years which carried them down roads so very divergent. Perhaps the friendships in that class were stronger than the average because of the unusual circumstances of their college career. The winds of war were blowing up through the land when they entered Yale, and military training was a part of the curriculum in their freshman year. When

Washington passed through New Haven in June, 1775, on his way to assume command of the army at Charlestown, the college company waited upon him at the home of Deacon Beers, where he was lodged, and went through their drill under his eyes. "General Lee who accompanied him," Noah Webster tells us, "and who had been a British officer, cried out with astonishment at their promptness." And when the commander-in-chief left the city, the student soldiers were permitted to escort him as far upon his road as Neck Bridge.

Amid such excitements of revolution and war, Yale College continued to do her best to educate the young gentlemen of the Class of 1778. She fed them, meanwhile, in the College Commons, upon boiled beef, cabbage, turnip, dandelion greens, and "Injun pudding"; until at last even this simple fare could not be procured in sufficient quantities for a hundred and fifty hungry youths, and the college was dispersed. Swift spent a part of his junior year with his class at Glastonbury, under the charge of their tutor, Joseph Buckminster, who found them "a number of young gentlemen possessed of talents capable of extensive usefulness, and of dispositions to improve those talents for the benefit of society." At the close of the spring vacation in May, 1778, the seniors assembled once more in New Haven, and for the rest of their course they were under the rigorous instruction of Dr. Ezra Stiles, who was inaugurated President of Yale in July of that year. Swift's class were the firstlings of his flock, and he was proud of them. Six days after his inauguration, he informed the pages of his diary that the seniors "disputed inimitably well, particularly Barlow, Swift, Webster, Gilbert, Meigs, Sage, &c."

So Zephaniah Swift emerged from Yale College able to hold his own, in spite of his misgivings, with the most brilliant members of his class. They knew him for a downright, plain-spoken man, vigorously independent in his thinking and somewhat inclined toward a pessimistic view of the world. They seem to have enjoyed his society none the less. A letter from Joel Barlow to Oliver Wolcott, Jr., which has come to my attention through the courtesy of Dr. Theodore Zunder, gives us a glimpse of Zephaniah as his classmates saw him. "I have come to day from Colchester," writes Barlow, "where I have spent two days with Swift with great satisfaction. He swears about Philadelphia and damns the world. I think it shows a liberality of sentiment that two men of such opposite principles . . . should be such great friends. He is the greatest misanthropist that ever lived and I am determined to love mankind if they kill me." This was in 1779, when the two young men were but a year out of college.

Almost immediately after graduation, Swift began the study of the law, and in a few years he was permanently settled in the town of Windham, Connecticut, where he soon became—tradition tells us—"the oracle of local

wisdom for many miles around." With a population of more than 2,500, Windham was the foremost town in that part of the state at the close of the eighteenth century. Its green was a lively trading center, with more than twenty stores clustered about it; and its home industries furnished the market with products ranging from the handmade tacks, first fashioned by a convict in the county jail, to the fabrics which Colonel Elderkin wove out of silk from his own mulberry orchard. The *Windham Herald,* established in 1791, reached the enormous circulation of 1,200 at the turn of the century, and the Windham Academy made the town the educational center of its district. In this ambitious metropolis, Zephaniah Swift lived throughout his life, building a "spacious mansion on the crown of the hill east of the village."

But Windham appears to have been something more interesting than a flourishing center of commerce and manufacture in the years when it knew Judge Swift. Tales still were told in her taverns and homes of the famous "Battle of the Frogs," which was celebrated years later by her native poet, Theron Brown (Yale, 1856); and there were other local myths and traditions which gave a flavor to the life of the place. A squatty little figure of Bacchus perched on the signpost of the Fitch Tavern and grinned down upon the village green. He was sign and symbol of a spirit of convivial jollity which had pervaded the life of the town, spite of all that sober folk might do or say, for many a long year; and he held his place before one Windham tavern or another until "a gust of God's righteous breezes" blew him down. Either the influence of this totem or other forces more enlightened shaped the *mores* of Windham into something less strict than those which governed the lives of men and women in other Connecticut towns, where the puritan traditions of New England maintained their dominance until a later day.

Both in politics and in religion, the people of the town were inclined toward liberalism, and in Swift they found a sturdy champion of their principles. He was a Federalist by birth and inclinations, but the conservatism of his party was tempered in him by the independence and vigor of his thinking; and the Sectaries and "Grumbletonians," of whom there were many in Windham, looked on him with approval. In 1787, they elected him to represent the town in the General Assembly, and they continued to reëlect him in the succeeding years, while the ministers of the churches grieved "that men should have so little regard for religion as to choose a man for deputy who has none," and marveled at the inconsistency of "those Separatists, Baptists, and enthusiasts who pretend to so much more religion than we, yet vote for a profane, irreligious man, who scarce ever attends public worship." It is not on record that this profane, irreligious man did the cause of reli-

gion any harm in the State Legislature, or in the national Congress, where he sat in 1793 as representative from northeast Connecticut. His legislative career was not a conspicuous one in any way, for his interests centered in the judiciary; but he gave satisfaction to most of his constituents, and except for the eighteen years when he was on the bench, he represented his people, either in Hartford or in Washington, from 1787 until the year before his death. In 1820, as a member of the lower house of the General Assembly, he did most of the work on the commission for the revision of the statutes.

By that time, he was a great legal authority. His *System of the Laws of the State of Connecticut* was first published at Windham in 1793; and it was followed by his *Digest of the Laws of Evidence,* the first case book used in instructing students of the law, and by the famous *Digest of the Laws of Connecticut,* which is still a familiar work. In October, 1801, he had been appointed judge of the Superior Court of the State; and when, five years later, the judicial power of the governor and his council was transferred to the judges of the Superior Court, sitting together at stated times as Supreme Court of Errors, he was, of course, a member of that bench. In 1815, he was made Chief Justice of the court. While he held that position, it was his custom to give his opinion first in all cases, whether he was in the majority or not; and his learning, his prestige, and his legal sense were so great that they combined, as Simeon Baldwin has said, "to give whatever he uttered as Chief-Justice the stamp of authority, and make in every case the first word of the court also the last word." He was the Chancellor Kent of Connecticut, and, far outside the State, his books and his decisions were cited with an ever growing respect.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, Swift was out of the country but once. At the age of forty-one, he went to France as secretary to the envoys extraordinary, headed by Chief Justice Ellsworth, who negotiated with Napoleon the Convention of September 30, 1800, which recovered for the citizens of this country their ships captured by the French, and provided for freedom of commerce between the two nations. One suspects that the appointment of Swift upon this commission was made at the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury, his classmate Oliver Wolcott. We know nothing of Swift's adventures on this trip abroad, save that he visited the Netherlands as well as France before his return.

It is possible that his good friends had felt that a change of scene would do him good in the year 1800; for he had come through some six years of trying guerilla warfare and had but recently seen the cause for which he fought discredited, in a manner which must have brought the most grievous vexation to a spirit so prone to misanthropy. His liberal views upon church government had led him to espouse the cause of young Oliver Dodge, a

graduate of Harvard, who had been excluded from ordination by a number of "aggrieved brethren" on charges of "disregard of truth, neglect of duty, irreverent application of Scripture and unbecoming levity." Many members of the First Church of Pomfret, where Dodge had been assisting the Reverend Aaron Putnam, found themselves displeased with the action of the ordination council, and they had called a meeting of the congregation to renew their call to the young man, in disregard of the aggrieved brethren. It was clear that a large majority would vote in favor of the call, and Mr. Putnam, believing that Dodge was unfit to be his assistant, exercised the power allowed him under the ancient Saybrook Platform and dissolved the meeting without permitting the matter to come to a vote.

Thereupon Zephaniah Swift rushed into the affray. A determined opponent of the Saybrook Platform, a firm believer in the rights of the majority, and a victim himself of clerical persecution, he had at last found an opportunity to attack the Church Establishment for an action which clearly put them in the wrong. In the columns of the *Windham Herald,* he denounced Mr. Putnam's act in dissolving the meeting of his congregation as "an open attack upon religion, liberty and the rights of conscience." He found it shocking that, in a democratic community, a minister, by his single vote, should negative the unanimous wishes of his church. "Are ministers composed of *finer clay* than the rest of mankind?" he asked his readers. "Does a license to preach transform a man into a higher order of beings and endow him with a natural quality to govern? Are the laity an inferior order of beings fit only to be *slaves* and to be *governed?* Is it good policy for mankind to subject themselves to *such degrading vassalage and abject submission?* . . . Reason, common sense, and the Bible," he concluded, "with united voice proclaim to all mankind, that they are all born *free and equal;* that every member of a church or christian congregation must be on the same footing in respect of church government, and that the CONSTITUTION which delegates to *one* the power to negative the vote of all the rest, is SUBVERSIVE OF THE NATURAL RIGHT OF MANKIND AND REPUGNANT TO THE WORD OF GOD."

One may be sure that this attack was not allowed to pass unanswered. Outraged clergymen hastened to the defense of the sacred Saybrook Platform and set themselves very happily to the task of demolishing this man Swift, who had long been notorious among the more godly as a freethinker. They informed the readers of the *Herald* that he was "destitute of delicacy, decency, good manners, sound judgment, honesty, manhood and humanity"; that he was "a poltroon, a cat's paw, the infamous tool of a party, a partisan, a political weather-cock, a rag-a-muffin." His remarks, "if brought into one view, would be the greatest piece of nonsense, inconsistency, and boobyism

ever thrown together." He was a Deist, a promoter of vice, and every known variety of fool. For six years, no less, this disgraceful contest raged, sinking deeper and deeper into the muck of personalities, and the columns of the *Windham Herald* echoed with the thunders of invective.

And then Oliver Dodge suddenly betrayed his doughty champion. The young man had behaved with the utmost propriety in the early stages of the controversy; and when Mr. Putnam's congregation withdrew under his banner, leaving only a stubborn eleven in the original fold, he had ascended the pulpit of the "Reformed Christian Church and Congregation in Pomfret" amid almost universal acclaim. His church became the rallying point for the many good folk who had been discontented under the "reign of long faces," and he himself was hailed as the prophet of a new and blither era in the religious history of Connecticut. His creed was simple and broadly tolerant, his disregard of all knotty points of doctrine was supremely tactful, his discipline was of the lightest. The congregation of the Reformed Christian Church in Pomfret found themselves bound together, as one of their members declared, by "the finely-polished golden chain of equality and brotherly love."

For a number of years, while the battle between Swift and the defenders of the Saybrook Platform filled the columns of the *Windham Herald* with alarms and excursions, the Reformed Church flourished, in great contentment with itself. If the young pastor was occasionally indiscreet in his remarks and something more than indiscreet in his behavior, his faults were set down to the exuberance of a free and open spirit, and he was easily forgiven by men (and women) who were blinded by partisanship. At last, however, even the light restraints that he had set upon himself proved more irksome than he could bear, and in a moment of gorgeous recklessness he threw his success away. For one glorious week he painted Windham County red. He drove from tavern to tavern, followed by the delighted congregation of the profane. For a glass of liquor, he would offer up a blasphemous prayer; at a wayside blacksmith shop, he would pause to regale his drunken followers with a burlesque sermon. At the end of the week, he ascended the pulpit of the Reformed Christian Church and Congregation in Pomfret and passed out cold across his pulpit desk. He was dismissed, on July 4, 1799, by vote of his congregation,—and the erring sheep who had followed him out of the First Church of Pomfret crept back into the fold.

We can only imagine the effect that this meteoric descent of the Reverend Oliver Dodge must have had upon Zephaniah Swift. He had gone into battle in defense of a principle rather than of a man; but, in the heat of controversy, he had been bound to espouse the young man's cause. He had assured the readers of the *Herald* that Dodge was a young man of superior

genius and of the highest merit,—"a shining ornament of the clerical profession, a *second Luther* battling against ecclesiastical despotism." And there lay this sorry prophet, dead drunk across his pulpit desk! It would be my conjecture that the soul of Zephaniah Swift, which seems to have had no little acid in its composition, turned all to vinegar within him, and that his friends, fearing for the results if he remained upon the battlefield where he had been betrayed into so humiliating a defeat, conspired to get him out of the country until the jeers of the victors should be easier to bear.

Swift was a fighter all the days of his life, a man who gave hard blows and took them without wincing; and usually he was on the right side. Even in this matter of "Dodge the Babbler"—save for the unfortunate weakness of the young man himself—Swift was advocate of a cause that most sensible men would now support. On a later occasion, when the State Legislature, in defiance of a judgment passed by his court, set aside the conviction of a murderer, he carried the case into the public prints, protesting that the "Legislature should never encroach on the judiciary, otherwise, the Legislature would become one great arbitration, that would engulf all the courts of law, and sovereign discretion would be the only rule of decision—a state of things equally favorable to lawyers and criminals." Here again, reason and all wholesome ideas of government were on his side. And very early in his career, he had enlisted in the ranks of those who began the fight in this country against negro slavery. With his classmate, Uriah Tracy, and Jonathan Edwards, Jr., he attended the second annual convention of the anti-slavery societies in 1794. He may have been "the greatest misanthropist that ever lived," as his classmate Barlow called him, but he fought beside those who were dedicated to the emancipation of human lives and human spirits; and although he did not have the good fortune to see all his battles crowned with victory, he fought a good fight, he kept the faith.

R. D. F.

ALPHONSO TAFT

CLASS OF 1833

Lawyer and Statesman

1810-1891

IT should not be hard for Yale men to imagine the character of a Taft. Alphonso Taft sent his five sons here, and their sons have been coming here since. Alphonso Taft started the tradition and the family has followed it for a hundred years. When we learn that as a boy "he was large of frame,

vigorous of intellect, and unusually ambitious," we who have seen other Tafts know what to expect. And as his powerful career unfolds, it is given substance in our minds by the way his qualities agree with our own glimpses of his family's traits.

Alphonso Taft was born on the Vermont farm his grandfather had bought, but he did his chores with the determination that farming was not to be his life work. When he had finished school, he taught, saving every cent for the college education he had planned. He went to the new college at Amherst for a few sessions, but he had had Yale in mind from the start, and entered in the fall of 1829, at the age of nineteen. His robust spirit soon brought him prominence. He made Brothers in Unity and Phi Beta Kappa, and was chosen to be one of the original members of Skull and Bones. He was an able speaker and delivered an oration at his Junior Exhibition on "Political Integrity," and another at Commencement on "Symmetry of Mental Culture." An irreverent son has remarked "the first time father ever wore store clothes was at the Junior Ex," and has maintained it to be true. Taft graduated third in a class of ninety-three, and President Jeremiah Day recommended him to the world as "a gentleman of liberal attainments and very estimable character," having ranked "among the most distinguished" both in science and in literature.

The first likely position to present itself was assistant in a village high school near Hartford. Taft had gone home after college, and had taught the summer term in the academy, tutored some boys, and helped his father on the farm, as well as with some odd jobs of surveying. When the time came for him to start back to Connecticut, he found his pocket well lined. But it was no part of his scheme to waste this money on traveling expenses. The distance was only eighty miles, the roads were good, the scenery fine, and he covered it on foot. He walked home to Vermont in the spring, and to school again in the autumn. After the second year there, he had made up his mind to read law, and accepted a tutorship at Yale to support him during his course. One last glimpse of his college life remains. While at the law school he grew interested in an unusually bright and promising boy, Charles St. John Eldredge. The boy's father suddenly lost all his money and was about to take his son out of Yale when Taft stepped in, paid the expenses for the remainder of his course from his own slender earnings, and had the satisfaction of seeing his friend graduate at the top of his class. Taft had planned to join with him as a law partner when he had established his practice, but the boy fell sick and died at the Taft home soon after graduating.

The young lawyer who was admitted to the New Haven bar in 1838 always had definite ideas about the future. He thought he would break new ground and settle in the West. He went out first to look around. He liked

Cincinnati and its white houses with green shutters, its yards and flower beds along Fourth Street from Sycamore to Plum. He walked all over the city and climbed the hills for long views of the river. He often crossed to the Kentucky side and prowled along the shore looking back at the substantial radiance of the thriving city. He decided to settle. Not so very long afterward he bought a lot at the corner of Fourth and Vine, and brought there Miss Fanny Phelps from Vermont as his bride.

"Taft is so big and earnest and is so impressive that he is sure to be convincing." This was the way he struck his associates from the start. He took a rugged interest in every side of Cincinnati's welfare. He spoke with equal weight on the necessity of a house of refuge, and the importance of the proposed new railroad to the West. He was as well qualified to deliver a ripe, scholarly paper praising the character of Cicero, or an elaborate oration on the death of Daniel Webster, as he was to grasp the technicalities of municipal government and to prepare an accurate brief. He stands as the type of what the nineteenth century meant by citizenship. The versatility of his knowledge and his quiet confidence of being able to cope with every kind of situation stand impressively against our narrow vogue of overspecialization.

It was his appointment to Grant's cabinet that carried his name beyond his own state, but by nature he was a lawyer, not a politician, and valued as his highest achievement his work as a Judge of the Circuit Court. He possessed the judicial temperament in the highest degree. He eagerly sought to know every side of a question. Having heard his client, he would ask, "Now what do the other fellows say?" Nothing could have been more true than a colleague's remark that no leader of the bar ever left the courtroom feeling that he had been too profound for the judge's understanding and learning, and no beginner ever left feeling that his case had been too small for the judge's kindness and patience.

Perhaps the case which most demanded his courage was that which arose over the teaching of the Bible in the public schools. The Catholics and Jews who formed a large proportion of the citizens of Cincinnati objected to it as violating the spirit of the Constitution, and won their point with the school board who stopped the compulsory reading. A violent discussion arose and the case was appealed. The other two judges decided against the school board. Feeling ran high, and it was evident that the man who dared face the storm must encounter great unpopularity. Judge Taft sat down and wrote a clear and steadfast minority opinion, in which he emphasized the necessity of complete religious freedom. This was always one of his cardinal beliefs and once stimulated a letter to Colonel Bob Ingersoll, then a storm center owing to his defense of Thomas Paine: "I was glad to see your let-

ter, setting forth the character & death of Paine in the light of truth. I never believed the lies told of him by the 'o'er gude' but had not investigated the facts. You have done the cause of truth & justice a great service, and altho' you may not stop their lying, you will break the force of their lies. It is wonderful that Christianity shd be the cause of so much malice against good & just men. As to politics the prospects of the republican party are at present discouraging."

When the Bible case went to the Supreme Court, Taft's opinion was unanimously upheld on every point. But if he had counted on a political career, bosses might have told him that this spelled the end, just as others had told him long before that his downright avowal of his unpopular Unitarian faith would not advance his material interests in the city. Years later, when his name came up as a candidate for Governor of Ohio, his "Bible in the Public Schools" decision was worked to the utmost in defeating his nomination. His chief opponent Hayes even prepared a picture of Taft standing in a classroom window with a Bible rudely balanced on his toe, and was ready to use it when necessary. After this same opponent had gained the nomination, he realized he could not possibly be elected without Taft's support. The Republican party put the case to the Judge. He thought it over with his usual care, and concluded that his duty lay in bending all his efforts to the support of his party, in spite of everything that had gone before. He delivered a keynote speech in the Opera House at Columbus. It was full of energy and fire, logical and forceful. It swept all of his adherents to the cause of Hayes.

Such continued integrity, such simple ignorance of the rules of the game did not fit Taft for the rough and tumble of Middle-Western politics. He was a delegate to conventions, sitting at the one which nominated Lincoln, but his fearless directness made politicians shy. On the other hand, when scandal broke out in Grant's cabinet, and it was felt imperative that, in order to restore the people's confidence, the next Secretary of War must be a man of unquestioned character, Taft was the president's first choice. It is significant that the opposition press, which had been making the most of Secretary Belknap's downfall, had not an adverse word of this appointment.

After holding this post for a short time, Taft was shifted to the far more congenial one of Attorney-General and discharged its responsibilities to the end of Grant's term. He was then, as always, glad to get back to his law office, and would have stayed there happily for the rest of his life. But President Arthur determined to make him Minister to Austria-Hungary, and he took up this new duty at the age of seventy-two. He arrived in Vienna in the spring, and a family letter describes their joy in the season, the pink and white blossoms of the chestnut trees which hung over the Salon Café adding a benediction to their morning coffee. The years there were pleasant, and

the official demands fairly light. But at length the old Judge received further orders. He was to report as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Russia, where a vexed problem had arisen over emigration and citizenship. Taft left for St. Petersburg, and settled to untangle it with vigor. He still possessed his store of energy and his boyish directness. One night, at an elaborate diplomatic dinner, a servant struggled ineffectively to open a window. The Judge pushed back his chair, strode across, and flung it up with one sweep of his powerful arm. When the guests had gone, Mrs. Taft protested that Russians would not understand such lack of ceremony. He heard her out and said: "Whenever I can't open a window in my own house, I'm going home." He had managed admirably the situation for which he was appointed. But he could not stand the Russian winter and contracted typhoid pneumonia when he was seventy-four years old. His rugged constitution threw it off, but he was forced to retire. His health was broken during the six years more he had to live.

Judge Taft kept an enduring interest in Yale. He felt that the college had helped to fit him for the kind of life he had wanted to lead. He served as a member of the Corporation, and received an honorary degree. His oldest boy, Charles Phelps, graduated in the Class of 1864, and Peter Rawson was the valedictorian of 1867, with the highest college standing that had been made to that time. The three sons of his second marriage also came here: William Howard in '78, Henry Waters, '80, and Horace Dutton, '83. The Judge intended they should follow in his tracks. When William wanted to row, the reply came that he had been sent to college to work. However, in the case of Henry, his father relented, and consented to his taking part in such foolishness. It adds a pleasant detail to our picture of the stalwart Judge to see him in the confusion of a boat-race crowd. The crew on which Henry is rowing is slipping slowly behind Harvard when his father grunts: "Good Lord, I wish that William was in that boat."

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

CLASS OF 1878

President and Chief Justice of the United States

WHEN a man has been President of the United States, it seems as though other mortals would do well to mention the fact and say no more. The case of William Howard Taft offers some excuse for an additional word or two, for to us, his contemporaries, the chief thing about him

is not that he was President, nor that he has held a list of offices as brilliant as any ever united in the life of an American citizen. The chief fact about him to us is that he is William Howard Taft.

While he was in college his father, Alphonso Taft, was Secretary of War and Attorney General in Grant's cabinet. This might easily have been his son's chief claim to fame among his classmates, but it was not. He became one of the great figures in the class, and perhaps the best loved man in it, by virtue of his own merits. These were various. He was a tower of strength in such matters as rushes, wrestling matches, tugs-of-war, and less formal occasions between sophomores and freshmen; he was a debater, a leading scholar, salutatorian and class orator, a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Skull and Bones, and, more conspicuous than all else, he possessed an inexhaustible store of human kindness and always good-humored gaiety.

His home was in Cincinnati, and after graduation he returned to study law there. Almost as soon as he was out of law school, in 1881, he was in his first public office, that of assistant prosecuting attorney for Hamilton County. In 1884 he was suddenly called upon to present a case against a local politician in disbarment proceedings, and by a speech of four and a half hours he made a strong impression on older legal opinion. In the next year he was appointed assistant county solicitor, and in 1887 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court. Three years later President Harrison appointed him Solicitor General of the United States, which office he left in 1892 to become judge of the Sixth Federal Circuit. In the meantime he had married the daughter of a prominent Cincinnati lawyer, Helen Herron, whom he had first met on a coasting party on the hills surrounding the town. By her he became the father of three children. His daughter is now Dean of Bryn Mawr College; his two sons are following in his footsteps as lawyers and holders of public office in Cincinnati.

Till 1900 Taft's career was a brilliant but conventional one of bar and bench, pointing unmistakably to the Supreme Court. There now occurred a diversion which brought him to high and unexpected places. President McKinley asked him to go to the Philippines as chairman of the second governmental commission, and after some hesitation he accepted. His leadership in giving order to the Islands was startlingly successful; in 1901 he was appointed the first civil governor. The rest is recent American history. He was appointed Secretary of War in 1904 and elected President in 1908. Roosevelt's secession from the Republican party in 1912 brought in a Democratic administration, and Taft became Kent professor of law at Yale. In 1921 President Harding appointed him Chief Justice of the United States. The apotheosis toward which his early career had tended was realized, but after a by-adventure covering two decades that reads like a schoolboy's dream.

It is unwise to anticipate history, but it seems probable that posterity will be chiefly beholden to Taft for his service in the Philippines. His task was a peculiarly difficult one in itself, and he was called upon to act for his country in a work such as his country had never before attempted. The Filipinos, freed from Spain and government by the Friars, were like sheep without a shepherd, bewildered, suspicious, uneducated, and torn by internal strife. As if by magic they found in Taft the ready sympathy and the firm, kindly treatment that could give them self-confidence and strength. He devised a native constabulary; it was ridiculed as visionary by the American military authorities, but within a few months it was alive and functioning. The army officers, who anticipated a long military occupation, and were, moreover, jealous of what they considered interference in their business, were soon converted to friendship and coöperation.

An incident that occurred in 1902 illustrates Taft's success with the Filipinos. President Roosevelt offered him a place on the Supreme Court. Taft, although he longed to accept, far-sightedly and unselfishly declined, explaining that while his death would not matter much his withdrawal at that time would be construed by the natives as a desertion and a change of policy toward them. Roosevelt admitted this, but could find no other suitable candidate for the Supreme Court. A few months later he repeated his offer, tactfully but firmly insisting on his ability to visualize the larger values of the situation. Taft prepared to obey, and it became known that he was about to leave the Islands. Within a few days the streets of Manila were placarded with signs saying WE WANT TAFT; public meetings of protest were held in which local factions were fused; deputations streamed to the Malacañan Palace and cablegrams poured over the wires to Washington. "All right—stay where you are," cabled the President, convinced. When Taft left the Islands, it was to govern them still from the War Department.

He also performed a diplomatic mission of the utmost delicacy in negotiating with the Pope for the purchase of the vast land holdings in the Islands of the religious orders, and the ultimate withdrawal of most of the Friars. In 1906, when Secretary of War, he was sent to Cuba at a crisis when the newly-formed republican government was overturned by insurrection and anarchy impended. He proclaimed a provisional government under himself, but kept the Cuban flags flying; in twenty days all was quiet, the factions composed and the way to amity clear. As a modern proconsul Taft stands at the head of the list, the peer of Cromer and of Rhodes.

Once when scheduled to address a dinner of several thousand people in St. Paul, Taft was suffering from an attack of ptomaine poisoning. Unwilling to disappoint the crowd, he appeared for a few minutes. The toastmaster in introducing him explained that, as a result of his perennial youth, he

was suffering from that childish complaint, a little stomach ache. "Will you tell me," inquired Taft as he rose to his feet, "how a man of my proportions can suffer from a *little* stomach ache?" One evening in Manila he was driving to a state function in his wife's victoria; the horses, alarmed by a band and by a pressing crowd, began prancing about in a manner which the driver could not control. Taft saw there was a danger—not to himself, for the crowd made a runaway impossible, but to the horses, in collision with another carriage. "Here," he said, "I must tend to this. I can't have Nellie's horses hurt." He left the carriage, went to the horses' heads and stood by them, holding them by the bridle, patting and talking to them, till they were calm again. Such was Taft's feeling for his friends that he never failed to do what he could for them, whether they were classmates, government officials, audiences, nations, or horses.

The Presidency is an office so arduous that some men have not even survived it. Taft did this, and did much more; he survived it with a reserve of strength that enabled him to teach law for eight years and then head the Supreme Court, and with a grace and good humor that has somehow been rare in ex-presidents. Who that was present will ever forget his first cheery greeting to New Haven in 1913—"When a man retires from public life—voluntarily or otherwise . . ." His celebrated chuckle—a single, deliberate "Ha!"—has enlivened political meetings, the White House, lecture rooms, Yale Commencement luncheons, palm-shaded plazas, ships at sea, the palaces of foreign rulers, and the hearts of all the thousands who heard it. Long may it resound (on seemly occasion) from the central seat in that cool classic room in Washington, wherein the spirit of the Constitution lives and works.

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

SAMUEL JONES TILDEN

CLASS OF 1837

Governor of New York and Democratic Candidate for the Presidency

1814-1886

SAMUEL TILDEN did not complete his undergraduate course at New Haven and wore no Yale degree until the honorary Doctorate of Laws was conferred upon him, in 1875, while he was Governor of New York. In June, 1834, he joined the freshman class in the third quarter of the year, a very serious stripling of twenty from the country districts of New York, actually a year or two older than the average freshman and in his tempera-

ment as mature as any professor on the faculty. Delicate health and family responsibility had ripened him into a precocious manhood, and his father's friends had sometimes found it difficult to preserve their gravity as they observed the ponderous deliberation with which the youthful statesman, while still in roundabouts, used to deliver his political opinions. Perhaps he was the only American boy who ever went away to school charged with the responsibility of selecting a teacher to send home to conduct the academy in his native town. This was when he went to Williamstown to prepare for college, and he wrote home most sagely, warning his father that the President of Williams "has generally a considerable number of applicants for places, and would probably give *any one* or *anything* a recommendation."

The dyspepsia which began gnawing at his stomach at an early age made his education a nomadic enterprise, and his brief sojourn in New Haven was but one of several unsuccessful attempts to find learning and a diet his stomach would accept at one and the same place. The modern undergraduate will feel a certain sympathy with him when he learns that Tilden stood the fare at the College Commons something less than two weeks. Though he was then allowed to seek his meals elsewhere, his experience with New Haven cooking left him so emaciated that his father blenched when he weighed him, on his return at the close of the term, and an Uncle Younglove (who appears to have been a mad wag) left orders with a tailor to fit the youngster's new pantaloons on a pair of broomsticks,—directions which the sober-minded tailor seems to have followed too literally to suit either Samuel's figure or his pride.

Thus debilitated by one term's experience at Yale, Tilden dared not try again. In the course of the following winter, he made one more unavailing effort to endure college life, this time in New York; but it was not till two years later, when he began the study of law at New York University, that his health proved sufficient to carry him through his course without interruption. Alone among the men commemorated in the entries of the Quadrangle, Samuel Tilden had no real experience of college life.

From first to last, indeed, destiny gave him few of the things she has in store for the common man; but for compensation, she carried him to heights such as few men know. She made him of iron and tempered him with pain. And she enabled him, by sheer force of will and by a plan of action conceived in the sternest logic, to make himself a power in the land.

His political enemies made much of the fact that he acquired a great fortune. They said he speculated, that he overcharged his clients, that he evaded the income tax, that he "wrecked railroads" for his own enrichment. In his later years, with strength failing him, he had these calumnies to struggle with, these lies to meet and vanquish; and only his own heart and his own

worn body knew how false they were, and at what expense of toil he had made his wealth.

Nor had wealth been an object with him solely for its own sake, nor for what it could give him in the way of comfort and luxury. In later life, to be sure, he bought himself what was known, in those days, as "an elegant residence," up the Hudson. He stocked his estate with high-priced cattle; in his greenhouses he grew fruit out of season; he paid $10,000 for one span of horses. But if he allowed himself these extravagances in the afternoon of his life—and bored his visitors to tears by his boyish eagerness to show off his treasures—he had not gone through the heat of the day for such things alone. His shrewd sense of the state of affairs in his country had told him that only a man of independent fortune could enter upon public life, in those days of corruption, without danger of finding himself the merest pawn in the game. Having determined upon a political career, he made his own independent fortune first, in order that poverty might never be a factor in his own plans or in the plans men made for him.

Having made himself thus independent, he rose up, with a Titan's strength, to do battle with corruption. It was his steadfastness, his daring, and his intelligence which led the battle against the Tweed Ring in the city of New York and sent the corruptionists to jail or into exile. Largely in recognition of this service, he was made Governor of New York, and in that position he fell upon the gang that had made themselves rich at the public expense out of the state canals. Working with the quiet strategy of the great general, Tilden possessed himself of the information necessary to rout this well-entrenched adversary, and when he opened fire upon them he already had them defeated. In the cool afterlight of history, it seems an easy victory, but it took honest courage, a steady head, and unselfish devotion to carry it through.

Never in the history of the nation has our public service stood in more bitter need of such qualities. Simple honesty, alone, was a distinction that appeared to be beyond the aspirations of the ordinary officeholder; and throughout the municipal, state, and federal governments, political highwaymen took toll of the public. In these annals, at least, there shall be no mention of the great man under whose shadow these marauders crept into the federal government. Nor is it necessary to trouble the waters of obscurity to fish out the bones of the particular little reptiles who saw to it that Samuel Tilden was kept out of the White House. In the presidential election of 1876, the people of the country chose him by a comfortable majority. That fact is all we need remember, as we stand before the doorway that bears his unspotted name; that, and the figure of an honest old man, grown to heroic stature in the hour of his struggle to possess his own.

His scouts brought him tidings of the shabby work that was going forward in far places to the south; of puny villages that stood for sale, and of puny men who were ready with the price. In justice, the votes of those doubtful southern states were his, and there were men about him who could see nothing but honesty in making his rights secure by outbidding the would-be purchasers. Tilden would not hear of it. Testifying later before a congressional committee of investigation, he explained the motives that governed his actions in that time of temptation.

"To the people," he said, "who, as I believe, elected me President of the United States, to the four million and a quarter of citizens who gave me their suffrages, I owed duty, service, and every honorable sacrifice; but not a surrender of one jot or tittle of my sense of right or personal self-respect. . . . I was resolved that if there was to be an auction of the chief magistracy of my country, I would not be among the bidders."

Too clearly, the thing was for sale, and just as clearly, no man of Tilden's honesty could hope to secure it. In the electoral college he was defeated by the shady margin of one vote. He was a rather silent man, given to consuming his own smoke, and even his closest friends had few confidences from his lips. We shall never know whether his defeat brought him more disappointment than relief; but we know enough of the man to be sure that he had no unworthy ambitions. In the dark days, when public service was so frequently degraded, and a carpetbag was large enough to hold, not only a politician's worldly goods, but all his virtue as well, here was a man who held by the antiquated notion that the officer of the state is the servant of his people and seeks his position only to guard their interests.

R. D. F.

MORRISON REMICK WAITE

CLASS OF 1837

Chief Justice of the United States

1816-1888

CRITICS of American democracy frequently urge against it its failure to attract great men into the public service, but, whatever may be the cogency of that argument as applied to other branches of the government, we might with reason demur against its application to the judiciary. It is probably true that Federal judges are seldom great original thinkers, but it is beyond doubt that they are generally honest, courageous, and fair-minded, and, in the administration of justice, moral qualities are more essential even than intellectual qualities.

A fine example of the immense value of character in a judge is to be found in the career of Morrison Remick Waite. He was born in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1816, and graduated from Yale College in the Class of 1837. For one year thereafter, he read law in the office of his father, then Chief Justice of the State, and then moved to Ohio, an act which at that time had somewhat the nature of an adventure. First at Maumee City and later at Toledo, he pursued a course of steady, unostentatious professional success, whose only public episode was when he served in the Legislature for the year 1849. He refused to run for Congress; twice he refused a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Outside his own state he was unknown. By his associates he was respected as a man whose natural gifts had been supplemented and amplified by untiring industry, and, still more, as a man of unquestionable and conspicuous integrity.

In 1871 President Grant appointed him, with Caleb Cushing and William M. Evarts, to present the case of the United States before the Geneva International Tribunal. It may be that the fact that Evarts was his classmate and close friend influenced the choice: the event justified it. But, though Waite's part in the debate was carried with great ability, his associates, who were already better known, were more in the public eye, and, at the end of the proceedings, he retired to his practice in Toledo without having acquired what one could call fame. It was his character rather than his reputation which led to his being sent as a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1873 and to his election as president of it. Then, very suddenly, eminence came upon him.

After the death of Chief Justice Chase, the President offered the position to Roscoe Conkling, who refused it. George H. Williams, the Attorney-General, and Caleb Cushing, a former Attorney-General, both failed to be confirmed by the Senate and, in this predicament, the President presented the name of Morrison R. Waite of Ohio. He was unanimously confirmed. If he was not well known, he had no enmities to handicap him. He took office on January 21, 1874, at a time when the turmoil of reconstruction was constantly casting up questions of the greatest moment, and when the crying need was for a Supreme Court which might gain the confidence of the nation and settle these constitutional problems in a way to lead through to peace and order. Then was seen the caliber of the inconspicuous man whom political exigency had raised to the country's highest judicial position. His years of quiet, careful work had made him a lawyer whose learning and powers of reasoning were fully equal to the demands upon them, and, more important still, he gave the country an exhibition of steadiness in an unquiet age, of impartiality in the midst of fierce dissensions, and of equal courage against friend and foe. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were

the subjects of constant debate. The fate of the emancipated negro was in the balance, but so also was the fate of the impoverished southern states. The Amendments had been penned in a time of excitement, and were still the center of bitter feeling on both sides. But amid the general heat, the Supreme Court insisted on interpreting them in cold blood with a detachment which disappointed the extremists and saved the nation. The relation of State and Federal rights had to be dealt with again and again, but, though the latter were momentously enlarged, such was the impartiality of the Chief Justice that he won the confidence of South as well as North. Throughout the fourteen years of his tenure of office, there seems to have been no dissenting voice to the general respect for his integrity, no slightest slur upon his character. He dealt the death blow to polygamy in the United States, and the last cases over which he presided were those which confirmed to Alexander Graham Bell his rights as inventor of the telephone.

The appreciations even of his intimate friends are so conservative as to forbid us to believe that he was great as Jay and Marshall were great. His unadorned logic, his freedom from passion, his firmness of principle arouse respect rather than enthusiasm. But, though we acknowledge that he did not have genius, he did serve his country in a great capacity with effective industry and unswerving honesty. That should be a career large enough for any man. Heaven send America many such to serve her!

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

NOAH WEBSTER

CLASS OF 1778

Lexicographer

1758-1843

A SLENDER form, with a black coat, black smallclothes, black silk stockings, moving back and forth, with its hands behind it, and evidently in a state of meditation. It was a curious, quaint, Connecticut-looking apparition, strangely in contrast to the prevailing forms and aspects in this gay metropolis."

In these words a fellow New Englander describes his encounter with Noah Webster in Paris, in 1824. The self-reliant, self-engrossed little man had come to Europe to get material that was absolutely indispensable for his *American Dictionary of the English Language;* and having put himself promptly on the trail of what he wanted for that purpose, he had all he asked of Europe. Neither its art nor its manners held any allurement for this new-world

scholar, whose whole heart had been given to his native land. He walked the streets of Paris or of London, lost in meditation of his own labors, and if he lifted his eyes, he saw nothing that seemed to him worth the raptures of a man who had known the glories of America. "The colleges are mostly old stone buildings," he wrote to his wife from Cambridge, "which look very heavy, cold, and gloomy to an American accustomed to the new public buildings in our country."

Webster was a Yankee to the very core of him. Born in West Hartford, Connecticut, he was brought up there on his father's eighty-acre farm, amid surroundings that still had the tang of pioneer days. From the farm he went to Yale, a slender stripling with large ambitions in a slight body and no intention of ever returning to the plow. Shadows of war were deepening over the land when he entered college, but to the young patriots of the Class of 1778 the future seemed as bright as a May morning, and their minds were uneasy with the impatience of hope. One of the tutors wrote to Webster, after his graduation, to tell him that he had liked the members of the class for their earnestness and honesty, though he made it clear that he had found them a little bumptious and too inclined to hold the academic notions of their elders in contempt, very like the American undergraduate in war-time in a later day.

Of his actual performance in college we know little, though it is on record in Stiles's diary that on June 14, 1778, Barlow, Swift, and Webster "disputed inimitably well" the question, "Whether the Destruction of the Alexandrine Library and the Ignorance of the Middle Ages caused by the Inund[a] of the Goths & Vandals were Events unfortunate to Literature." We know, too, that when Washington visited New Haven, on his way to take command of the American army, Webster played the fife for the company of students who escorted the Commander-in-chief as far on his road as Neck Bridge. These two scraps of his college history tell the whole story of an academic career in which the thin-blooded Past struggled querulously for some share in the attentions of a generation all too absorbed in the sanguine Present. In the summer of '77, indeed, the necessities of the present crowded all other considerations to the wall, and the college was disbanded temporarily.

The war reduced the Webster family fortunes to the vanishing point. When Noah was graduated from Yale, his father gave him an eight-dollar bill, Continental currency (worth perhaps fifty cents), and told him he must make his own way in the world. The young man asked for nothing better. With Yankee ingenuity and Yankee grit he set about the business of making himself a force in the new republic. "I had an enterprising turn of mind," he says of himself, quite justly, it would appear, "was bold, vain, and inexperienced."

He tried his strength in many fields, teaching, studying law, writing, and entering with the most startling boldness on many publishing enterprises. He learned how to write, at a moment's notice, on such widely scattered subjects as banks and banking, cures for cancer, whitewashing, winds, female education, yellow fever, and the decomposition of white-lead paint. He developed a true American passion for statistics, and took the first step toward a national census when he formed the habit of counting the houses in every town he visited, methodically going up one side of a street and down the other and computing the population of the town from the data he entered in his notebook. Almost single-handed, he forced a copyright law through the national congress, giving the better part of a year to the labor, and spending his own scanty funds most lavishly without any foreknowledge that he was to profit largely from the statute he had fathered. So he ripened with his country. His destiny took shape with the destinies of the republic, and the great name he made for himself—the most familiar, probably, of all the names that adorn the entries of the Quadrangle—was made because he gave his energies unreservedly to the service of the new land, with no doubts of her boundless future and an eager haste to bring her to absolute perfection.

After some seeking, he stumbled by accident into the untried field where all his energy might avail to make him a great figure in the new nation. "In the year 1782," he says, "while the American army was lying on the bank of the Hudson, I kept a classical school in Goshen, Orange County, State of New York. I there compiled two small elementary books for teaching the English language. The country was then impoverished, intercourse with Great Britain was interrupted, schoolbooks were scarce and hardly attainable, and there was no certain prospect of peace."

The "two small elementary books" which he thus prepared to meet the emergency were the germ of his famous *Grammatical Institute of the English Language,* later published in three slim volumes—the first a speller, the second a grammar, and the third a reader. Five thousand copies of the first edition were rather reluctantly put out by Hudson and Goodwin of Hartford, with Joel Barlow, Webster's friend and classmate, furnishing part of the capital. The publishers need not have been so timorous: in 1814 the speller alone sold 286,000 copies; in 1828, 350,000; and by 1847, four years after Webster's death, the sales had reached 24,000,000, and the book was going off at the rate of a million copies a year. In short, two generations of young Americans were taught to spell out of this famous book.

But the *Institute* was something more ambitious than an ordinary speller. This early American best seller was something other than a mere compilation of word lists and rules. It is actually on record that men read the thing: Colonel Timothy Pickering, having received a copy from a friend, wrote

enthusiastically to his wife that he read the book through during the night "instead of sleeping." There was the flavor of a personality in it—a little precise and moralistic, to be sure, but positive, aggressive, American—and the people of the new land could recognize the voice of a brother speaking through its pages. In the early editions, the author was at pains to correct their eccentricities of speech in kindly fashion, warning them against saying "winchcott" when they meant "wainscot," "chimbly" for "chimney," and "confisticate" for "confiscate." The illustrations that he chose and the precepts that he introduced betokened the free-born patriot and the upright, self-reliant man. His fellow citizens learned to respect this man Webster while they learned to spell out of his book.

There was purpose in the book, too. "To diffuse an uniformity and purity of language in America," declares the preface to the Speller, "to destroy the provincial prejudices that originate in the trifling differences of dialect and produce reciprocal ridicule, to promote the interest of literature and harmony of the United States, is the most earnest wish of the author."

Extraordinary old Yankee, setting out to spread the light of culture and to harmonize the divergent interests of a group of squabbling states—by means of a spelling book! It was typical of the man's confidence in his own powers and his unquestioning belief in what he was about. He liked to know that he was doing large things, and he liked to do them alone. Single-handed, he undertook a revision of the Bible, "with amendments of the language." A lonely pioneer, he began the long and losing fight for simplified spelling, traveling up and down the country, interviewing influential persons, stalking into printing houses and handing the typesetter at the case a printed slip, admonishing him always to set certain words as they were there set down. He was one of the first among Americans to attack the evils of the spoils system; and without influence or patronage, he forced public men to pay attention to the words he wrote, on this matter and many another. On one occasion, he journeyed alone to Mount Vernon and put one of his pamphlets in Washington's own hands.

His dictionary was the final consummation of a life given to solitary labors on great projects. He did the work almost entirely without assistance; with his own hand he prepared the stupendous manuscript for the press. During the twenty years that he spent on this one thing, he lived frugally on the royalties of his other books, computed at five mills the copy. He looked with a certain sense of superiority upon Dr. Johnson, with his garret full of amanuenses, and he took pride in the fact that alone and unaided he had done a better piece of work than the great doctor. He asked no favors for his book and fairly went out of his way to win antagonists for his scheme. "Among all my acquaintances," he wrote to Dr. Burney in London, "there

were only two who upon the publication of my book did not endeavour to depress me with threats of censure from the public."

In the midst of all this single-handed struggle, he had one source of comfort in his wife and family. He had been a susceptible young man, and the pages of his early diaries are filled with references to "agreeable" and "lovely" ladies. At Sharon, where he taught school for a season, he had brushed shoulders with romance, when he fell under the spell of one of his pupils in the "singing-school"; but the lady had another lover, and when she could not make up her mind between the two of them and referred the matter to the elders of the church for a decision, they bestowed her hand upon the young teacher's rival. It was not till 1787, when he was living in Philadelphia, that Webster fell genuinely in love. On March 1, he records in his diary his meeting with Rebecca Greenleaf, who was one of the fifteen children of the wealthy William Greenleaf of Boston. She was visiting, it appears, with her sister Sukey, who had married a Mr. Duncan Ingraham of Philadelphia; and her "fine Eyes & amiable Deportment" had made "much Havoc among the Beaux." Subsequent entries in the diary—always a terse little volume, for Webster was not the man to slop over on the pages of his diary—tell the story of the love affair:

March 7. Visit the sweet Miss Greenleaf.
March 9. Pass the evening with the agreeable Miss Greenleaf.
March 15. At Mr. Ingraham's.
March 17. With Miss Greenleaf.
March 21. At Mr. Ingraham's.
March 22. Take tea at Mr. Ingraham's & attend Concert with the lovely Becca.
March 23-24. Tea at Mr. Ingraham's.
March 26. Take tea at Mr. Ingraham's.
March 27. do.

And then, after only a little more than a month:

April 20: With my heart.

He married Becca in Boston on October 26, 1789, and in November they set up housekeeping in Hartford, with her sister Priscilla giving the young bride some assistance. One of his friends wrote to his classmate Wolcott on this occasion, "Webster has returned and brought with him a very pretty wife. . . . I fear he will breakfast upon Institutes, dine upon Dissertations, and go to bed supperless." But the prediction was a shade too pessimistic. If we may judge by a letter which Becca wrote to her brother a month after her marriage, the larder was bountifully supplied.

"I made eleven pumpkin puddings," writes the lovely Becca, "three plump pudding, & seven apple pyes, Webster & Priss have demolished all the pumkin puddings & begin to make a hugh & cry after more, but they shan't have any till the other things are eaten."

Perhaps the Websters did not always have so many pumpkin puddings in the pantry, but they lived comfortably enough. For many years they made their home in New Haven, in a neat little house on Temple Street. At one period, their fortunes fell so low that even this simple establishment was a shade above their means, and they moved to Amherst, where living was cheaper; but just before the dictionary was finished they were back in New Haven, and there they remained until Webster's death.

Whether they lived on pumpkin pudding or on bread and water, there was peace in their home, and contentment of the heart. In his own family, the pugnacious little lexicographer was the gentlest of men; never very demonstrative in his affections, but quietly content among those that loved him. Becca, who had a strain of French blood in her from her Huguenot ancestors, was a livelier person—"very pretty, with bright dark eyes and hair, and straight, small features, little of stature and of light weight, but very erect and graceful." The chatty letters which she wrote her husband when they were separated from each other show us how her quick human sympathies and her demure gaiety must have enriched the years of his life; years that might have been a little lean and lusterless, had it not been for her and for the vivacious children that she gave him.

It was a full life, on the whole, which this homespun scholar made for himself, with the gay serenity of Becca smoothing the sharp edges of his individualism. He was sixty-six when he finished his dictionary, and he gave the rest of his life to the labor of revision, getting out one further edition before his death. He died while still at work upon his great book, on the eighth of May, in 1843, at the age of eighty-four. As we look back now upon the labors he performed, his slight figure, in the sober black, seems to grow larger and to take on richer colors. This little man, too, was one of the giants of our early history. By his sole strength he wrought great things, in the face of many difficulties, and built his personality into the foundations of our country.

"I am not ignorant, Sir," he wrote once, in answer to a critic who had attacked him rather venomously, "I am not ignorant, Sir, of the narrowness of the sphere I now occupy. Secluded, in a great measure from the world, with small means, and no adventitious aid from men of science; with little patronage to extend my influence, and powerful enemies to circumscribe it; what can my efforts avail in attempting to counteract a current of opinion? Yet I am not accustomed to despondence. I have contributed in a small degree to the instruction of at least four millions of the rising generation, and it is not unreasonable to expect that a few seeds of improvement, planted by my hand, may germinate and grow and ripen into valuable fruit, when my remains shall be mingled with the dust."

R. D. F.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

CLASS OF 1853

Educator and Diplomat

1832-1918

IF you should take a thoughtful undergraduate into the rooms of the Yale Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and ask him, after examining the portraits of the distinguished men hanging on its walls, to show you which one he would choose to resemble later in life, I fancy he would point to one of the most striking of them all—a splendid old gentleman clad in academic gown and hood, his fine head slightly bent forward as if he were pondering over a passage in the book he holds in his hand, the forefinger still marking the place where he has been reading.

His white hair and patriarchal beard show him to be old in years, but there is something indescribably youthful in the poise of the slender figure. Somehow all its lines suggest an active man accustomed to move with ease and decision. As one studies the face, this decision is confirmed and deepened. Here is obviously a noble and powerful mind, alert and well served by those keen eyes, serious and yet not lacking in humor if one may judge by the kindly lines of the mouth. Altogether it is the face of one whom men recognize as a leader—thoughtful, magnanimous, and wise.

Our undergraduate's judgment has presumably been made wholly upon appearances, like that of Napoleon when he exclaimed on seeing Goethe, *Voilà un homme!* But if you were to tell him of the careers of the subjects of these portraits and then ask him again which he would choose to be, he might well point again to the same picture, for the man whom it represents had a life as happy, interesting, and useful as any in our time.

He has told us his story in an *Autobiography* notable for its directness and simplicity of style, and of rare value as a picture of contemporary American life and a record of first-hand personal impressions of such varied figures as Lincoln and Roosevelt, Bismarck, Tolstoi, and Victor Hugo. From its opening pages describing his boyhood in the town of Homer in western New York, one gains a clear understanding of the forces that were to shape young White. His family, like all their neighbors, were New Englanders. He tells us that the tradition was that they were descended from Peregrine White, the child born on the *Mayflower,* but he observes he was always too busy to investigate whether his doubts about the tradition were well founded. The settlement was founded some forty years before his birth, and the first care of the pioneers was to build a church, and then a school, so he came naturally by the idea that "building up goodly institutions is more honorable than any other work." Respect for learning was characteristic of the community also,

so the sight of the principal of the Academy surrounded by his pupils on the village green, gazing through a small telescope, impressed him as beginning his "education into that great truth, so imperfectly understood as yet in our country, that stores, shops, hotels, facilities for travel and traffic are not the highest things in civilization."

His father's loyalty to the Bishop of the diocese led him to send the boy to a small Episcopalian college in the country. There he found an incompetent faculty attempting to teach students who were intermittently lazy or riotous. Presently he informed his father that nothing would satisfy him but to go to Yale, and he wore down parental opposition to his project by going off to work in a distant town, until finally his argument that he must go to a college with a good library showed his father that the boy was in earnest and a grudging assent was given to the change.

At Yale young White found much to disappoint him. Despite the ability of many of the professors, the system of teaching was frigid and ineffective. All the emphasis was upon memory. All the reading was in elementary textbooks. Modern history and literature—the things which interested him most —were not alluded to in any classroom.

But if the formal recitations were disappointing, he learned so much the more quickly the lesson that American undergraduates and their teachers usually fail to learn—that the better part of education comes from one's own efforts on the things which interest one most. So he began with energy and enthusiasm on various sorts of work that appealed to him. He read widely in the College Library in his favorite field of history and presently decided that he would prepare himself to be a teacher of this subject. He gained some practice in writing as a contributor to the *Yale Literary Magazine,* though his antislavery views so aroused the opposition of his conservative fellows that he failed of election to the board. He practiced public speaking, with the help of common-sense criticism from a friend and a series of exercises to strengthen his voice, and won several oratorical prizes and later on obtained more varied training in intimate discussion of political and philosophic questions in the meetings of the undergraduate society to which he was elected. Finally he built up his physique by learning to row, and gained a place as a member of the first Yale varsity crew to race against Harvard.

At the close of his course at Yale he decided to go to Europe to fit himself more fully for his work as a teacher and was lucky enough to be offered a place as *attaché* at the American legation at St. Petersburg. Russia under the despotic rule of the Czars was still living in the Middle Ages, and the young *attaché* had abundant opportunity to study its life and institutions. He saw a splendid illustration of the proudest tradition of autocratic rule when the majestic Czar Nicholas I in the presence of the entire diplomatic corps ad-

ministered a stinging rebuke to Count Nesselrode, the Austrian Ambassador, for his master's perfidy to Russia, and recorded in his journal the Czar's prophetic lament at the deathblow dealt to the sacred principle of autocracy by Austria's treachery to her ally. Then followed the spectacle of the liberal Czar Alexander II emancipating twenty million serfs with a stroke of the pen, and giving to Russia through his autocratic power what America was to gain only at the expense of a long and bloody civil war.

In the religious life of Russia he found much to impress him, for he came to feel that no music in the world could compare with that of the great Russian cathedrals, and the funeral of Czar Nicholas outdid all the ceremonies he ever witnessed for solemnity and grandeur. Yet he found the Russian clergy grossly ignorant and the people full of base superstition of the sort he later attempted to dispel in his own country by his great work on *The Warfare of Science and Theology in Christendom.*

But his main purpose abroad was preparation for teaching history, so he presently resigned his post in St. Petersburg and traveled through Germany, France, and England, visiting the principal universities to acquaint himself with their great scholars and to observe their methods of teaching. Incidentally in his travels he set himself to perfecting himself in the French and German languages, and in the process met and conversed with people of all ranks. Everywhere he found material to interest him, for he studied geography, architecture, art, and music, as well as books, and gleaned curious scraps of information from chance encounters with Napoleonic veterans, or random encounters with famous noblemen or naïve peasants. And everywhere he went he busied himself collecting masses of photographs, books, and other material for use in his teaching in America.

Little wonder that on his return he was offered a position as lecturer on art and architecture at Yale. The opportunity tempted him, but his mind was set on another course. History was his chosen subject, and he had decided he wanted to teach in the great new states of the Middle West. In that region, he had heard Dr. Wayland observe, the future of the United States would be determined, for the course of the Union would be decided by the direction of the thoughts of its young men. So he accepted a professorship at the University of Michigan, stopping only long enough at Yale to see his old friend Dr. Porter, and to give a most successful lecture on Serfdom in Russia, later published as an essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It illustrates very well his aims and methods in teaching. The real matter at issue was slavery in America. To this serfdom in Russia offered an interesting historical parallel. The institution was therefore sketched out fully, and analyzed in its effects on the serfs, their masters, and the nation. But the analogy was left to work out its lesson in the minds of his hearers, for White's purpose was, as he ex-

pressed it, to set his students to thinking on important questions by furnishing them with fruitful historical material.

At Michigan he was a brilliantly successful teacher, introducing many new practices hitherto unknown in America. His classes learned to their amazement that geography was intimately connected with history; that many other sources beside textbooks might be used profitably; that students themselves might work up material about historical problems and gain experience in public speaking by presenting it to their classmates under the guidance of a teacher who had such faith in their power that he felt he must work hard to keep up with their researches, and with such sympathy with them in their difficulties that he spent hours in preparing an interleaved syllabus so they might profitably follow his lectures by jotting down their own notes as they carried on their own researches along with his. Two evenings a week he kindled a fire in the stove in his classroom that it might be warm and cheerful for informal meetings of students to read essays and debate on matters of current political and social interest.

Thus he established for himself at Michigan what he rejoiced to find years afterward at Oxford—"that fraternal relation between teachers and taught which is certainly the best thing at the English Universities and covers a multitude of sins"; and in teaching others he was constantly learning himself. So he found his greatest joy in the relationships of the classroom, and when he came to write his autobiography he dedicated it to his old students.

When the Civil War came, White was rejected for military service and went abroad to assist in presenting the Northern cause to a Europe largely devoted to the Confederate side. From this work he returned to find himself nominated to a seat in the New York State Senate from his home district. He welcomed the chance of learning something of practical politics, and on being elected threw himself into legislative work with enthusiasm. His knowledge of schools and universities at home and abroad naturally enabled him to take the lead in codifying the educational laws of New York, and planning normal schools for training teachers. But his training as a scholar proved useful in other ways quite unexpected by his colleagues, as when some timid legislator likened the depreciated paper money issued by the Federal government to the assignats of the French Revolutionary assembly, and White arose, and drawing some actual assignats from his pocket explained so clearly the theory of sound money and the underlying causes of depreciation that his opponent admitted he had spoken in utter ignorance and thanked Mr. White for setting his fears at rest. His knowledge of currency proved useful again for speeches and articles in later days when greenbacks and free silver became burning political issues.

In the legislative sessions he came to be recognized as one who fought his

battles on facts and principles, and not on personalities. His principles were lofty and his facts accurate, so though he had opponents he made no enemies. A thorough knowledge of parliamentary rules often enabled him to win a fight, as when once he blocked a dishonest bill by gaining and holding the floor at the end of a session and talking against the clock. Then he proceeded to marshal three hundred arguments against the bill, which proved to be little biographical sketches of the three hundred legislators, so witty and laughable that the chamber was kept in gales of good-humored laughter until the backers of the objectionable bill sent word that they would withdraw it if he would desist and let the houses adjourn.

It was in these years that White became acquainted with Mr. Ezra Cornell, a wealthy and rather freethinking Quaker, who was interested in promoting higher education in New York on a non-sectarian basis. The scheme appealed to White, who helped Mr. Cornell with suggestions and advice up to the point of naming the best candidates for the presidency of the projected university, when he found to his surprise that the office was designed for himself. He accepted the position, and in his twenty years of office laid down certain rules and practices so wise and farsighted that they have become the common policies of American education.

To begin with, Cornell University was free from all sectarian control, yet under White's guidance it was provided with a chapel where visiting clergymen of many different churches preached to such students as desired to attend. Bitter attacks on this "godless" system gradually died away as other universities found it wise and imitable, and White was recognized to have done a real service to religion in American colleges.

From his knowledge of European universities and his experience at Michigan, White was convinced that it was desirable to connect his new university as closely as possible with the rest of the educational system of the State, so scholarships were provided for able students from every district of New York. And to make it possible for able boys to come to Cornell even if they had little financial backing, an elaborate system of self-help was devised. To those who needed assistance there were liberal grants of scholarships. To others tuition was charged. In thus varying its charges to the needs of the student Cornell was a pioneer.

Further, White regarded all subjects of study as honorable and deserving, so a curriculum was devised to permit a student to gratify his enthusiasm for learning in the field which interested him, unhampered by academic requirements of mere routine tasks unrelated to the main work he wished to do. To carry out this idea he developed departments of study previously unknown in America, and courses were worked out in modern literature, agriculture, architecture, American history, and mechanical and electrical

engineering. All this tended to make the University a real force in the life of the State and nation, and not merely an academic retreat for scholars.

Under his guidance a vigorous faculty was organized, with a group of resident lecturers, and another of brilliant "visiting professors." The latter were sometimes men like Agassiz and Lowell who came from other universities to lecture at Cornell. Sometimes they were men of affairs or statesmen or artists who brought to a rather isolated community a knowledge of the larger world outside.

Finally, in arranging the corporate life of his University, White showed extraordinary foresight. His trustees formed a real advisory board, not appointed for life by the choice of their predecessors according to the common American practice later criticized by Huxley on his visit to this country, but elected for five-year terms. And his faculties were encouraged to exercise their prerogatives of governing the University of which they were officers.

Thus he built up an organization so effective as to permit him to engage in other work besides mere administration, for he continued to teach and to study along with his colleagues and his students. Sometimes he went abroad to learn of new developments in European education; and occasionally other interesting opportunities for service presented themselves, like that of the Commission to which he was appointed by President Grant to report to Congress on the advisability of annexing Santo Domingo.

For such a task White was admirably fitted, for he thoroughly enjoyed gathering a body of competent observers to travel through the island to take account of its population, institutions, and resources, and his tact and learning combined to win the coöperation of many an islander like the stolid old French priest whose hostility to the Americans was suddenly turned to interest at White's exclamation of pleasure at seeing in his house a beautiful picture of the cathedral of Tours, and his question, "Where did you get this splendid picture of the Church of St. Gatien?" For the first time in his long exile from France, he had met a stranger who knew and loved his native town, and from then on the American gentleman obtained all he asked!

Following this appointment came other more distinguished offices, first as Minister to Russia, where White renewed the acquaintances formed years before and formed others with such famous figures as Pobodienstzeff, the archpriest of reaction in the Czar's government, and Tolstoi, the most original writer and thinker of his time.

More congenial was his post as Ambassador to Germany, for he knew and loved German music, literature, and art, and had a lively interest in German history. In Berlin, too, he was associating with many old friends of his student days, and he found society there most congenial. Scholars like Mommsen and Harnack and statesmen like Bismarck and von Bülow received him

as an honored and intimate friend, and the German people generally recognized him as the ideal person both to interpret their country to Americans, and to represent the United States in Germany. Americans, too, felt this so strongly that President Roosevelt justly expressed the sentiment of the country when he wrote to Mr. White on his resignation as Ambassador, comparing his services to the United States with those rendered by Benjamin Franklin and Charles Francis Adams, our very greatest diplomats of the past.

When he retired as Ambassador, White considered his public life at an end and hoped to settle down to write some of the things he had long planned, though he realized the time was too short for the histories of the French Revolution, of Germany, and Spain and all the rest which seem so fascinating and so much worth doing as one reads, in the last chapter of the *Autobiography,* his outline of how he would like to do them. But suddenly came a call for him to serve his country again, and he accepted the President's appointment as Chairman of the delegation representing the United States at the International Peace Conference at The Hague.

The Conference met in an atmosphere of hopefulness which gave way to skepticism when the world came to realize that the representatives of the Czar, who had suggested the meeting, were not particularly interested in the cause of arbitration; that the delegates from most of the other large nations were only lukewarm in their support of it; and that Germany, the greatest of the military powers, was actually hostile. Yet before many days a new spirit was observable, and hopefulness and enthusiasm came more and more to prevail, as the various questions at issue were discussed and analyzed, rules of international law formulated, and procedure laid down for substituting arbitration for armed force in the settlement of disputes between nations.

White was recognized by everyone as the principal inspirer of this new spirit. Under his influence many who at first had been hostile and indifferent were first led into interest and then to coöperation to a degree which astonished everyone. To achieve this result he drew upon every possible source for help. He studied the accounts of the Conference in the newspapers of Europe and America and saw to it that they got the proper materials to keep the world informed of the great issues at stake, and he enlisted the support of churches and other organizations which mold public opinion. Once these forces began to express the common sentiment of ordinary citizens in support of the program of arbitration, he had a lever to move the stubborn conservatism of the diplomats assembled at the Conference and a force to check the autocratic traditions of that *ancien régime* he knew so well from his long residence abroad.

With all this power behind him he did not make the tragic mistake which

another American statesman was to make at a similar conference of nations, for White knew the traditions of the diplomatic service well enough to realize that, however valuable the good will of the man in the street, public opinion in favor of arbitration would count for little if he could not win over the assembled diplomats. So he did all he could to create a favorable atmosphere. The shade of Grotius, the father of International Law was invoked by ceremonies at his tomb in Delft. Quiet conversations with some delegates brought them over to his aims; clear, lucid speeches by well-chosen orators convinced others in the assembly; concessions on points which seemed inessential or impossible of attainment disarmed still others. And when the whole Conference finally threatened to founder upon the rock of Germany's opposition to the principle of arbitration, he was able to make a personal appeal to the Kaiser through von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor. Both men knew and respected White. His message was transmitted in a way which caused them no embarrassment, and its reasoning was so convincing that the Kaiser withdrew his opposition, and the German delegates were instructed to approve of the program along with those of the other powers.

White and his friends had won a very real victory, and a victory of permanent significance to mankind, despite the fact that the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 seemed to nullify most of the work of the Conference. For the important result achieved at the Hague was a friendly coöperation of the representatives of many nations, which proved that international concord in such an assembly is a goal possible of accomplishment if the right men are present to lead. White was an ideal man for such leadership. He was acquainted with the important representatives from the other nations participating, and was recognized by them as wise, just, and learned, for he had seen and known much

> cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, government
> Himself not least but honored of them all.

If our civilization can continue to produce men of such power and such ideals, mankind may yet hope to reach the goal which he strove for.

GEORGE VAN SANTVOORD

ELI WHITNEY

CLASS OF 1792

Inventor and Industrialist

1765-1825

I HAVE reflected often and much upon Mr. Whitney's character, and it has been a delightful study to me. I wish I had time to bring fully to your view, for your consideration, that particular excellence of mind in which he excelled all men that I have ever heard of. I do not mean that his power of forming mechanical combinations was unlimited, but that he had it under such perfect control."

These words of discernment are from the pen of a friend of the famous inventor. And perhaps it is true that Whitney's greatest achievement was not the invention of the cotton gin, or his serenity under years of misfortune, or the late success which he wrung from an adverse fate, or even his astonishing system of the division of labor for mass production. These things are merely the products of his true success, which was, in brief, the perfect and complete subjugation of his ingenious mind to his inflexible will. His mind was the most perfect of his mechanical devices.

Eli Whitney was born on December 8, 1765, near the town of Westborough, in Worcester County, Massachusetts. His family on both sides had come with the early settlers, and were at this time established as "respectable" farmers. Respectability consisted in being industrious, strictly frugal, debt-free, land-owning, morally impeccable, and Congregationalist. Eli Whitney, senior, was all of these things. He was a poor prophet into the bargain, for when he heard that Eli had made a fiddle in the workshop while he was away, he shook his head; "Ah!" he said despondingly, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles." This was when Eli was twelve years of age. The greatest piece of mechanism in the whole countryside was his father's watch, and Eli one fine Sunday morning feigned sickness as an apology for not going to church, and in a glorious spirit of abandon took the watch to pieces until not one part was left with another. Happily he got it all together again and was on his couch of pain when his father returned. Many morals might be drawn from this episode, but we shall confine ourselves to one: duplicity comes by nature to childhood; a good man may never repeat the sins of his youth.

When the colonies began their struggle for independence, Eli's ingenuity soon found a way to serve God and Mammon at the same time. With a few tools he set himself up in the business of supplying nails to his country, an article which was sadly needed. It was not necessary for Eli's father, though

the boy was only fifteen, to see that his son got a price rather better than fair for the nails. But this is really beside the point. For the significant thing is that Eli had his own shop and acquired there that independence of mind, that practice in mechanical ingenuity, and that perseverance of spirit which are so noticeable in his character in later years. When communication was reëstablished with England and nails began to pour in from the factories there, Eli converted his shop into a hatpin manufactory, and presently the advantages of his hatpin were so evident that the world beat a small pathway to his door. Perhaps some of the path was owing to Whitney walking canes, "which he made with peculiar neatness."

The happiest idea that Eli had entertained up to this moment in his life came to him when he was nineteen. He desired to obtain a liberal education, and his eyes turned toward New Haven. His stepmother opposed him warmly, and it was not until he was twenty-three that he could secure his father's consent. The years between were not lost. By labor in his shop and by teaching in the village school he got himself financially ready for college. Intellectually he was in a bad way, for while he knew his figures and was quick of mind, his Latin and Greek were in the condition of Shakespeare's. His Hebrew was nowhere in the competition. The village prophet concluded that "it was a pity such a fine mechanical genius as his should be wasted," and moved in open meeting that the idea of college be dropped. But Eli escaped to Connecticut and tutored under "that eminent scholar" the Rev. Dr. Elizur Goodrich, whose establishment was at Durham. He was admitted to the freshman class in Yale College on April 30, 1789. It was in the *régime* of President Stiles, and the twenty-fourth year of Eli Whitney's life.

Whitney paid his own way at college. His father, indeed, paid some of Eli's bills during the last year of his son's course in Yale, but this money was merely a loan, which in proper time was paid back. At first the young man's studies were very little on the classics and "polite literature." He devoted himself to the study of mathematics, and of theoretical and practical mechanics. He chose Athens in his riper age, and presently we find among his papers compositions and disputations, orations of a fiery nature, and at last even poems. Some of the orations were read before President Stiles. The topics of these pieces were political rather than literary, but a number of them show a vivid and even fervid imagination. Some are brave expressions of exultation at America's independence, some extol America's freshness in contrast to Europe's decadence. Perhaps the crowning event of Eli's forensic career was the oration he delivered in the College Chapel on July 12, 1792, to the President and the senior class upon the death of Robert Grant, a classmate. In that year one fellow of the college, two instructors, and seven students had died, and the young orator felt keenly the immanence of death:

"As the rapacious wolf descends upon the defenceless fold, nor spares the tender lamb; so death attacks: nor vigor, goodness, wealth nor innocence escape his cruel jaws.—O Yalensia, what havock has he made! to him thy veteran shepherds fall a prey; by him the noblest of the flock are overcome." A little further Whitney quotes from *Romeo and Juliet,* but at the climax of his speech he quotes from his own verses. His classmates were so moved that they had the piece printed. In spite of the artificiality of the manner, one still feels the warmth of friendship in the words.

And yet with that fine willingness to conform to history, the things that men chiefly remembered about Eli Whitney in college were his mechanical achievements. "On a particular occasion," says one account, "one of the tutors happening to mention some interesting philosophical experiment, regretted that he could not exhibit it to his pupils, because the apparatus was out of order, and must be sent abroad to be repaired. Mr. Whitney proposed to undertake this task, and performed it greatly to the satisfaction of the Faculty of the college." Another time when Whitney had persuaded a reluctant carpenter to lend him his tools, he astonished the man by his abilities, and the man went away exclaiming that "there was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college."

Upon his graduation, Eli received an offer of the position of tutor to a family in Georgia, and traveled southward in the autumn of 1792. Happily, upon the same boat was Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. Whitney had prepared for the journey by being inoculated against smallpox, and partly because of his continuing sickness, and partly because of the uncertainty of his position, he was induced by Mrs. Greene to accompany her and her family to Mulberry Grove, the Greene plantation, some twenty-five miles from Savannah. When it was known that the gentleman who had engaged Whitney had hired another tutor, and that he was without resources, Mrs. Greene offered him a permanent home in her house. There Whitney began the study of law, and there shortly after he began in earnest his career as inventor.

The first evidence of Whitney's mechanical ingenuity was a new kind of embroidery frame which he made for Mrs. Greene. Shortly afterward, certain officers of the American Army came to visit the family of their old commander, and in their talk complained bitterly of the fact that there was no method of cleaning green cotton from its seeds. The work was usually done by negroes in the evening when the labor in the fields was done. The men, women, and children gathered in a circle, with one in the midst whose duty it was to rouse the dozing. Mrs. Greene listened as the gentlemen spoke, and presently she said, "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney—he can make anything." She showed them her embroidery frame and some of

the toys that Whitney had made for her children. On his part, he had never seen cotton in its raw state, and since it was out of season, he had to go to Savannah and search among the warehouses there to find a small bit to work with. He fell to his task in the basement of Mrs. Greene's house with what materials and tools a Georgia plantation could afford. Mrs. Greene and Phineas Miller, a graduate of Yale College who had become a planter and who later married Mrs. Greene, were the only people who knew what Whitney was doing. There was, however, considerable curiosity and raillery before the machine was finished. Mrs. Greene, one day, invited a number of gentlemen to her house, and they saw with astonishment a machine which would clean more cotton in a day than could have been cleaned in a month by the old method.

With misgivings and hesitation, Whitney gave up the idea of preparing himself for the law, and entered the newly formed organization of Miller & Whitney, a firm which was to manufacture and rent the cotton gin to the farmers of the South. A patent was applied for, terms arranged between the new partners, and Whitney, supported by Miller's capital, set out for Connecticut to begin the manufacture of the machine. He had been gone from Georgia only two days when a number of men began to claim the honor of inventing the cotton gin. This was the beginning of Whitney's troubles. The officials in Washington were slow to grant the patent rights in spite of the interest of Thomas Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State, in the invention. The plan of renting the use of the gin to the farmers was an unfortunate one, for it encouraged infringements of the patent rights. Before Whitney could get started in New Haven in his thorough and deliberate way, rival gins appeared in Georgia, openly violating the rights of the inventor. And now begins the long and desperate struggle which Whitney was to make during the next two decades for his rights. In the South, Miller became more and more urgent as his capital failed and his rivals prospered. In the North, Whitney struggled against lack of funds, sickness, discouragement, and finally the loss of his factory and his papers by fire. At this moment fortune struck her consummate blow. The merchants of England began to object that the gin-cleaned cotton was brittle and inferior, and there was a movement on foot to boycott the product. Miller and Whitney had need of all the perseverance and equanimity in their natures, and it may be said that these qualities were in these men to no small degree. Their gins were standing idle; patent cases went against them in the courts without reason or justice. They could not get loans, even when they offered an interest rate of thirty per cent. A letter of Whitney's written at this time shows that even his courageous spirit was almost ready to give up the unequal struggle: "The extreme embarrassments which have been for a long time

accumulating upon me, are now become so great, that it will be impossible for me to struggle against them many days longer. It has required my utmost exertions to exist, without making the least progress in our business. I have labored hard against the strong current of disappointment, which has been threatening to carry us down the cataract, but I have labored with a shattered oar and struggled in vain, unless some speedy relief is obtained. I am now quite far enough advanced in life to think seriously of marrying. I have ever looked forward with pleasure to an alliance with an amiable and virtuous companion, as a source from whence I have expected one day to derive the greatest happiness. But the accomplishment of my tour to Europe (to exonerate his gin), and the acquisition of something which I can call my own, appears to be absolutely necessary, before it will be admissable for me *to think* of family engagements. . . ." So the two men struggled through their many difficulties.

Gradually a little light began to dawn. The British merchants began to approve of the quality of the ginned cotton, and in 1801 the State of South Carolina purchased the patent rights from Miller and Whitney for $50,000. The company paid its debts. In the next year, North Carolina followed the course of its sister state. Tennessee was about to follow, when South Carolina retracted its contract, suspended payment of the sum still due, and sued for what it had already paid. This was, in time, set all right again, but it made life an anxious thing for the partners. In broken fortune and spirits Miller died, and Whitney was left to contend against adversity and the greed of man alone. It was in the celebrated case of *Whitney* v. *Fort* that the overtasked inventor won his first genuine victory. In the charge of Judge Johnson to the jury, as well as in the verdict, Whitney must have taken considerable pleasure. Answering the objection of Fort's attorney that the invention of Whitney was of no use, Johnson had said: "The whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them, which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off. Our capitals have increased, and our lands trebled themselves in value. We cannot express the weight of the obligation which the country owes to this invention. . . ."

This decision, as just as it was, did not stop lawsuits, nor did it have the effect it promised. Whitney got nothing further from his invention, save years of wasted effort and a constitution impaired by exposure to all weathers. When his patent right expired in 1812, Congress refused to grant

him an extension, and Whitney quit the whole affair with considerable righteous indignation. From the beginning, he had realized the danger that he might not be able to make anything from his invention for himself, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find him in 1798, when his fears had begun to prove well grounded, setting himself up in a business in which his ingenuity and industry would bring him a sure, if slow, success. And so with a mind neither poisoned by bitterness, nor disintegrated by defeat, at New Haven he set about his new enterprise, which was the manufacture of arms for the government. He secured a contract for ten thousand stand of arms and began to build his factory at the western end of East Rock, a spot where there was water power to be had, and which was, moreover, "justly admired for the romantic beauty of its scenery." That Whitney builded well is attested by the fact that parts of his establishment are still in use. Here he was happy. He planned and built of stones from East Rock what seems to have been the first model mill village in America. He arranged the buildings of his factory and the labor of his men on a new plan. Raw materials entered at one end of the half-circle of buildings and came out muskets at the other. There was progression within progression, each man performing one operation on one piece. Each mechanic learned to do one action, requiring no brains, exceedingly well. "Thus Mr. Whitney," says one of his admirers, "reduced a complex business, embracing many ramifications, almost to a mere succession of simple processes, and was thereby enabled to make a division of labor among his workmen, on a principle which was not only more extensive, but altogether more philosophical than that pursued in the English method." This is Chapter One of American industry. His methods and many of his smaller inventions were copied throughout the country. He prospered, married, raised a family, and in happiness, industry, and fame passed the remaining years of his life. Any morning at shortly after six, the tall, dignified gentleman with "an open, manly, and agreeable countenance" might be seen making his way northward to his factory. In these years he cultivated his friendships, and gave $500 to the college for the purchase of books dealing in mechanics.

One wonders, meanwhile, with what emotions Whitney saw the South leap into wealth and preëminence in the nation, purely because of his invention. Other questions also rise: Did he see the implications of his industrial system? Did the turning from the manufacture of cotton gins to the manufacture of muskets ever trouble his heart? Would he have seen the irony of history during the Civil War when the South which he had made so mighty was crushed by the industrial North, a considerable number of muskets from his own factory, and innumerable ones built by his method, doing excellent service? No, Eli Whitney was not a philosopher. It is perhaps just

as well for the least of us that we do not see the ultimate effects of our deeds. "His manners were conciliatory," says his earliest biographer, "and his whole appearance such as to inspire universal respect. Among his particular friends, no man was more esteemed. Some of the earliest of his intimate associates were also among the latest. With one or two of the bosom friends of his youth he kept up a correspondence by letter for thirty years, with marks of continually increasing regard. His sense of honor was high, and his feelings of resentment and indignation occasionally strong. He could, however, be cool when his opponents were heated; and, though sometimes surprised by passion, yet the unparalleled trials of patience which he had sustained did not render him petulant, nor did his strong sense of the injuries he had suffered in relation to the cotton gin impair the natural serenity of his temper."

He died on the 8th of January, 1825. In the painful illness which preceded his death he amused himself by making half a hundred little tools and devices for taking care of his own case; and he showed too all the fine qualities of his nature—consideration for others, patience, courage.

WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

JOSIAH DWIGHT WHITNEY

CLASS OF 1839

Geologist

1819-1896

JOSIAH DWIGHT WHITNEY first came to New Haven, at the age of fourteen, to attend the school which Stiles French had recently established. He had been formerly at the Round Hill School in Northampton, an excellent establishment modeled on the schools of France and Germany; but its atmosphere was a shade too cosmopolitan to please the elder Josiah, and the youngster was transferred to New Haven, not without some paternal misgivings at exposing him to the temptations of a college town. "Avoid all places of vice or doubtful amusement," his father wrote him. "Never let me hear of your being once seen in an oyster shop, or eating or drinking house, or even Confectioners' Shops, unless it be for the purpose of getting sugar plums for the children. Such places are in the certain road to ruin."

The Whitney household at Northampton seems to have been one in which the ruin of the rising generation was a little too easily foreseen and too often predicted. The elder Josiah had learned self-denial under the schooling of necessity; and he watched with dreadful anxiety for the development of extravagance and self-indulgence in his eldest son, who had not known the

discipline of poverty. Of other forms of discipline, the boy had, perhaps, known a little too much; for his mother was a morbidly conscientious woman, and had brought up her first-born in the fear of God and in yet greater terror of her own inflexible relatives. In mingled solicitude for the salvation of his soul and for the approval of elder and more rigorous persons than herself, the poor young woman, struggling with the novel problem of a self-willed and stubborn infant, had sought to break his spirit with punishments which were sometimes unreasonably severe. It is to the credit of her character and his that she neither broke his spirit nor forfeited his love. He himself would probably have been the last to attribute the cloudiness of temper, which always hampered him in his dealings with the world, to the well-meant errors of her discipline; and when she died—having borne eight children in fifteen years—her eldest born went off to school at New Haven sorrowing for his loss. "I hope you will not forget the good counsel your own dear mother has so often given you," his father wrote him, during his first winter away from home, "—how painful would be the thought that any of us should be missing at the great day." In the Whitney household, shades of the prison house closed early on the growing boy.

What he would grow into no one in the family could fathom. His father must quite early have relinquished the hope that Josiah, answerable to the earnest desire of his dead mother, might "become a devoted minister of Christ." So far from committing himself to a career in the ministry, the heedless youngster could not be brought to consider any career with becoming seriousness; and what was more distressing, he would not commit himself on the momentous question of religious faith. His letters to his sister Elizabeth must have brought the gravest anxiety to that earnest young soul. He was her "dear, dear brother," to be sure, but he was frightfully flippant about his teachers and his scholarly pursuits and certainly seemed to brag a good deal about his idleness.

"Here I am, the same as ever," he wrote in February of his senior year, "studying Philosophy and Political Economy a little, painting a little, reading a little, fencing a little, doing nothing a great deal." A month earlier, he had assured his sister that "Juniors are lazy animals to make the best of them, but compared with Seniors they are locomotives flying at the rate of 50 miles an hour," and had complained that one of his venerable professors, "being confined to bed with the lockjaw caused by uttering some of his own vile English," had given the class more to do than usual. In short, he made it clear that the regular work of the college curriculum was a bore and that he proposed to do as little of it as possible.

Most of this, of course, was undergraduate swank, and it is to be hoped that Elizabeth saw through it as clearly as we do. Josiah Whitney did well

in his college work, as his election to Phi Beta Kappa attested. His three years at New Haven, moreover, enriched his life with many things not provided by the narrow curriculum of Yale College. If his letters to his sister are seasoned with some dash of flippancy which must have brought her pain, and some labored facetiousness which would be painful to any reader, they also give evidence of an active mind, reaching out after all sorts of interesting and profitable things. They chronicle a trip to New York to visit the exhibition of the National Academy of Design; they dwell on the repeated delights of morning rambles, three or four miles out of the city, in quest of flowers and sketches; they record the most gratifying progress in painting in oil and speaking German; and they testify to an unusual amount of good reading. "I am dipping a little into the well of English literature of olden times together with my friend of the musical name. We are reading together Ben Jonson's plays occasionally, or Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, Chaucer, Spenser, or perhaps Dryden. Thus we spend many an evening quite comfortably, leaving Mathematics and all the ologies to be scattered to the winds. I think it a great privilege to have good libraries to resort to." If Yale was not educating this young man, she was, at least, putting him in the way of educating himself.

For the immediate present, however, familiarity with English literature and proficiency in painting and speaking German were of little service in directing his life into any particular channel. Commencement came and went, with Whitney superintending the arrangements as chairman of the committee, playing the fiddle for the ceremonies, and appearing on the platform in a colloquy and in an oration; but the young man, for all his diversity of talents, seemed to be a long way from earning his daily bread. He had many intellectual interests, but none that was strong enough, as yet, to compel him to the choice of a career; and for a year or two, he groped his way among several things toward the one thing he could do best.

An appointment on the staff of Dr. Jackson, a friend of his father, who was in charge of the geological survey of New Hampshire, proved to be the determining factor in the shaping of his life. Finally assured that scientific work interested him more than anything else, and encouraged by Dr. Jackson to believe that lucrative positions would always be open to him, if he secured thorough training, he wrote his father that he now longed to give all his energies to science; and the elder Josiah, encumbered though he was with children, brothers, sisters, and cousins, all looking to him for help, promised to support him while he studied for a year in the laboratories of Europe. He sailed on the ninth of May, 1842.

His year abroad spun itself out to three, while his worthy father, grumbling a little and urging his son to give up his expensive habits, continued to

supply the necessary funds. The young traveler certainly did not confine himself to the narrow life of the needy scholar. He studied very hard, to be sure, as well in the field of languages as in that of science; but he found time to travel through France, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. He crossed the Alps on foot five times, walked in the Tyrol, and visited Moscow and St. Petersburg. He indulged to the full his taste for music and art, and he added three hundred and forty-one expensive volumes to his library. His friends were inclined to agree with his father that the young man was not exactly thrifty.

In January, 1845, having drawn on his father to the limit of the good man's patience and resources, Whitney returned to this country, bringing with him a translation of a short work by Berzelius on blowpipe analysis, which he had undertaken to write at the suggestion of Dr. Jackson. He spent some months in Cambridge, studying in the Harvard Graduate School and superintending the publication of his translation, which he affectionately nicknamed "Betsey on the Blowpipe." Then, after a few months in northern Michigan, he went abroad again, in December, 1845, with commissions to secure skilled workers and furnace masters from the mines of Saxony and the Hartz and to seek information about the chemical processes used in the manufacture of cotton cloths in the mills of Germany. This employment brought him a little money, and with some further assistance from his father, he was able to secure more than a year of intensive training in chemistry; first, in the laboratory of Heinrich Rose, in Berlin, and later at the famous establishment at Giessen, presided over by Professor Liebig, "where Professors and Doctors are manufactured to order." From Giessen he was summoned home by the unexpected tidings that two of his sisters were to be married. He returned to Northampton in May, 1847.

He was now as well trained in science as any young man in the United States. The road upon which he had set out, five years before, now stretched before him, broad and straight, promising to lead him to great things. In an age when the mineral resources of the country were being exploited with astonishing rapidity, he might have made himself immensely rich, had he so chosen; or, if his talents and inclinations had been different, he might have made himself brilliantly conspicuous as a lecturer, at a time when public interest—stimulated, in part, by the bad names which our old-fashioned theologians were bestowing on the scientists—was morbidly eager to be fed with unorthodox truths about the creation of the world and the antiquity of man. His temperament led him away from all such methods of capitalizing his scientific training, and he chose a way of putting his talents to the use of his country which brought him no wealth at all and a fame so clouded by obscurity that only a few men in his generation knew to the full how great a man he was.

It would certainly be difficult to imagine tasks more barren of the rewards that are supposed to stimulate ambition than those which he undertook at the behest of Science. The best years of his life were given to conducting geological surveys for states that were more ungrateful than princes and more penurious than a Scotch spinster. So far from making him wealthy, his positions as State Chemist of Iowa and State Geologist for California kept him in a fretting anxiety over financial matters; for payments from the state treasuries were usually inadequate and always tardy, and there were many times when his work must have stopped, but for the assistance of his father, who was induced to find the money to keep the surveys going. At one time, the state of California stood $15,000 in debt to its geologist, and Whitney wrote home that it would be from three to six months longer before he could expect to receive a cent. "I feel so disgusted with California," he wrote to his brother in February, 1868, "that I can hardly stand it much longer. Still, I am running the survey along in a small way at my own expense, waiting to see what the jackasses at Sacramento will do. . . . I am told, on good authority, that this legislature is by far more corrupt and reckless than any of its predecessors. . . . I have been semi-officially notified that I must come down with $2000 if I want my bill to pass."

Foes of the California survey were by no means limited to the jackasses at Sacramento. Unscrupulous promoters, who found it much to their purpose to exaggerate the mineral resources of the state, had every dishonest reason to oppose an enterprise dedicated to the purpose of discovering the sober truth about the wealth beneath the surface of California's soil. Whitney and his associates always stood ready to place their findings at the disposal of any citizen who had sense enough to investigate the claims of a mine or of an oil well before sinking his money in it, and every request for information was answered with candor and in full. Under these circumstances, it is reasonable to suppose that the scamps who fatten on the ignorance of investors were responsible, in some measure, for the atmosphere of suspicion in which the survey had to fight for the means of existence. These gentry had reason to know this man Whitney from of old, for his *Metallic Wealth of the United States,* published six years before the California survey was established, had been a stumblingblock in their path. Whitney had traveled more than 20,000 miles in the task of gathering material for that book; and although his primary purposes in writing it had been scientific, he had been actuated in some part by a desire to safeguard the uninformed investor, by providing him with full and accurate information about the mineral resources of the country. Such disinterestedness was sure to incur the hostility of crooks, and it hardly won the gratitude of a public that seems to have been rather proud of its scamps and to have regarded any

honest man who sought to hamper them in their scullduggery as a meddlesome busybody. At a time when the citizens of San Francisco wrecked a newspaper, simply because it had saved them large financial losses by exposing the rascality of a group of promoters, it was hardly to be expected that the State Geologist would become a public idol.

It is safe to say, indeed, that Josiah Dwight Whitney made himself one of the best hated men in the state of California. This was partly the result of his own temperament, which made men label him "an easy man to quarrel with." He was certainly not one to pick his way through ignorance, folly, and dishonesty with conciliatory tread. "So far from suffering fools gladly," says his biographer, "it was with some obvious effort that he suffered fools at all." In his letters, he wrote freely of the "malignity and stupidity" of his opponents, and it is to be feared that he spoke quite as freely when he found himself in the presence of those whom he despised. Doubtless it is to his credit that his bitterest foe, Governor Booth, had to complain that no other man had ever so insulted him.

But if Whitney's uncompromising and belligerent character was one of the causes of the untimely death of the California survey, it was just as certainly the thing that kept it going through fifteen lean years and made it yield results that were out of all proportion to the meager enthusiasm it aroused in the state itself. The tough fiber of the man, which had troubled his parents in his very infancy, had stood him in good stead and had carried him through vexations which would have tried the patience even of a far less irascible man. Though he grumbled and spluttered, in a way which will endear him to all men whose tempers are less than divinely even, he drove on against his difficulties with an unflinching determination to make the work he had set out to do an honest and a serviceable thing.

His own unquestioning devotion to science and his own willingness to submit to punishment in the cause of truth communicated itself to the men who worked under him. In some respects, the staff he built up around him was the greatest of his achievements as State Geologist of California. The United States Geological Survey was founded by the most brilliant of the men who served under Whitney in California, and the traditions of the service were established by men who had learned from him. They accepted without question the law of the survey that none of them should use his knowledge of California geology to make a penny for himself. Without any of the more showy qualities that make for leadership, Whitney won the devotion of his men by the sheer stuff of manhood that was in him, and it was the rigorous teaching that he gave them which made them the men they were. They, at least, had no doubt about their leader's greatness; and while the citizens of California complained because their State Geologist held a

professorship at Harvard and would not drink whiskey between meals, the men who worked under him knew that he was doing a great service for the state and determined that his name should be gloriously remembered in the country where he had been, for so many years, a prophet without honor. When the highest mountain in the land was begging for a name, these men saw to it that it should be called Mount Whitney.

After the death of the California survey, Whitney came back to his professorship at Harvard, which had claimed but a share of his time while the field work in the West was still going on. There were periods of travel in Europe with his wife, whose taste for the nomad's existence had made her an ideal mate for a man whose business took him so often afield; but her health eventually made travel impossible, and Whitney himself had known far too much of the uneasy life of a man who has no place that he can call home. He was glad enough to settle down in Cambridge, to the congenial tasks which his professorship brought him. He won no unusual reputation as a teacher of undergraduates, for he was too old a man, when he first began to teach, to learn the best methods of appealing to the young mind; but his more mature students emerged from his classes with a training which made them conspicuous and influential men in the world of science in their generation.

Though he taught with conscientiousness and remorseless thoroughness, most of his energies, naturally enough, were given to research. Nor was all his study devoted to science. Many hours of his time, over a number of years, were given to assisting his brother, William Whitney the philologist, in the preparation of the *Century Dictionary*. It is said that President Eliot fretted not a little at the curious spectacle of Harvard's most distinguished geologist lending his aid to a philological enterprise which was destined to bring kudos upon Yale. On the whole, it was a life of congenial occupation and of delightful freedom which the battered warrior of science found waiting for him in the comfortable retreat of Cambridge, after his years of fretful warfare in the public service.

For eight years, he had lived as happily as at any time in his life, when tragedy suddenly broke into his house and stabbed him to the heart. In the first week in May, 1882, his wife's health, which had been an uncertain matter for many years, took a decided turn for the worse. Only a few weeks before, Whitney had written his brother in the highest of spirits, to announce the birth of his only daughter's child. Now, in the midst of his wife's illness, he had to write again—a short, abrupt letter, such as a man writes when he is rallying his strength to face hard facts—to tell his brother that his daughter, as well as his wife, lay at death's door. Within a few hours, he had lost them both. "And I am alone," he wrote his best friend,

Baron Von Richthofen, "nothing left of my own family but a little granddaughter, six weeks old."

Whitney had always been a rather solitary figure, little gifted with the qualities that win a man a host of friends; and for some years, after this disaster, he retired far within himself. In the long run, the rugged cheerfulness which was a part of his nature reasserted itself, but it cannot be said that he knew happiness again. In his brother's family he found some consolation for the loss he had suffered in his own; and in his books, his music, and his work he still contrived for fourteen years to find the kindling fire which keeps a man alive. He died at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, August 19, 1896, at the age of seventy-five.

R. D. F.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

CLASS OF 1827

Poet and Man of Letters

1806-1867

NAT WILLIS was something of an undergraduate all the days of his life. The vices of the breed were on him, and they tripped and tangled him continually, landing him in vexatious, tragi-comic situations very like college scrapes. He carried his gay heart and his dapper body so jauntily about the world that sour men took offense at the preposterous youthfulness of his ways and words and undertook to flay the exasperating charm from him,—some with stinging irony, some with bludgeons of abuse, and one with a gutta-percha whip. In his writings, as well as in his manners and his conversation, there was a trace of sophomoric smartness which distressed his friends as much as it delighted his foes. Lowell, who was fond of the man, has lamented the undisciplined quality of his style, in a passage in the *Fable for Critics,* which conjures up a picture of a sober teacher, shaking his head over the incorrigible faults of a favorite pupil:

> His prose had a natural grace of its own
> And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone,
> But he twitches and jerks so one fairly gets tired,
> And is forced to forgive where he might have admired.

But if he had too generous a share of the defects that make college teachers prematurely bald, he had also the redeeming qualities that belong to the best of undergraduates,—an irrepressible enthusiasm for life, a generous sympathy with others, even though they chanced to be his rivals, a courage that

stood stiffest when the cause was desperate, a capacity for finding enjoyment in whatever fortune the day brought with it. He saw things very, very rosily, and was always ready to tell the world how bright a place he found it. The *joie de vivre,* which exasperated certain more vinegary persons who were forced into his society, bubbled gayly out of him in everything he said or wrote. "Nat Willis," an old lady in Hartford used to say, "ought to go about in Spring, in sky-blue breeches, with a rose-colored bellows to blow the buds open."

In his student days, his emotions seem to have been delightfully easy to reach. At Andover, he was swept away in one of those emotional storms which pass under the name of "religious revival," and wrote home to his father in such a frenzy of enthusiasm that his family might well have feared for his reason. Religious fanaticism passed clean over him, carried him farther than a less sensitive nature,—and left him pretty thoroughly immune to fevers of that sort. He was no less susceptible, however, to other enthusiasms. Coming to New Haven to enter Yale, he was fairly swept off his feet by the beauty of the town; and a fine old town it must have been, in those days before Commerce had laid its hand too heavily upon it, though perhaps no such place of enchantment as it seemed to this young idealist.

"If you were to set a poet to make a town," he wrote later, recollecting the impressions of his freshman year, "with *carte blanche* as to trees, gardens and green blinds, he would probably turn out very much such a place as New Haven. . . . The houses are something between an Italian palace and an English cottage,—built of wood, but in the dim light of those overshadowing trees, as fair to the eye as marble, with their triennial coats of paint; and each stands in the midst of its own encircling grass-plot, half buried in vines and flowers, and facing outward from a cluster of gardens divided by slender paling, and filling up, with fruit trees and summer-houses, the square on whose limits it stands."

If his emotions stirred in quick response to the beauty of the town, the atmosphere at the college made as sharp, though not so pleasant, an impression. "Life in college," writes his biographer, Professor Beers, of the years when Willis was an undergraduate, "was not only plain, but decidedly rough. It was the era of 'Bully Clubs,' town and gown riots, 'Bread and Butter Rebellions,' etc. It was the thing to paint the president's horse red, white, and blue, and to put a cow in the belfry." For all his youthful exuberance of spirit, Willis had something fastidious about him which found this up-country rowdyism a little revolting. It must be confessed, too, that he was always a bit of a snob and somewhat too ready to find inferiority in his fellows.

"I find few among the students," he wrote to his father, "whom I should

choose as companions. Most of them are profane and dissipated, and their highest ambition seems to be to show off as a high fellow, and one who can overreach the government and laugh at its officers. The pious students in my class are mostly *men,* without any refinement either of manners or feelings, —fresh from the country,—whose piety renders them respectable, and who without it would be but boors."

In this company of pious young farmers and rakish young nincompoops, the sensitive, impressionable boy—who had been rescuing sinners at Andover so short a time before—somehow or other contrived to win a place of affection and esteem. A brush with the authorities in his freshman year may have helped him to establish himself, for he carried himself through it with a steadiness which lay hidden in him somewhere and asserted itself, in later life as it did on this occasion, when steadiness was needed. He had been "squirted" by some persecuting sophomores, and though he knew who his tormentors were, he sturdily refused to divulge their names to the authorities when summoned before them.

"All my friends have been to see me," he wrote home, in justification of his conduct and in explanation of the sentence of suspension which was pronounced upon him, "and justify me in my conduct. There are two professors of religion in the sophomore class who have done exactly so, and will be treated accordingly. And though it is a matter of policy with the government to pursue this course, it is said, justly, that they despise an informer."

Though he had failed to find congenial spirits among these hoodlums of the elder Yale, it would appear that he had accepted the code of honor which prevailed among them, and to that extent, at least, had made himself one of them. Later, when we find him making common cause with his classmates in rebellion against one of their instructors, and again accepting the penalty of suspension, this time with seventy-three other young rebels, we may feel sure that his initiation into the ways of Yale, such as they were in that tumultuous era, had been complete. He had had opportunity to test the manhood of these classmates of his, and had doubtless seen reason to revise his early and too fastidious estimate of their characters. After all, the class to which Horace Bushnell belonged could not have been composed entirely of boors and rowdies.

It was while he was still an undergraduate that Willis' literary career began. A poem of his captured a prize of fifty dollars, offered by a magazine for the encouragement of genius; and this unusual achievement must have been one of the factors that led him to the decision to attempt to live by his pen. Upon graduation, he betook himself to Boston and there established a new periodical, under the ambitious title of *The American Monthly Maga-*

zine. It was a bold venture for a penniless young man, just out of college, but the buoyant Nathaniel, who always professed a horror for the dull business of figures, allowed anxiety to roll easily off his shoulders; and if anybody worried about his financial situation, it was his tailor, or the proprietor of tavern or livery stable who enjoyed the doubtful privilege of giving him credit. In one way or another, however, he managed to make both ends meet, and even to discharge his reckonings for the good meals he ate, the fine horses he rode, and the dapper clothes he wore.

If his magazine was not quite adequate to his support, other literary employment came to his hand. "Peter Parley" employed him to edit two of his publications, the *Token* and the *Legendary;* for this was the age of Annuals and Literary Albums, and a man with so light a touch as his was invaluable in the preparation of these collections of literary bonbons. On the whole, it may be said that he came through his apprenticeship in the literary world with as little real suffering as any writer who ever had his own way to make. He never starved in a garret, and if the paths of literature which he frequented were only by-ways, they were, at least, not the dark and shabby alleys where men of greater genius than was his have had sometimes to earn their bread. Fortune, which seems to deal gently with undergraduates, even when they are impecunious, had smoothed his path for him,—perhaps too considerately, either for the good of his soul or for the development of his talent.

After two years and a half of independent existence, his magazine was merged with the New York *Mirror,* and Willis was sent abroad on a tour through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, and England, with the duty of furnishing the paper with notes of travel as he went. The letters which he wrote back—hasty, chatty little effusions, full of his boyish enthusiasm for great persons and beautiful places—were first printed in the columns of the *Mirror* and later collected into a volume, under the title of *Pencillings by the Way*. They were always pleasant reading and sometimes deliciously indiscreet, for the irrepressible Nat made his way into lofty circles and was not too cautious about repeating the gossip that he picked up at balls and dinner parties. An appointment as *attaché* of the American embassy at Paris gave him more money to spend and a little more social position than if he had been merely a literary strolling adventurer; and he hardly failed to seize whatever advantages the position offered. The debonair young American became a familiar figure in the great houses of London; and if he sometimes shocked his hosts' notions of what was fitting and proper by making "copy" of their table talk, the more charitable were inclined to pardon the indiscretions of a young man who was so obviously ready to be pleased with them and knew how to make himself so entirely agreeable in their society.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Willis on many occasions at Gore House," says Madden, the biographer of Lady Blessington, "and also at the soirees of the late Lady Charleville in Cavendish Square. Mr. Willis was an extremely agreeable young man in society, somewhat overdressed and a little too *demonstratif,* but abounding in good spirits. . . . He was observant and communicative, lively and clever in conversation, having the peculiar art of making himself agreeable to ladies, old as well as young, *dégagé* in his manner, and on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the élite of the best society, wherever he went."

Flitting pleasantly about among the titled and the famous, the heedless fellow had the misfortune to put himself in the way of one lady to whom he failed most conspicuously to make himself agreeable. It was Harriet Martineau, and she has left the poor butterfly impaled upon her pages by the keenness of her scorn.

"I encountered one specimen of American oddity before I left home," she says, "who should certainly have lessened my surprise at any that I met afterwards. While I was preparing for my travels, an acquaintance one day brought a buxom gentleman whom he introduced to me under the name of Willis. There was something rather engaging in the round face, brisk air, and *enjouement* of the young man; but his conspicuous dandyism and unparalleled self-complacency spoiled the satisfaction though they increased the inclination to laugh. He placed himself in an attitude of infinite ease, and whipped his little bright boot with a little bright cane, while he ran over the names of all his distinguished countrymen and countrywomen and declared he should send me letters to them all."

Did we not say the man never ceased to be an undergraduate? Who but an American college youth, in the name of all that is sophomoric, would ever have attempted to patronize Miss Martineau? His little bright boots rushed in where angels feared to tread, and he sometimes tasted consequences even more bitter than the acidity of a great lady's contempt. In a hasty postscript to one of his letters to his editor—to mention but one of the scrapes he got himself into—he had let fall an outrageous reference to the works of Captain Marryat, and the editor, mistaking the personal message for part of the author's communication to the public, was so stupid as to print the insulting thing. When the paragraph came under the eye of Captain Marryat, through the malicious kindness of one of his friends, the old sea dog went into a towering rage and instantly and publicly challenged Willis to a duel. The captain had seen his fifty victories at sea; and when his blood was up, he could be a formidable antagonist on land. He was prepared to make a sop o' the moonshine of the offensive young American who had ridiculed his work. Nevertheless, rallying the strength that lay hidden under

his somewhat foppish exterior, Willis made ready to meet his man; and he most certainly would have gone to the field of honor—and just as certainly to his death—if the friends of both the contestants had not found a more peaceful way to accommodate the quarrel.

If he was snatched from the avenging hand of Captain Marryat, there was no one to rescue him from the savagery of the English reviewers. Both *Fraser's* and the *Quarterly* set themselves to the task of demolishing this impudent Yankee, who had dared to be flippant about their politics and their high gods. It was the period when literary criticism in England went to school in Billingsgate, and Willis was just the proper target for the malodorous epithets which were learned at that academy. Maginn of *Fraser's,* foul-mouthed camp follower of the Tory Press, was given the job of finishing off Willis, and nobly he rallied the guttersnipes of his vocabulary for the task. The author of the *Pencillings by the Way,* he informed the public, was a lickspittle, a beggarly skittler, a jackass, a ninny, a haberdasher, a namby-pamby writer in twaddling albums, kept by the moustachioed and strong-smelling widows or bony matrons of Portland Place, a fifty-fifth rate scribbler of gripe-visited sonnets, a windy-gutted visitor—and a sumph.

But by the time he had these hornets about his ears, Willis had terminated his duties abroad and was ready to return to his own country. He had brought a sore heart away with him, when he left Boston. He had been very much in love with Mary Benjamin, later the wife of the historian Morley. The two had been engaged to marry, but the affair was broken off by the determined opposition of the young lady's guardian, who distrusted the future of the youthful literary adventurer; and Willis had many hours of bitterness during the early part of his travels, as he struggled between the necessity of remembering and the desire to forget. Out of this bitterness came his poem "To M—, from Abroad." It ends with an appeal that shows how eagerly the man clung to his romantic hope in her constancy and his own:

> The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime,
> Of many hearts may touch but one,
> And so this seeming careless rhyme
> Will whisper to thy heart alone.
> I give it to the winds! The bird,
> Let loose, to his far nest will flee,
> And love, though breathed but on a word,
> Will find thee over land and sea.
> Though clouds across the sky have driven,
> We trust at last the star will shine,
> And like the very light of heaven
> I trust thy love. *Trust thou in mine!*

But the unfed passion died; and in England, Willis found a love that had a happier issue. At one of the great houses where he visited, he met Miss

Mary Stace, the daughter of General William Stace, Royal Ordnance Storekeeper at Woolwich Arsenal and veteran of Waterloo; and after a week's acquaintance, he asked her to marry him. They were married at Plumstead Church on October 1, 1835, "a kind of April day, half sunshine, half rain"; and in the following spring, Willis brought his bride back with him to America. They lived very happily together. Mrs. Willis was of the purest Saxon type of beauty, and her character was as English as her blue eyes and light, abundant hair. Gentle, pious, feminine, she adored her husband; and with the Englishwoman's sense of the superiority of the male sex, she was quite content to move quietly in his shadow.

For his part, he seems to have loved her tenderly and faithfully. If he could not help making himself all too agreeable to every pretty woman he met, he certainly meant no disloyalty to his wife, and she knew how to make allowances for his susceptibility. She, at least, had no doubts of him, when the madness of a crack-brained actor drew him into the slime of a notorious divorce case, which dragged through the courts for eighteen years. More men than one were named in this infamous suit, which Edwin Forrest brought against his wife; but for some insane reason or other, Nat Willis was the one who excited the actor's rage most violently. Meeting him one day in Washington Square, Forrest fell suddenly upon him, knocked him down, and holding him by the collar of his coat, belabored him with a whip until the police interfered. To the crowd that had gathered to the scene of the assault, Forrest melodramatically pointed out Willis as the seducer of his wife. For the physical outrage, Willis recovered damages by legal proceedings; and as for the charge against his character, it fell completely to the ground when Forrest attempted to establish it in court.

It would have been strange, indeed, if a man-about-town like Willis had never been the object of malicious rumors and suspicions. But if he laid himself open to the gossips, there was nothing really vicious that they could uncover in his character. "Though Willis did not make the impression of a man of very scrupulous morality," says Professor Beers, "he was certainly not given to any serious dissipations. It was not in his temperament to run into physical excesses. His senses were delicate, and he always respected them. He never, for example, used tobacco; he was never a hard drinker. In youth he affected a moderate conviviality and had an æsthetic liking for champagne. In middle age he was accustomed to mix a little spirit with his water, expressing a horror for the pure element, on the whimsical ground that it tasted of sinners since the flood."

More positive evidence of his strength of character is to be found in the man's work. It is not great work, and the world is now very well content to leave it on the shelf; but if you take down one of the musty volumes and

run through its pages, you will not fail to find something to stir your admiration. Most of what Willis wrote, under the goad of necessity, was done for periodicals of sundry sorts, with little enough prospect of gaining more than an ephemeral notice; most of his little volumes, after all, are merely pot-boilers. But how merrily the fire crackles and the pot sings! Was ever hack work done with such an air, before or since? One hardly ever detects a note of weariness, such as this sort of writing is bound to produce in its author, —though we know that the poor fellow had frequently to complain that he was frightfully overdriven, and that he whipped himself to the work for many weary days after his friends knew that his strength had gone from him. The youthfulness of the nation shines through the pages of this man, who kept his own youth, through years of the most vexatious literary drudgery, down to the day of his death. Though the field of letters in which he wandered was only a lean, upland pasture, he sauntered on his way like a blithe urchin of the down-east country, whistling and keeping his own heart merry.

Certainly he kept others merry too. If the critics complained of the handsprings he felt called upon to turn, and grew at last exasperated that the absurd fellow never would grow up, he kept his public with him with amazing success. Nor has he altogether lost his power to amuse, though literary taste has grown more sophisticated in the land, and his juggling with words seems no longer anything but offensive. Here and there, a deft phrase leaps up out of his pages and catches the fancy. "Flirtation," he says, speaking, perhaps, from too deep an experience, "is a circulating library in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume." Or consider these two epigrammatic characterizations, taken from the pages of his tales: "His politeness had superseded his character altogether"; and again, "A person of excellent family, after the fashion of a hill of potatoes, the best part of it underground."

It was not only when he had a pen in his hand that he was capable of these sallies: more than one of his good things, thrown off impromptu at the dinner table, were passed about in New York, and their memory lingers, perhaps, among a few people who have heard their elders tell stories of the good old days. Once, at a dinner party in Washington, he was engrossing the attention of the young lady by his side, to the exclusion of her other neighbor. Her mother, seated across the table, looked on with disapproving eyes; for the other gentleman, a certain Mr. Campbell, was the one whom she had hoped to see her daughter fascinating. Finally she contrived to slip a note across the table, bluntly directing the girl to pay more attention to the desirable Mr. Campbell. The wicked miss showed the communication to Willis, and he immediately penned a saucy answer upon the back:

Dear Mamma don't essay my flirtation to trammel:
I but strain at a Nat while you swallow a Campbell.

Impertinent, delightful, inconsequential fellow! Have we given too much space, in these pages, to the trivial annals of his life,—his raptures and his snobberies, his scrapes and his light pencillings by the way? His accomplishment looks slight enough, his figure a frail thing, beside the works and lives of some of the men who are commemorated in the Quadrangle; but surely, in this place, we have leisure enough to linger for a while with this man, who never quite outgrew the charm of his debonair youth. The kind of man he was and the kind of work he did represent something that has always been a part of the undergraduate life of Yale—and not the least engaging part, at that. "It is comfortable," as Thackeray once said, "that there should have been a Willis."

R. D. F.

THEODORE WINTHROP

CLASS OF 1848

Patriot and Author

1828-1861

ONE cannot well look on the life of Theodore Winthrop except through the perspective of his death. Of him, as of the Thane of Cawdor, one must say, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." The sacrifice at Great Bethel, on a June day in 1861, affixed a seal of completeness to a life whose high promise seemed inclined to dissipate itself. Some have felt that he was a hopeful author cut off before his prime, but Winthrop, like so many other sons of Yale, lived his best novel. Looked at from the vantage point of his death, his life becomes a process of education, a period of preparation for that high deed of derring-do which was to write climax to the well-lived story.

Winthrop was born, in 1828, into what Oliver Wendell Holmes termed the "Brahmin Caste of New England." The family numbered among its members on the one side three Winthrop governors, and on the other six college presidents, among them Theodore Woolsey, Timothy Dwight, and Jonathan Edwards, a truly ponderable heredity! Close upon the initial event in his career followed a course in elm trees and New England atmosphere in and about a delightful old house in Wooster Street, New Haven, a district now largely given over to southern Europeans. The curriculum was varied by occasional botanical and exploratory expeditions to East and West

Rock, under the conduct of a father in whom all the harsher puritan strains had been softened by environment and mellowed by culture. Francis Bayard Winthrop appears to have thought on all things lovely: he knew nature and art, he owned what was for that day a fine library, he was interested in music and—significant fact—the theater. Like the Brothertofts, whose history Theodore later chronicled in a novel, the elder Winthrop's fortunes did not wax. But also like them he "handed down the still more precious heirlooms of the family,—honor unblemished, quick sympathies, a tender heart, a generous hand, refinement, courtesy,—in short, all the qualities of mind and person that go to grace a gentleman."

Perhaps as important as any of these factors in the boy's education, during this formative period, were the self-conducted expeditions to the Long Wharf, a favorite rendezvous in those days for youth, Brahmin and otherwise. Here one might see a ship from the "West Stingys," might get the smell of tar, or the feel of a rope; certainly one might learn to row and swim without let from those benevolent despots, one's parents. This branch of his studies was to bear fruit later in an incurable zest for travel and an indomitable romanticism. In his seventh year, a number of the Carbonari, Italian exiles, the pioneers of a later movement, visited New Haven in search of a living, and were entertained by his father. Undoubtedly their moving tales of distress under tyranny caught the boy's imagination. A poem called *Two Worlds,* written some twenty years later, attests his interest in the struggle of the new Italy toward a liberty which he was to love so disinterestedly himself. Altogether his boyhood was a rich one.

Of Winthrop's career at Yale he himself has recorded three episodes which perhaps mark the salient traits of the character that was then forming. The first revealed a latent boisterousness which apparently surprised all his family. Suddenly, after some fifteen years spent rather too much on the side of law and order, the pent-up forces within him asserted themselves, and the young man was caught breaking the windows of his classmates. This burst of lawlessness put him in the Class of 1848 instead of 1847, and is, so far as I can discover, unique. In his journal he regarded it later as an example of early depravity. Yet, however controlled thereafter, that energy burned within him so long as he lived.

Soon after his return to college, after a winter spent cracking nuts and scrambling eggs on the stove of the local grocery store in a small Ohio town, he had a Platonic affair of the purest sort. "I . . . at last entered Yale again, still idle," he writes in his journal, "till about Christmas, I saw, and loved, as the influence upon me showed, Miss ——, and immediately gave up the folly that had possessed me. . . . At that time, the young lady . . . continued to exercise a great influence over me, though I never knew her, or exchanged a word with her in my life, and I shall always, even if I never see

her again, retain a very grateful feeling towards her, for an influence so entirely unconscious as it must have been." Having found an ideal, the young puritan knight was to go out in the strength of his Victorian chivalry in quest of her image in the daughters of earth. Pale likenesses of the unconscious heroine appear in all his more considerable writings, but he was never to meet her in the flesh. Once he believed he had found her, but she had a touch of earth.

Romance, for want of a more stable foundation than the mere sight of the beloved could provide, passed immediately into religion. "This," he writes, referring to the change wrought in him by the lady, "prepared the way for the entrance of God's spirit into my heart . . ." There can be no doubt that the divine illumination seared its way deeply into Winthrop's being. It accentuated an already strong tendency toward introspection, which was to be part of his character to the end. His early poetry groans in spirit at the flickering of the light of faith, and in one curiously prophetic stanza, especially, yearns for a dramatic solution of life.

> Let me not waste in skirmishes my power,—
> In petty struggles,—rather in the hour
> Of deadly conflict may I nobly die!
> In my first battle perish gloriously!

The first flush of his enthusiasm passed, but it left in the young man's inner consciousness a sense of mission so profound as almost to paralyze his resolution. He is constantly depressed or apologetic over the poverty of his accomplishment. Perhaps this frustration of the crusading spirit finds its clearest expression in the following portrait of John Brent, Winthrop's ideal hero, though the passage must not be taken too literally.

> He had wished and attempted, perhaps prematurely, to make his fine genius of definite use. He wanted to make the nation's prayers; but the Swergerites (the type of the vulgar) pronounced his prayers Paganism. He wanted to put the nation's holiest thoughts into poetry; they called his poetry impious. He wanted to stir up the young men of his day to a franker stand on the side of genuine liberty, and a keener hatred of all slavery, and so uphold chivalry and heroism; the cynical people scoffed, they said he would get over his boyish folly, that he ought to have lived before Bayard, or halfway through the millennium, but that the kind of stuff he preached and wrote with such unnecessary fervor did not suit the nineteenth century, a practical country and a practical age.
>
> So Brent paused in his work. The boyhood's unquestioning ardor went out of him. The interregnum between youth and complete manhood came. He gave up his unripe attempt to be a doer, and turned seer again. Observation is the proper business of a man's third decade; the less a spokesman has to say about his results until thirty, the better, unless he wants to eat his words, or to sustain outgrown formulas. Brent discovered this, and went about the world still pointless, manque, as they said,—minding his own business, getting his facts.

The college curriculum, to which he now applied himself, was not altogether healthy food for such a spirit to feed upon. We are told by his friend,

George William Curtis, that his favorite studies were Greek and mental philosophy, and we know that he tried for the Berkleian and won the Clark scholarship. The blood of the six college presidents would not down. Had it not been for that fire which once burst out lawless in the window-breaking episode, his case might indeed have been sorry. There were, however, more legitimate outlets for his surplus energy, and these for the moment saved him. "In walking and riding," Curtis tells us, "in skating and running, in games out of doors and in, no one of us all in the neighborhood was so expert, so agile as he. For, above all things, he had what we Yankees call faculty,—the knack of doing everything." It was without doubt the occasional exercise of that quality which, in the face of emotional orgies and intense application, brought him through college without a serious breakdown.

But the human frame can stand only so much. When after graduation he set out to pursue his philosophical studies further, the combination of Paley and Butler with the corrosive introspection fostered by religious hopes and fears proved more than his tortured body could endure. His health was shattered, and he fled to Europe, a knight-errant perforce. By this time his inclinations toward authorship began to reveal themselves in voluminous communications to his mother. And yet, though these letters are by way of being literary exercises, there shines through them a fresh boyish vigor, which is Winthrop's chief literary merit. He may faint periodically under the strain of illness and heart-searching, but he never loses that essential ardor. He was enormously receptive to impressions of places and people in what he could then fearlessly consider the mother country. His first view of London brought tears to his eyes,—tears which he carefully saved to shed under the trees in Hyde Park. He dared not enter Westminster Abbey because of the strength of his emotions at seeing the outside of it. Oxford was splendid, but he worshipped with no blind rapture. "A genuine enthusiasm like Ruskin's," he writes to his mother, "is not common in Oxford; the present spirit of the place seems opposed to it; . . . I have always in my mind, when I see anything new or important, its effect if carried over to my country, and I should think on the whole our system is far in advance of Oxford, and not much behind Cambridge."

From England he set off on the grand tour, somewhat extended. He saw something of France, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany, and sent home reams of paper covered with minute observations and comment. "I hope 'something of advantage' may turn up one of these days," he writes to his mother from Greece, "and give me an opportunity of seeing *all the world*." But however far he traveled, he could never entirely shake off ill health with its accompanying train of morbid speculations. Not long before leaving for home he wrote to his mother,

—if it were not for you and a few others who love me,—Life, with its weary weight of mysteries and doubts, of hopeless searchings into an obdurate future, of disgusts and contempts, of unanswerable questionings, would lose all that makes even it endurable. An almost total despair sometimes comes over me! Can even love, can even Faith, make this existence tolerable?

Evidently as the time approached for him to return home, it was borne in upon him that he was still unprepared to face life. He had to think not only of what to make of it, but of what to do with it, and the combination of uncertainties depressed him.

Hesitate as he might on the brink of life, however, some course of action he had to follow if he was to live. He seems to have considered seriously turning man-of-letters by profession. "But I am only a fledgling," he writes, "I can have no experience. But there are other motives, money, fame, the trophies of Miltiades. Who can thoroughly know his motives?" Write he did and would continue to as long as he lived, but his writing was not then, nor did it ever succeed in being, quite professional. He was always the enthusiastic amateur.

Opportunity of one sort came in the shape of a business offer from a friend he had made on his travels. The die was cast. He would make his fortune. But everything that Winthrop touched seemed to turn to education in his hands, as it had turned to gold in Midas'. His business took him to those climes whence tall ships had sailed to Long Wharf in his boyhood, and there it left him stranded. It had been hoped that a place would develop for him in Panama, but no such opening occurred. Thereupon he took ship for California, still half in pursuit of fortune; but that goddess proving fickle, he determined on "a tour in these regions till all my money is gone." That tour is amply reported in his pioneer saga of the northwest, *The Canoe and Saddle*. Turning his back on San Francisco, he pushed through the wilds of Oregon and Washington, even reaching Victoria on Vancouver Island by means of "a noble clipper of a canoe." He mastered the Chinook jargon and fraternized with a sodden and unwashed Indian who went by the name of the Duke of York. Undaunted by sickness or fatigue, he forced his fragile body through the Natchez Pass on an Indian horse under the conduct of "Loolowcan the Frowzy," a native who started an Indian war the next year by murdering an American, and who deserted Winthrop on the march. These details and many others he tells in his book, with a contagious enthusiasm which makes it the most readable of his works. About this time, too, he boasted casually a tender hirsuteness about the face. "It would take but little to induce me," he writes to his brother, "to give up the old country and live here, but my unhappy, unsettled disposition is always in the way. Look me up a charming young woman, who has no objection to a red beard, and can do anything, from preaching to dancing the polka, from making a cock-

tail to running a steam engine, marry her by proxy and lock up till demand." Returning from the West by way of Salt Lake City, he saw something of the Mormons, and met Brigham Young, whom he regarded as "a man of very considerable power, practical sense, and administrative ability." He came back a hardened adventurer, and, of course, less fitted than ever to make his way in any conventional occupation.

He had been at home scarcely a month when he set out again for the tropics with the Strain expedition, to prospect for a ship canal across the Isthmus. They lost several of their party temporarily in the tropical forest, and he again had occasion to torture his mother with lugubrious reflections. "Life," he writes, "is of very little value to me, as I shall never accomplish anything in it, but there is something very desperate in the idea of death in this wilderness."

When he reached home in March, 1854, Winthrop's peripatetic education was well-nigh over. He made one expedition with his friend F. E. Church, the painter, to Mt. Katahdin, an experience which is described in *Life in the Open Air*. He made stump speeches during the Fremont campaign. But for the most part he tried to become at one and the same time a lawyer and an author. Of his law career nothing much is said, and his novels were not published until after his death. The errant knight, now domesticated, found leisure in the midst of his humdrum activities to fall in love. He regarded himself as engaged. Exactly what happened has not transpired, but the match did not come off, and Theodore took to writing verses about the "dwindling of love" in the female breast, and novels like *Cecil Dreeme,* in which the loved one inadvertently reveals to the lover the flaw in her soul by an unwary glance at a polished debauchee. True to his first ideal, his puritan chivalry could not permit the slightest deviation from its lofty standards. That Winthrop was an impecunious young lawyer with no very good prospects could not supply an adequate motive for this young lady's change of heart; there must, he fancied, have been a favorite secret sin gnawing at the roots of her being. He consoled himself gradually with his family and a group of choice friends who gathered about him at his mother's new home on Staten Island, and in whom he seems to have inspired great devotion. Here he quietly awaited the event.

When the call came, he was more ready than most to respond. For him there was now no more hesitation or shadow of doubt. "I go to put an end to slavery," he wrote to his uncle, Theodore Woolsey. He went with a light heart. Never perhaps did the *élan* of his sensitive and essentially manly spirit manifest itself more happily than in the accounts written for the *Atlantic Monthly* of his experiences with the New York Seventh Regiment. These papers he had meant to continue as a running memoir of the war; "for we are making history hand over hand." He had found his *milieu* at last. Here

were no obstinate questionings, no morbid introspections. "By Liberty!" he wrote from Fortress Monroe, "but it is worth something to be here at this moment, in the center of the center!" And in the first exaltation of patriotism, in his first battle, he died.

Winthrop's name has grown dim in the chronicles of time. His works are and always will be for the student and the lover of the bypaths of literature. His novels, his book of travel, and his poetry alike are reflections of his personality and experiences, and lack that subtle alchemy which transfuses literary material into literature. Like their author, his heroes—John Brent, Robert Byng, Edwin Brothertoft, Richard Wade—belong, to quote Winthrop's own words, to that "small but ancient fraternity in the world, known as the Order of Gentlemen." Like him, two of them suffer disillusion at the hands of women whose characters are not unalloyed with baser metal. As with Winthrop, there shines before each of them the ideal of a perfect "high-bred woman," unmarred by the slightest imperfection. The young hero of *Cecil Dreeme* is faced with Winthrop's own apprehensive self-criticism incarnate. "Why then haven't you been five years at the bar, or ten years at the desk?" a friend demands only half-playfully. "Why are you not in command of a clipper ship, or in Congress, or driving an omnibus, or clearing a farm? Where is your door-plate? Where is your wife? What school does your eldest son go to? Where is your mark on the nineteenth century?" Even Winthrop's special aptitudes—his "faculty," to quote again his friend Curtis,—are enshrined for us in his works. Richard Wade rides a horse like a centaur—a horse, by the way, which for sheer intelligence would make Rustum's Ruksh blush as well as weep. The same Richard, in another story, skates himself into the arms of one of those sublime heroines already referred to. Of all his work *The Canoe and Saddle* alone, as a document in the history of the northwest, has an intrinsic importance; and this fortuitously rather than through the art of Theodore Winthrop. But what the man was speaks louder than what he wrote. He cannot be said to have formed, as he hoped to, "a truly original style, good and original, not imitated." He can be said to have lived a truly American life—alert, experimental, sensitive—to which the climactic close lent a special significance. The years of doubt and hesitancy, the false starts, the disappointments—who shall say that these were not obliterated for him in the exquisite ardor of his end? Winthrop was above all an enthusiast, an idealist. It is of such men that it is written—

> And low is the roof but it covers
> A sleeper content to repose;
> And far from his friends and his lovers
> He sleeps with the sweetheart he chose.

ROBERT WILCOX SEITZ

OLIVER WOLCOTT

CLASS OF 1747

Signer of the Declaration of Independence

1726-1797

AMONG the lesser lights of the American Revolution there was none who showed the solid virtues of the Colonial Age to better advantage than Oliver Wolcott of the Class of 1747. His great-grandfather had come to the country in 1630, and it was traditional for the family to be associated with the public service. Roger, in the third generation, was Governor of Connecticut, which office was later held by his son Oliver and his grandson Oliver,—surely a most distinguished record. The elder Oliver, who was born in 1726 may be said to have spent his whole adult life in the public service.

Of his college career we know little or nothing, but, immediately at its close, he accepted a Captaincy in the New York militia and served on the northern frontier until the French and Indian War was terminated in the next year by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Neither this nor his subsequent military service seems to have been very exciting, and there is no reason to suppose that he had other qualifications for war than calm courage and a thorough sense of duty. He began the study of medicine and settled in Goshen, Connecticut, but, being elected first Sheriff of Litchfield County on its organization in 1751, he moved to Litchfield. In those days such offices were both more honorable and more onerous than they have since become. The town was still close enough to settler conditions to make the public security more than a polite phrase. Bureaucracy and the machinery of office were undiscovered, and a magistrate must accomplish what he could by his own intelligence and capability. At the same time, as in all early New England towns, the political sense was very much alive. Officers were elected and policies determined after deep consideration that formed the chief interest of the citizens. Matters ecclesiastical as well as civic were discussed, disputes with neighboring towns were settled, and the larger questions of the whole Colony were as thoughtfully debated by the self-reliant farmers of that generation as though each one held his seat in the Council of Connecticut.

For many years, Wolcott spent a full and useful, but seldom eventful life as Sheriff, caring for the interests of the town and county and always supporting the cause of the Colonies in their determination to withstand unjust interference from England. In 1774, he was elected to the Council, of which body he remained a member until 1786. In 1775, his services were more widely employed by Congress, first as a member of the Commission of

Indian Affairs for the Northern Department, whose object was to procure the neutrality of the Indians in the conflict which appeared inevitable, and second to compose the differences between several of the Colonies over boundaries, which threatened their cause with disunion. In 1776, he was a member of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia and signed the Declaration of Independence.

From that time on, his attention was divided between military and congressional duties. He had been an officer in the Connecticut militia in all ranks from that of Captain up, and now, when the need was felt of a steady and experienced man to raise and command recruits, Governor Trumbull commissioned him Brigadier General. He was later promoted to be Major General. His duties were largely those of organization, in which he was effective and indefatigable, spending time and substance unsparingly that Connecticut might put a maximum of trained and equipped men into the field. His active service seems to have been slight, for, while he was with Washington at Long Island, and led a small auxiliary force to join in the reduction of Burgoyne at Saratoga, it does not appear that he was under fire at either place. Doubtless he was held to be chiefly valuable as a staff officer.

Except for the years when military matters took all his time, he continued to attend Congress, and displayed there a fortitude under the strain of the long discouraging years of war which was by no means common even among patriots. Judging from his letters to his wife, he had foreseen that the conflict would be not only dangerous, which many accepted cheerfully, but tedious as well, which shakes the steadiness of all but the most faithful. He writes of disappointments and reverses plainly, without any attempt to gild them, but without any doubt as to the final outcome. The letters have a grave religious tone, as of a man who knows the limits of his own powers and relies confidently on the source of all power. As he bore adversity with courage, he bore triumph without effusion. The end of the war was to him no release from duty. He continued to sit in Congress and was a member of the State Convention which adopted the Constitution in November, 1787. He had been elected Lieutenant Governor the year before, and that office he held until the death of Governor Trumbull in 1796, when he succeeded to the governorship.

To the letter in which he announced this fact to Washington, the President replied, deploring the loss of so distinguished a man, but expressing his gratitude that the administration of the State had fallen into such tried and dependable hands. Indeed, there was a good deal that was Washingtonian about Wolcott: his patience, his devotion to duty, his reserve, his conservatism. He, too, was accused of being an aristocrat, and lived to be considered old-fashioned by the more advanced republicans of the next generation. But

he died as Governor of the State in which he was born, of which he had been a public servant for forty-five years. No one of the distinguished company to which he belonged could boast a more full devotion of life, fortune, and sacred honor to the cause of independence.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

OLIVER WOLCOTT

CLASS OF 1778

Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet

1760-1833

HE went up to the college in the evening to observe the scene of his future exploits with emotions of reverence and awe. Men in black robes, white wigs, and high cocked hats, young men dressed in camblet gowns passed by him in small groups. The men in robes and wigs, he was told, were professors; the young men in gowns were students. When he entered the College Yard, a new scene was presented. There was a class who wore no gowns and who walked, but never ran or jumped in the yard. They appeared much in awe, or looked surlily after they had passed by the young men habited in gowns and staves. One of the sleek gownsmen would shout: "Nevill, go to my room, middle story of Old College, get my pitcher and fill it at the pump, and wait till my return." The new arrival soon found that this domineering young man was a sophomore, and those others without hats or gowns were freshmen and, out of the hours of study, waiters or servants to the president, professors, tutors, and undergraduates at will. The prospective freshman was only thirteen, and pondered on the things he saw. He spent a restless night, and with the morning decided to take his horse and go back to his parents at Litchfield, and wait another year before plunging into this terrifying place.

Such were Oliver Wolcott's first glimpses of the world, he who was destined to succeed Alexander Hamilton and become Yale's one member of Washington's Cabinet. Litchfield was then on the outskirts of civilization, the Indian still wandered through its broad streets, and hunters chased the deer and panther along the lake. The manners of its inhabitants were as simple as those of their fathers, a century back, in the older settlements on the Connecticut. Young Oliver had been a good student, he had mastered Lilly's grammar and had developed a taste for the hymns of Dr. Watts. But his schoolmaster, Nathaniel Beckwith (B.A. 1766) possessed an even greater taste for trout rod and squirrel shooting, so there was no need for Oliver's

mother's anxiety about his health. He grew a vigorous boy and could drive the cows to pasture, and ride the cart horse to mill. He rocked the cradle when necessary, but for the most part life was pleasant, except Sunday. Then he was sacrificed to the Hebrew solemnity in a tight scarlet coat and breeches, a close stock, ruffles at the breast of his jacket, and a cocked beaver hat trimmed in gold lace. How deeply he suffered appears from his own account, written sixty years after, that as soon as he was released he "would leap, run, lie down and roll on the grass, and play all the gambols of a fat calf." The strain was so severe because on other days he wore only thin trousers, a linsey-woolsey jacket, and no shoes at all except in frosty weather.

When he got back to Litchfield, it took a long time to recount all the wonders he had seen: the grandeur of New Haven, its numerous streets and beautiful trees, the shrubbery and flowers in the house yards, the vessels at Long Wharf, and the peculiar dress and language of the mariners. Among his schoolmates he had become a marked man. In addition to having always been one of the head boys, now he alone had seen the inside of Yale College, the library room, and the portraits of Mr. Yale and Governor Saltonstall. There were other things from this momentous trip that puzzled him. When he had stopped at Waterbury on his way, Parson Leavenworth (B.A. 1737), placing his hands on his head, had asked him whether he would be able, like old Noll, to be a republican and a King Killer. These were new phrases to his ears, but he was to understand them before very long when his father signed the Declaration of Independence.

Fourteen was many years older than thirteen, and Oliver Wolcott entered Yale with the Class of 1778. From that group many would be famous, Joel Barlow, author of "The Ode to Hasty Pudding," Senator Uriah Tracy, and Judge Zephaniah Swift. Noah Webster was Wolcott's roommate and his friend for sixty years, and "found him always frank and faithful in his friendship, and generous to the extent of his means. He was in college a good scholar, though not brilliant. He possessed the firmness and strong reasoning powers of the Wolcott family, but with some eccentricities. . . ." The lexicographer may not have found him brilliant, but indeed there seems to be in his words something of the depreciating tone common to roommates, for Oliver Wolcott was the head scholar of his class for all four years.

His college course felt the effects of the war. During its last half, the difficulty of securing food was acute, and the Steward was finally obliged to advertise in the public prints, requesting "the Parents and Guardians of the Students to assist in furnishing a supply." Scarcity of quarters caused the Corporation to vote in the fall of his junior year that four students should occupy each room. And in April, 1777, Wolcott's studies were broken in upon by a call to less peaceful scenes than the groves of Yale. He was at

home on a short visit to his mother, his father being absent attending the Continental Congress, when he was awakened at midnight with the news that the British were marching on Danbury. He was summoned to come to defend the patriots' stores. He armed himself. His mother hastily furnished his knapsack with a blanket and provisions and charged him "to conduct like a good soldier." He engaged in a series of successful skirmishes, after which he quietly returned to Yale and took his degree the next year.

He wanted to read law, but since his father was now an active general, it became his duty to combine his studies with managing the household in Litchfield. He also accepted a commission in the Quarter Master's department which threw on his nineteen-year-old shoulders the burden of obtaining fuel and provisions, keeping open the roads, and, on one great occasion, receiving General Washington and his suite. Such services matured him early, and when he came of age and was admitted to the bar, he set out to begin his career in Hartford with only three dollars in his pocket, but a wealth of resources in himself.

His capability soon impressed his superiors and he held a long appointment as a Commissioner for the settlement of the claims of Connecticut against the United States. Here it was that he laid the foundation of his knowledge of finance. His work was incessant, he was constantly thrown into situations which demanded that he deal with men far older than himself, and the result was to breed in him a steady confidence and an iron perseverance which would carry him to the White House itself. Meanwhile he was not simply a man of business. He took his Master's degree with the oration, "An Agricultura in Republica Americana sit magis colenda quam Commercium." He was offered a tutorship, but declined. Through Joel Barlow and other Yale friends, he found himself on the periphery of the circle of Hartford Wits. He was chiefly noted for his prowess in recalling long passages from the English poets. His literary tastes were good, but his New England prejudice *would* make him defend Dr. Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan*. Barlow did his best to seduce him to the muses, and Wolcott weakened to the point of writing a "Judgment of Paris." Of this work his grandson found it necessary to say only that "it would be much worse than Barlow's epic, if it were not much shorter."

His early training in managing finances soon found its recognition. In 1789, during the first session of Congress under the new Constitution, the act was passed which created the Treasury. Wolcott, induced by friends who thought his abilities deserved a wider scope, applied for a position in the new department and was made Auditor under Hamilton. He had been married a few years before to Elizabeth Stoughton. She was one of a class of women of whom New England liked to boast that it possessed many—one of those

whose minds were formed and habits of reflection directed by *men,* and who, without being female politicians, were almost from childhood familiar with matters of general and public interest. With this useful lady, whose dignity did not surpass her charm, and the beginnings of a family, Wolcott removed to New York.

For the next twelve years, he gave uninterrupted service to the national government there and after its removal to Philadelphia and Washington. When Hamilton withdrew, he was the inevitable successor as Secretary of the Treasury, and held that post under both Washington and Adams. Wolcott came into office with no reforming schemes; he had no desire to obtain a shining reputation, and little ambition other than to fill honorably an honorable station. But he was inflexible and outspoken. He did not hesitate to express his contempt for Jefferson. As the son of his friend Rufus King observed, he had developed in the trying experiences of his early days "a habit of self-reliance which little fitted him for that sort of political coöperation which results from expediency rather than right. He aimed at the right always . . . and if any questioned his judgment, none could impeach his honesty and sincerity." Not unnaturally, however, many of his political enemies did, and more than one blunt pamphlet remains as a testimony of the struggle he waged in the uncompromising fulfilment of his duty. Finally he found himself growing increasingly unsympathetic with the policies of Adams, and promptly resigned.

He had risen so fast that the work for which his name has been carved above an entry was finished when he was only forty-one. The other events of his long life happily might be those of a hundred Yale graduates of his century or ours. At his retirement from the cabinet his whole property consisted of a small farm in Connecticut and a few hundred dollars in cash. But setting to work anew he soon was made head of a large business house in New York, then of the Merchants' Bank, and later of the newly organized Bank of America. He became for a time Judge Wolcott, and finally upon his return to farming in Litchfield, was chosen Governor of Connecticut for ten successive years. It was then that he entertained his old friend Lafayette. His interest in Yale was always fresh. During his banking career, he had given the Library the unprecedented sum of two thousand dollars for a permanent book fund. So it must have been one of his most cherished honors that his Alma Mater followed the example of Brown and Princeton and made him a Doctor of Laws.

As we run through this catalogue of achievements, we might change a detail here and there and make it the career of the father of one of our friends. And if we look at his portrait by Gilbert Stuart which is owned by the University, we see the same face that we are accustomed to meet on the

campus at Commencement, vigorous, downright, with a hint of caustic humor about the mouth. We will admit his roommate was right, that he did not possess the brilliant qualities of genius, but that he had "a comprehensive and well regulated mind, a judgment matured and reliable, strong practical good sense and native shrewdness." As we repeat this view held of him by his contemporaries, we know that it is fitting that Oliver Wolcott should have been given permanence in Yale stone. For is it not precisely men of his stamp, men of affairs, practical but not commonplace, capable if not unusually endowed, earnest and dignified but gay, who have been Yale's chief contribution to America between his time and ours? They have been coming here in almost unbroken line. And no doubt they still continue to live in the rooms built over his name.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY

CLASS OF 1820

President of Yale College

1801-1889

IN the long roll of Yale's distinguished graduates there is no name more highly honored than that of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, for probably no individual has ever influenced the institution so profoundly. He was dedicated to her service, as it were, by his forebears, for one great-grandfather, Benjamin Woolsey, was graduated in 1709 and another, Jonathan Edwards, in 1720; the elder President Dwight was his mother's brother. He, himself, was a member of the Class of 1820. Though his tastes and his natural reserve kept him rather apart from the run of his fellows, he made his place in the undergraduate body, not only as a scholar, but as an active member of Brothers in Unity and as one of the founders in Senior year of a small literary club known as the Hexahedron, where he made some very warm and permanent friendships. His chief interests were the Classics and Theology, but after graduation he took up the study of law at the advice of his father, a successful New York merchant. But his leaning to Theology was too strong, and the next year he went to the seminary at Princeton to train himself for the ministry. Here, however, doubts as to his fitness assailed him. His sensitive spirit was troubled by an almost morbid anxiety which made him view the end toward which he moved with reluctance, congenial as he found the path. The result was his acceptance of a tutorship at Yale to which he returned in 1823.

In that generation, the life of a tutor was hard. He was given a division of the Class, which he then guided in all their studies, so that his own chance to concentrate on a chosen field was slight. Moreover, the burden of college discipline was largely on him; and in the early years of the nineteenth century, college discipline was a serious matter. The system of strict and inflexible regulation of student life, which had hardly been modified since the founding of the college, begot turbulence and, at times, actual rebellion in the student body. Woolsey proved himself manly and just, but any close contact with his pupils was out of the question. His temperament would have hampered him if the system had not. But, however remote he may have been socially, there is no doubt that he was felt at once as a fine stimulating intellectual force. His was a breadth and depth of scholarship particularly rare in that day. But, wide as were his interests, he was conscious of the insufficiency of his equipment, and after two years he left his tutorship to study abroad. The period had been a trying one, but he had learned much from it. He had been licensed to preach though not ordained, and his natural liking for scholarship had been confirmed. The years in Germany which the prosperity and wise generosity of his father afforded him were of priceless value. He studied with Hermann and Boeckh and Welcker in the days of their growing reputation. He received training in scholarly method which he could never have got in America, and caught a vision of the scope and purpose of education which was to be of the greatest benefit.

In 1831 he was elected Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Yale College. He was then thirty years old. His colleagues were older men who had worked with fine loyalty under difficult conditions. There were, beside the President, six Professors and seven Tutors to three hundred and thirty-one students. It is small wonder if few of the faculty had found time for publication and research. But Woolsey, with the advantage of his foreign training, set himself definitely to raise the standard of scholarship. He did it with no parade of his superior learning or revolutionary bustle, which would have been an affront to the devoted but inconspicuous services of his fellow Professors, but new life had come into the place, and everybody realized it. The American textbooks were sadly inadequate: he undertook to prepare new ones. His editions of Attic dramas were an immense advance over their predecessors, more literary and more accurate both. He followed them with Plato's *Gorgias,* intended as the first of a series of the Dialogues, but he was never able to get to the others. It was not only the learning he had acquired in Germany, it was his own sound judgment which made him the dominant figure in the college. His conclusions were the result of thought and investigation, but courageous and independent—witness his appreciation of Bryant and his scorn for the contemporary cult of Perci-

val. His genius showed as a scholar rather than as a teacher. Pupils respected him and the better ones realized something of the richness of his mind, but they were seldom drawn to him personally. But it was not a day of personal intimacies between teacher and pupil.

His influence had been so strong that in 1846, when President Day retired, he was elected to succeed him. The same self-distrust which had stood between him and the ministry made him refuse the election, and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed on to reconsider. He was inaugurated on October 21 and ordained on the same day. The coincidence was symbolic, for though in these days we are likely enough to regard his duties and his achievements as essentially secular, there can be no doubt that he considered the duties divinely appointed and the labors the appropriate work of a minister of the Gospel. He preached in the college pulpit regularly and effectively and seems to have had an immense spiritual influence by reason of his own character and rectitude. He was not a man with whom the undergraduate could be familiar, so that his effect must have been by example rather than by contact. Yet it was in the early days of his administration that the amelioration of social conditions began. The Tutors tried the experiment of friendliness, with most gratifying results. It was not his way, but he was big enough to approve and sustain what he could not himself have initiated. The duties of the Presidency did not keep him from his teaching, but he left the Greek field to take up, first History and then International Law: in both he was eminently successful. Though his own memory was of the finest, he never confused the power to remember with the power to think, and insisted on his students' grasp of principles in a way that was new and must have been disconcerting to a generation accustomed to regard education as learning by rote. Andrew D. White, not a particularly friendly critic of Yale at this period, testifies to the excellence of President Woolsey's instruction. It was in his administration that Yale burst the collegiate chrysalis and emerged a University in fact if not in name. The Divinity School and the Scientific School were both made independent members of the group, and the Peabody Museum was added to its resources. More important still, the system of graduate instruction after the German fashion was inaugurated, to provide both students and teachers with better scholastic equipment than was, theretofore, available. The raising of the level of scholarship was the President's constant thought. No element contributed more to his success than his own eminence and infectious respect for learning.

At the age of seventy he retired. He remained as a member of the Corporation until 1885, keenly interested in Yale's problems and employing his leisure as a distinguished member of the American committee for the revi-

sion of the English Bible. His peaceful and honored age closed on July 1, 1889. His name is familiar to every son of Yale, but his influence is far deeper than his fame, for he was one of the earliest and one of the very greatest apostles among us of teaching and learning, those twin pursuits whose goal is wisdom.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

A Guide to the Quadrangle

THE workman from a foreign land,
Who chiselled out this cusp and foil,
Has, with unconsciousness of toil,
Prisoned himself to this fair soil,
With bonds more strong than laws command.

And when this stone has fallen low,
Eroded by the passing years,
There will be those among the seers,
Who, looking back upon their peers,
Will marvel that such things were so.

"Harkness Quadrangle,"
by WILLIAM DOUGLAS, B.A. Yale 1918.

A GUIDE TO THE QUADRANGLE

I.

Harkness Tower

It is Harkness Tower that first catches the eye of the visitor to the Quadrangle. Perhaps he has had a glimpse of its crown as he has entered New Haven, and the unusual nature of that apparition, rising above the housetops of the modern city, has drawn him through the streets toward the college. At the corner of Church and Chapel Streets, the profile of the tower becomes clearly visible, behind the spires of the churches on Temple Street and the turrets of Phelps Hall; and the city suddenly takes on dignity, as a place of venerable traditions. About the Green, the burnished pigeons circle and fall, in waves of flashing color, and the air is full of the whirring of their wings and the gentle murmur of their peace. They settle about the crosswalks, that lead the traveler across the Green, and hardly stir out of his path as he saunters among them—past Center Church, past the grave where the Regicide lies buried—till he comes into the shade of the elms beyond Temple Street and approaches the buildings of the college. Then he passes through the archway of Phelps Hall, and Harkness Tower stands before him, only half veiled by the elms of the Campus. He has not seen its like anywhere upon this continent. Centuries of time and a complete revolution in men's ways of living and of thinking separate him from the distant age, when such towers as this first grew out of the daring of man's imagination; but across the interval of years, the beauty that the Gothic builders made, out of the darkness and the light that were in them, stretches out its strong, graceful hands and catches at his heart.

A young giant of the Viking blood, tall beyond the dreams of southern rąces, molded by struggles with wind and sea into the very shape of energy: is this what the tower suggests to the visitor, as he first comes to the place where it springs up before his eyes? The great buttresses, the shaggy texture of the granite at the base, the upward surge from so narrow a pedestal, all seem to convey some such impression of untamed

vigor, of a youth more elemental than mere young manhood, suggesting the unspent energies of a race, or of an era, that is just rushing forward to make its place in the forefront of the world and to drive history before it down the centuries. Yet even while he is absorbing this impression, the tower changes before his eyes, as they travel upward to its crown. The buttresses taper gradually, in gablets and cornices that carry off some of their great bulk; they suffer their strength to melt into canopied niches, where statues stand under the shelter of delicate stonework; they climb nimbly upward, beyond the mullioned windows of the belfry, tapering once more in gabled offsets that are decorated all round about with tracery; they hold their swift upward course, at last, with a shaft as slender as the jet of a fountain; and at the very utmost of their flight, they break into a foam of turrets and pinnacles. At the same time, the texture of the stone has softened and mellowed. The rusty granite, which is built into the base of the tower, yields place, as the shaft moves upward, to a stone that is smoother and lighter. The ornament, too, grows richer as the tower rises, losing the rigid simplicity of the base, until the whole thing is clothed at last in intricate carving and tracery. The tower's giant strength has been sheathed in grace; yet so deftly has the architect done his work that one cannot find a place where the power of the upward-rushing lines is broken. They sweep from base to crown with undiminished vigor. Strength flows along them, as if this tower were a thing that nature had made, with life flowing in each portion of its being and carrying its dynamic current from base to crown. So it may seem to the visitor, as he sees it for the first time,—a young, live thing, reaching for the sun.

But by degrees, as he comes to know it better, shifting his ground till the outline has been seen from many different angles, it confesses its human origin, showing him by what arts it was made. Two hundred feet or so above the ground, he sees the square tower transform itself, running upward in the octagonal lantern; and he perceives that these different stages of the tower, which seem to flow into one another by the gift of actual life, have been brought into unity by difficult processes of thought, and that the easy grace with which the transition from

Harkness Tower above High West

square pier to octagonal crown is accomplished was no happy accident of genius, but the fruit of long study.

This is the only couronne tower that has been built in modern times. The architect tells us that the inspiration for its conception came from the famous "Boston Stump," the tower of St. Botolph's Church in Boston, England; but it is an erroneous idea to believe that this is a copy or an imitation. The double crown, if there were no other difference, sets this tower apart from its remote original; and the better the visitor comes to understand its personality, the more clearly will he see that this is a very different thing from the Boston Stump. That, too, is a fine tower, with a bold energy about it and a brave, uncompromising quality made manifest in its severe outline; but it would be an alien in this place and in this age. The Harkness Tower, like the whole Quadrangle, indeed, is not a copy of anything that has been built before. This Gothic group does not represent an attempt to set the clock backward and to build after some antique pattern. The architect simply acted on his faith that Gothic is still a living principle, and has used its modes of expression as he found them, in sundry regions in its history, with such freedom of treatment as his subject and his own instinct directed. The Boston Stump is but an elder member of the great family to whose perennial vitality this younger tower owes its being.

In its wealth of decoration, Harkness Tower is most obviously differentiated from its remote ancestor in England. The visitor may be a little discouraged to discover that much of this decoration is at too great a height to be seen with any clearness from the ground. Indeed, it is almost as difficult to see the statues on the tower as it is to tell time by the tower clock. Hard, practical minds may cavil, if they please, at a clock that keeps the hour a mystery and at decoration that is seen clearly only by the birds; but if the visitor is too practically-minded, he had better turn back at the gates of the Quadrangle, for these buildings were the work of men who enjoyed beauty for its own sake and were quite willing that some of their best labors should pass unrecognized by those who must have all things set before them in the language of the billboard. Perhaps, if the visitor must needs know the time, he will be content to consult his watch, happy that there is one place in America

where a clock is merely the ghost of Father Time, a dreamy recorder of the pleasant hours as they run, rather than a remorseless and insistent reminder of engagements that must be kept and duties that must be done. And perhaps, if he can be induced to keep his watch in his pocket and forget the insistency of crowded hours as thoroughly as this clock itself, he may take time to seek vantage points from which the carving and statuary on the tower can be seen. He will be well repaid, for this work, like all else in the Quadrangle, has been done with an eye to the man who is willing to linger and enjoy.

The eight portrait statues that stand in canopied niches on the corner buttresses are the first item in the ornamentation of the tower that will catch the visitor's eye. Here, at the southeast corner, looking down upon the College Yard, is Elihu Yale, the portly merchant and nabob, who made great wealth in India and was induced to spend a part of it in helping the infant Collegiate School in Connecticut. His beneficence cost him not so very much, as modern standards of benefaction go, but it won him immortality and the gratitude of all the men who have worn his name as graduates of the college. He stands there upon the tower, one hand resting solidly upon a stout eighteenth-century cane, and looks very much the wealthy patron as he gazes down upon the institution that has grown up to make his name so glorious.

Beside him, also facing High Street and the Old Campus, is Jonathan Edwards, greatest of America's theologians, standing at his pulpit desk. What thoughts lurk, unspoken, behind those finely modeled lips, it would be hard to guess. The thunder of his voice, harrowing the souls of his congregation as he warmed to the subject, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," has gone the way of silence long ago; the last of those auditors of his, whose consciences he held trembling over hell-fire, has passed into the hands of a God who will not keep His anger forever; and the world remembers Jonathan Edwards today, not as the man who preached fire and brimstone to a backsliding generation, but as the spirit that wandered farther into regions of mystic wonder than any other our land has known.

Around the corner, facing toward Chapel Street, are the two most famous inventors included in the Yale family: Samuel F. B. Morse on

the left, and Eli Whitney on the right. Morse is represented looking reflectively upon a model of his telegraphic instrument, which he holds in his right hand. This man was artist as well as inventor, and one likes to think of him viewing his work as something not altogether his own,—a miracle that God has wrought through him. His neighbor, the ingenious Mr. Whitney of New Haven, stands smiling and confident, as if he were sure of his own powers, his own fortunes, and the invincible force of his determination to possess his own; and his face is marked with every token of satisfaction.

On the side of the tower that looks into Branford Court, are two Yale men who won their fame in very different ways and were alike only in their experience of the hatred that bigotry and partisanship have power to loose upon the heads of men who rise above the common level. Here at the left stands Fenimore Cooper, lifted at last above the warfare in which he had to waste so much of his great powers. Those who recognize his figure, here on Harkness Tower, or pause before the entry in Linonia Court where his name and the symbols of the Deerslayer are carved upon the stones, will be thinking with gratitude of pleasant hours spent with Leather-Stocking, with Uncas, or with Harvey Birch. Very few of them, it is safe to say, will have any knowledge of the amazing ineptitude of "John Effingham" and his preposterous family; and not one out of a thousand will have heard of the quarrels which fastened the name of the novelist's most insufferable creation upon Cooper himself. Fenimore Cooper the writer has long outlived the irascible and contentious man who lived in controversy with his fellow citizens and found himself driven into the law courts to prove himself a patriot. In these days, every American is proud to hail Fenimore Cooper as his fellow countryman. In placing him upon the Harkness Tower, Yale makes such amends as she can for her lack of discernment in dismissing him from college in his junior year; and if amends can be made for the years of vexation and of bitterness that were given him by a public more ready to disparage their great men than to grant them honor for their heroic powers, surely the kindly feeling of friendship with which any intelligent visitor to the Quadrangle will greet this familiar figure—as he might greet a companion

of the exciting days of boyhood piracies—should be some source of comfort to the writer's spirit.

John Calhoun, whose figure stands beside Cooper's above Branford Court, was another man who experienced something more than his share of the hatred of his fellow countrymen while he still moved among them; but the last echoes of the strife, in whose beginning he had so prominent a part, at last die down; they rumble now, but dimly heard, in far corners of our national life, where the old years hold sway, oblivious of the new. The "Arch-Nullifier" may stand unreproached upon our memorial tower in this northern city, where he came to school; and Northerner and Southerner alike will be glad to find him there.

Facing toward Elm Street on the tower buttresses are Noah Webster and Nathan Hale. It was in an unpretentious house on Temple Street, not three blocks away, that Webster did most of the work of preparing his Dictionary. Let honor rest upon his venerable head, and contentment be upon his spirit; for it was a task to make the most patient shudder with the foreboding of weariness, and this resolute little man undertook it in the face of adverse comment from friend and foe alike, and put it through almost unaided, by the strength of his own will. There are more glowing achievements, doubtless, than the writing of dictionaries, but hardly any more useful to a nation struggling with such problems of education as the United States of America have had to meet. The wiry pedagogue, who stands looking off toward the site of the house where he performed his gigantic labor of instruction, was one of the most important figures in our intellectual history, and Yale is proud to know that he was one of her sons.

Nathan Hale was only twenty-one years old when his life came to its end at the gallows, and he had achieved nothing to make him famous; but in the world of Yale, his name has never ceased to be a living memory. His right to a place upon Harkness Tower, beside men whom the whole land knows better, is a very certain matter.

In the mullions of the belfry windows, set just below the point where the tracery begins, are figures of four men who certainly have as great a right to a place on this university tower as the heroes of our own his-

tory. They are the spokesmen of the Greek world, whose thought, in four branches of human endeavor, has formed the basis of the education offered at Yale since its beginning two hundred years ago: Phidias, Euclid, Aristotle, and Homer. Not far above the level of these distinguished gentlemen are other carvings, not so richly laden with the dignity of ancient art and learning. In the corners of the square tower, half obscured by the shadows of the buttresses, are four grotesque birds representing the freshman, the sophomore, the junior, and the senior,—the raw material upon which the college must do her work. Just below these happy-go-lucky youngsters are the great men of the past; above them, at the level of the balustrade of the square tower, stand their own destinies, represented in large symbolic figures. On the center pinnacle of each face of the square tower are free-standing statues, emblematic of various occupations to which the graduate may devote his life, when once the college has done its best by him: Law, Business, Medicine, and the Ministry.

At the same level, in the angles of the corner piers, are twelve symbolic figures, of the same size as the free-standing statues of the occupations and professions. There are three of these figures on each corner buttress, and among them they cover the wide range of Life, Progress, War, Death, Peace, Prosperity, Effort, Order, Justice, Truth, Freedom, and Courage.

Seventeen feet higher, on the buttresses which form the corners of the lantern, are figures representing the four wars that have passed over our country since the founding of Yale. Above High Street, the Minute Man of the Revolution is seen half kneeling on a pile of stones, while he loads his flintlock from his powderhorn, his face wearing the determined look of a man who knows that his cause needs desperate courage. Beside him is the barefoot sailor of the War of 1812, cutlass at his hip, ramrod in his hand. On the opposite face of the tower, over Branford Court, is the veteran of '61; and beside him is the soldier of the World War, in trench helmet, leaning on the muzzle of his rifle.

A few feet higher than the heads of these figures, at the point where the final crown of the tower begins, four gargoyles stretch out their lean bodies and peer down into the life of the college, going on beneath

them. They are carved to represent four different lines of activity, by which the undergraduates of Yale are wont to prove their powers, in contest with each other. Here is the literary man with his pen, and the social light with the teacup. Here, too, is the scholar, thin and pinched, holding his open book in one hand, his lamp in the other; and his expression, it must be admitted, is far from happy. Scholarly activity, it would appear to the freshman who studies these gargoyles for guidance in shaping his college career, is no very pleasant thing; certainly not so pleasant as athletics, for our athlete, at the opposite corner, is a happy and healthy creature; and his brow, though something lower than the scholar's, is quite unfurrowed and carefree.

At the same level as these gargoyles, four carved masks are set into the cornice of the lantern, presenting the faces of the four poets who have been supreme kings over men's hearts. Here is Homer again, the only person to be twice honored by the tower; and with him, the three others who alone are worthy to stand in his society,—Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare. These four, lifted so far above our heads, look out from that high, solitary place, over the life of Yale; and beyond that, see far into the ways of men, as was their wont, being gifted with keener vision than belongs to common mortals. From this watchtower in the new world, these poets of the elder lands will look down upon ways of life that were unknown to the years in which they lived, and will see, beneath the surface, the eternal things they knew so well. They will see the revolving of the Fates and come to know the ways of many men; they will see life going by beneath them like the pageantry of the stage, where each man struts and frets his hour and then is heard no more; and, night and morning, as sun or moon or stars look down upon the earth, they will recognize afar the trembling of the sea.

II.

Branford Court

At the foot of Harkness Tower stands the Memorial Gateway, and through its archway the visitor has glimpses of a green lawn, of sunny walks, and, perhaps, of flowers in bloom, all inviting him to press on at

once into the inner places of the Quadrangle. He is not likely to resist the appeal, and will probably pause on the outside only long enough to study the decoration of the gateway, which stands white and shimmering beside the rugged base of the tower. The nine figure bosses in the arch are sure to catch his eye: each of them represents one of the schools of the University, with Yale College, the eldest of them all, holding the central position at the point of the arch. Within the archway, at the right on entering, is a stone bench, and, above it, the inscription which dedicates these buildings to Yale in the name of Charles William Harkness, whose mother gave this gift in honor of his memory. On the left, under a carving of Socrates, is the entrance to the Memorial Room, within the shaft of the tower. For the present, we shall leave the door closed, pausing under the archway only long enough to take note of the high vaulting of the passage, and to peer into the faces of the men who are represented in the bosses of the vault.

These four men were intimately associated with the making of the Quadrangle. Edward S. Harkness, who is one of them, is the brother of Charles William Harkness, in whose name the buildings were given to Yale. With Samuel Herbert Fisher, whose head is also carved here in the vaulting, he acted as representative of his mother in her relations with the University, while this gift was in the making; and the wisdom of these two men was a large factor in the successful completion of the work. In the other bosses are men whose association with the Quadrangle was even closer: Otto Faelton, who was the architect's chief assistant in the designing of the buildings; and beside him, James Gamble Rogers, the architect himself.

Beyond the archway, the central court of the Quadrangle opens up before us. It is named for the town of Branford, Connecticut, where certain clergymen met, in the year 1701, and agreed to give a number of books to found a college in their colony. A tablet, set into the wall near the gateway, records this fact; and in the flagstone walk, just beyond the entrance, is a great millstone, which used to grind the grain of the farmers of Branford. By these tangible things, the life of Yale, in this new home, is linked with the town where her life began.

Branford Court is the largest of the enclosures within the circuit of

these walls. Its dimensions, if one must be precise, are one hundred thirty-one feet north and south, by two hundred seventy-one feet east and west; but the visitor is not likely to be interested in precise figures as he first steps within this place. There is something here which is not to be conjured up out of a book of arithmetic,—a deep sense of peace, which makes him prone to forget such matters as length and breadth. In the midst of this noisy, modern city, the architect has given us space and quiet and the charm of old-world lawns and dwelling houses. The sunlight, playing on these golden walls, working out manifold designs as it looks through the leaves of the elm trees, seems a richer and kindlier light than any that falls into the streets of cities we have known.

The stone that composes the wall surfaces was chosen with the greatest care, and only after a search through many quarries in this country and abroad. It was the architect's purpose to secure a stone that would defy the gloom of New England winter skies and sparkle under the brightness of New England weather at its best. Sunshine upon the rocks along the Connecticut shore gave him his first suggestion; and the stone that he has chosen—a granite from the Plymouth Quarries, at Weymouth, Massachusetts—certainly carries in it the suggestion of summer days spent out of doors beside the sea. The stone offers a wide variety of shades, and the architect has availed himself of this variety to gain certain striking effects of color and texture. The visitor has already seen how he has made the stones in the tower contribute to the effect of height by using the darkest and roughest granite at the base and introducing lighter shades and smoother surfaces as the tower moved upward. The variety in the stone has been used, again, in emphasizing the difference between the exterior of the Quadrangle and the inner courts. It is not quite the truth to say that the granite built into the walls that abut upon the street presents its rougher edges to the world; but it is certainly true that within Branford Court, the stones show their sunniest and smoothest surfaces. These walls seem built for the play of sunshine and of the shadows cast by the elm trees in the month of June. The vines that climb upon them, reaching up to clamber along the top of traceried windows or around some arching

entry door, seem scarcely more alive than the stones upon which they climb.

Above the wall surfaces, the roofs carry on the mellow tones until the building meets the line of the sky. The tiles were chosen with an eye to avoiding the dull monotony of natural slate or stone. Their colors, a little too glaring and variegated at first, have softened already and will gradually grow more mellow and more uniform, as age and weather work upon them. Their surfaces were combed and roughened in the molds, that moss might grow more readily upon them; and as time passes over the Quadrangle, they will gradually lose the tones that were given them in the merely human business of their manufacture, and nature herself will color them as she sees fit.

In these buildings, tile and brick and stone have been given a dignity that not every architect knows how to give them in the things he builds. As the visitor makes his way through the courts of the Quadrangle, he will continually come upon fresh evidence of the thought and care that have been given to this feature of the work. The stones of these buildings are not merely dead things, entombed within the walls in long rows, precisely laid. Each of them has a living individuality, which has been respected and preserved; they bear the traces of their history upon them, in the visible marks of whatever tool it was that cut them; and they have been laid with no such rigid precision as is supposed, in these efficient days, to represent the mastery of the builder over his materials.

Though the eye will return again and again to these walls, which glow and sparkle in the sunshine, and even in gray weather seem to hold the memory of the sun, there are other things visible in Branford Court that will draw the attention of the visitor, lifting his gaze above the wall surfaces. At each corner of the court, in balance to the lofty Harkness Tower, the buildings are carried up to higher levels, terminating in graceful minor towers that stand in attendance upon their taller brother. The loftiest of these subordinate towers stands at the northwest corner of the court, diagonally opposite the Harkness. It was inspired by the tower of the Church of St. Giles in Wrexham, Wales, where Elihu Yale lies buried, and its presence here emphasizes the memorial character of these buildings. Many Yale men have visited

Wrexham, going a pilgrimage to the grave of Father Elihu, and the church tower of St. Giles is familiar enough to them. They will find this new Wrexham Tower both like and different. There has been no attempt at close imitation. Realizing that the difference in the stone, were there no other consideration, would make his work a very different thing from the tower of the old Welsh church, the architect took no precise account of the dimensions or of the decorative detail of his original, endeavoring to make his tower rather the close kinsman than the exact duplicate of the tower that stands above the grave of Elihu Yale. It was very wisely done, for in this way he has avoided the perils of introducing an alien member into his design. In color, texture, and scale, Wrexham Tower is harmonious with the whole group; and since its likeness to the tower of St. Giles is unmistakable to anyone who has been in Wrexham, it has been true to the spirit of commemoration that suggested its introduction here.

Yale men will all be predisposed to admire Wrexham Tower, if only for the sake of its association with the grave of Father Elihu; but one need not have Yale blood in his veins to appreciate this tower. It does not stand in the shadow of the Harkness, as one might have feared. In its sturdy, four-square personality, it challenges comparison with its more lofty neighbor, and has no fear of the result. Neither its proximity to the Harkness, which is of a bolder and more original nature, nor its conscious imitation of the tower of St. Giles, has robbed it of its right to an individuality of its own. It does not leap into the air with the upward rush of Harkness Tower, but it conveys a sense of loftiness in its own way. "For all its foursquareness," writes one of its admirers, "it rises mightily into the air." One would say that it was just the tower that was needed to give balance to Branford Court and to the Memorial Quadrangle as a whole.

The towers at the other corners of Branford Court stand in subordination to these two. Directly opposite the Harkness, above the gateway that leads out into York Street, the buildings rise very slightly above the level of the surrounding roofs, terminating boldly in square battlements, with a small hexagonal turret running up above them. In the northeast corner, in the same wall with the great tower, the treatment is more

striking. Here the eye is led upward by one device after another, as the buildings rise to the height of seven stories; then upward again, along the lines of the towering chimneys, till finally it rests upon the "jewel tower," high above them all. The buildings at this angle of the court are built on very sturdy lines, and this thing of fragile grace comes most unexpectedly to crown their height; yet it does not seem unfitting nor out of place.

The visitor, if he be wise, will stroll back and forth along the walks of Branford Court for a little, letting his eye wander over the broken sky line, studying the corner towers from different angles, and yielding himself to the charm of the ever changing pictures presented to his view. Close at hand, as he enters by the Memorial Gateway, a line of buildings, a bare two stories and a half in height, stretches away on the left toward York Street. Their low roofs are broken by interesting gables and dormers, and the whole structure has a friendly, old-fashioned look, which suggests some of the older buildings of Oxford or of Cambridge. The low southern sun can look into Branford Court over these roofs, almost up to the moment of its departure.

Only in one place, along the southern wall, do the buildings climb to the height of four stories. Over the double portal of the gateway leading into Calliope Court, there is a battlemented tower, which holds the central place in this face of Branford Court, standing forward a little from the line of the buildings on either side and rising above their roofs. But this tower, unlike those at the corners of the court, makes no attempt at achieving loftiness. Its strong horizontal lines and its general air of comfortable solidity give it the appearance of being well enough pleased with this earth; and the buildings that stand on either side of it convey the same sense of having settled down contentedly upon the spot. The visitor will find that his eye is drawn along the southern walls of the court by comfortable horizontal lines; and he will be quite satisfied, after he has looked so long upon the upper reaches of the four corner towers, that these buildings make no attempt to soar against the sky.

But if he will turn now, as he passes along the southern walk of the court, and face the buildings that line the opposite side of the expanse

of lawn, he will find something very different in their lines. These northern buildings rise to greater height and wear a greater stateliness. The hand of the Renaissance has been upon them, and though they are still true to the Gothic order, they suggest a different era in the past. This raised terrace, recessed between the terminating wings, seems a place for pageantry, such as Queen Bess loved so well. The flagstone walks, which curve across the court toward the stairs leading to the terrace, increase the illusion that this is a place appointed for revelry of some princely and colorful sort; and behind the terrace, the mullioned and traceried windows of the bays seem to look out upon this outdoor stage from some great feasting hall within. At either end of the terrace, formal doorways crown the short flight of steps leading up from the level of the court; and above, the buildings rise into square watch-towers, whose battlements stretch across above the steep gables of the wings and with their vigorous and simple lines, mark the termination of this composition.

The whole thing is complete within itself, and its individuality is marked most boldly by such touches as the doorways and the elaborate fenestration of the bays; yet it is united, with rare skill, to the rest of the group. Above the central gable of the terrace rise the higher buildings of the northern courts, and as we see them in this way, they seem to stand there merely to serve as lofty central pinnacles of this particular composition. On either side of the terminating wings, the buildings have quite another character: to the east, a low structure withdrawn behind a shielding wall and crowned with heavy tessellated battlements; on the west, a similar structure, but marked with slightly more elaborate ornament and fenestration as it approaches the richly decorated mass of Wrexham Tower; yet these supporting structures, conceived in quite a different spirit from the central buildings of this northern wall, unite themselves with perfect ease to the more stately group that stands between them.

The shorter sides of Branford Court, on the east and west, have fewer things about them that catch the eye. They are, for the most part, simpler and quieter compositions, which have been treated more elaborately only at each end, as they approach the foot of one or another of the cor-

ner towers. In one place, an arcaded screen, behind whose shelter stands an inviting entry door; at another, the two-storied gatehouse that is advanced into the court at the foot of Wrexham Tower; and along the western side of the lawn, a most convenient curb, raised just far enough above the level of the walk to make it a delightful lounging place on a warm afternoon: these are all unobtrusive details, which the visitor may not notice at first, perhaps, but which he will come to know and to appreciate as he enters more deeply into acquaintance with these buildings.

Close to the ground, there are other matters that speedily engage his attention. Doorways and portals, of the most varied designs, lure him on from one point to another, as he begins to study the detail of the buildings. The Georgian doorways on the northern terrace may be the first he notices, but as he looks about him he discovers that each entry door has a setting that is worth his attention. The very lamps that light these doorways have their individuality, and the molding and ornamentation of the stonework that incloses the heavy studded oak are rich with interest.

The entries of the Memorial Quadrangle have been named in honor of Yale graduates whose lives have brought particular honor to the college. Here are the achievements of some two hundred years, recaptured from the past and recorded in stone, as a memorial to the dead and as an inspiration to the living. Some of these men gave their lives to the college itself, in classroom, library, or laboratory, and the world at large heard but little of their achievements; but in this place of memory, their names stand beside those of men whom the whole world has known. Yale knows how to value the gift of their lives, and the sons of Yale will make no distinction between the obscure and the famous.

In the eastern wall of Branford Court, on the visitor's right as he enters by the Memorial Gateway, is Silliman Entry, named in honor of Benjamin Silliman, the great teacher and kindly gentleman, who first gave real dignity to the study of Natural Science at Yale, and who did more, perhaps, than any other single man to organize scientific study throughout the country. His patient hours of labor and the wide-spreading results that sprang from his efforts are commemorated here

in the scholar's lamp and the symbolic acorns, carved about the doorway that bears his name.

Just beyond Silliman, in the same wall, is Seabury Entry, marked by the crosier, the cross, and the miter, in memory of Samuel Seabury, first American Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in the corner, behind the arcaded screen, is a sheltered doorway, which bears the name of Samuel F. B. Morse, whose statue the visitor has already seen upon Harkness Tower. His twofold distinction, as artist and as inventor, is symbolized here by the brushes and the paint tubes on the one hand, and the insulators and wires on the other.

On the northern side of the court, beyond the gateway that leads into Killingworth, and withdrawn a few feet behind the low wall that stands before the buildings here, is the entry named in honor of Donald Grant Mitchell of the Class of 1841, better known by his pen name, "Ik Marvel." All who have known his pictures of a bygone life will like to think that the two open books, carved on either side of his name, are those old favorites, *Dream Life* and the *Reveries of a Bachelor*. For many years, the man himself was near neighbor to Yale and used to drive in from his farm at Edgewood to mingle in college celebrations.

On the terrace, to the right, is Mason Entry, named for Jeremiah Mason, of 1788, Leader of the New England Bar in his generation; and in honor of his great knowledge in the laws of the land, it is marked with two open scrolls. The other doorway on the terrace bears above it the name of Elias Loomis, of 1830, not so long ago a familiar and striking figure in the college world. He was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at Yale for nearly thirty years, and brought into his classroom a rugged personality, which left an ineradicable impression upon his students. In addition to being a most unusual and forceful teacher, he was a recognized authority on meteorology and had much to do with the establishment of the national Weather Bureau. In symbolic acknowledgment of this part of his achievements, two shooting stars are carved upon the archway over the door, on either side of his name. When these symbols were first seen by the public, some accurate-minded person on the faculty protested that the Science of the Weather has nothing whatever to do with meteors, and suggested that this dark

error of superstition be eradicated from the Quadrangle. The architect, however, stood by the original idea.

"The meteor," he wrote to his superintendent in New Haven, "is the sculptor's idea of what affects a meteorologist—and I am not sure meteors do not have an effect on the weather—and then, too, his mistake could not have been much greater than the scientists' who named him a meteorologist. It is a great pleasure," he added, "to know that the different professors take so much interest and I do not like not to accept their suggestions when they are so technically accurate, but the poetry of the whole thing is so important that we must be careful about changing for the sake of technical correction."

So these shooting stars hold their place in support of the name of Yale's great meteorologist, and some future Thomas Browne, searching out the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" of the twentieth century, may believe, if he likes, that Yale gave her official sanction to this popular superstition.

Beyond the terrace is King Entry. Clarence King, of the Class of 1862, is the only graduate of the Scientific School who has been commemorated in these buildings, which belong, primarily, to the academic college. King was a scientist by profession, and his great achievement was the founding of the United States Geological Survey. He was, moreover, a writer of distinction, a poet in spirit, and an adventurer in his outlook upon life; and every man who came in contact with him felt the spell of his personality, while those who called him friend ranked their association with him among the most precious possessions of their lives. There are few names carved upon these stones that represent so great a wealth of human genius.

On the west side of Branford Court are two entries: the one to the right named for James Kent, of the Class of 1781, known to every lawyer in the land as the author of Kent's *Commentaries on American Law;* and the other bearing the two names of Samuel Johnson, 1714, and William Samuel Johnson, 1744. The elder of these two was one of the students at the Collegiate School, not yet known as Yale, in the days when it was situated at Saybrook Point. His career as an undergraduate, in those far-off times, was a rebellious one; and at a later

period, when he was Tutor at the college in New Haven, he gave the trustees some bad half-hours; but all that has been forgotten, thoroughly obscured by the distinction of his later career. He went over to the episcopacy, was ordained priest in England, became the friend of Bishop Berkeley, and aided in the establishment of the Episcopal Church in America; concluding a career of great prominence and distinction by serving, for nine years, as the first President of King's College, grown now into Columbia University. His son, William Samuel Johnson was also President of King's College and a figure in the political life of the nation, as well. He was one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States and was a Senator from Connecticut at the same time that he was President of King's.

There is only one more entry door opening directly into Branford Court. It stands in the southern wall, just beyond the gateway that leads into Brothers in Unity, and it is named in honor of William Maxwell Evarts, of the Class of 1837, Leader of the American Bar and Secretary of State. His name is carved beside the doorway, and in the narrow spandrel of the arch above the door, are the scales of Justice and the shield and motto of the Union, as symbols of the service he rendered his profession and his nation.

Above the doorway a carving has been set into the walls, to commemorate the fact that during a shortage of labor a number of undergraduates, who were working their way through college, seized the opportunity to earn a little money by offering themselves as day laborers to the builder of the Quadrangle. Their share in these operations was not so very important, but the architect considered it significant enough to be worth some memorial, as a reminder that among the first men who lived in these buildings were some who had had a hand in the work of making them.

Passing down the southern walk, past Evarts Entry, the visitor will once more approach the outer gateway, after his circuit of Branford Court. This face of the portal is most richly decorated, and he will hardly go farther in his journey of exploration without pausing to study its detail. In the center are the arms of the University; at the right, the seal of the State of Connecticut; and at the left, the ship which was

placed in the arms of New Haven as a symbol of the aspirations of its earliest colonists to found a great maritime empire in this corner of the new world.

The panels, to the left and to the right, are thick with tracery; and in the center, the ivy twines about the shield of Yale. If the visitor gives this central panel but a hasty glance, he may fail to see the little figures that lurk among the leaves of the vines. They are engaged in a task that is almost as old as the building of Yale's first home in the city of New Haven,—the planting of ivy to cover our college halls. This ancient rite, which has long been the last task each senior class performs at Yale, just before its graduation, is here represented by groups of figures chosen out of various periods in our history. In the lower right-hand corner of the panel, the visitor will see the Indians peering through the foliage, quite obviously puzzled at the mysterious labors which certain puritan gentlemen are performing, over against them in the left-hand corner.

Just below the carving of the Indians and the Puritans are two corbels, representing two of the officers of the University at the time when these buildings were erected. At the right is Frederick Jones, Dean of the College; and at the left, George Parmly Day, the Treasurer of the University. Within the moldings of the arch itself are symbols of the seven principal athletic sports that have flourished on and about the college Campus, represented by hand or foot, with clusters of ivy, oak, and laurel carved in the intervening spaces.

The corbels that support the utmost span of the arch are reminders of the unusual conditions that prevailed on the Yale Campus during much of the period when these buildings were being erected. The nation was then at war, and the University had been converted into a training camp, in which some two or three thousand young men were being prepared for several different branches of the military service. The majority of our undergraduates were preparing themselves for commissions in the artillery, as a natural outcome of the existence of a most effective unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, which had been established at Yale some years before our country entered the World War. The head in the trench helmet, at the left, commemorates the men who worked

swiftly and uncomplainingly, through those dreary months of training, to make themselves ready to operate the guns when the nation should call them to the front.

At the right is a charming and rather wistful face, crowned with the sailor's hat, a memorial to the Naval Training Unit, which was maintained at Yale, during those years, under the inspiring leadership of Professor Mather Abbott and Admiral Chester Colby. One remembers Captain Abbott's young sailors with the greatest pleasure. True to the best traditions of the Service, they never quite lost their air of undergraduate insouciance, even in the grim business of preparing for war. To this day, meeting men who are now lawyers, teachers, architects, and clergymen, one sees them with the mind's eye in the rakish blue of the navy uniform, with the absurd hat cocked over one eye; and this carved face, though it wears a look of pathos in the eyes, as if it remembered comrades lost in the icy waters of the North Sea, suggests such a tide of irrepressible youthfulness, rising against the greatest obstacles, that the man who recollects those days will greet it with a smile.

III.

Killingworth Court

Passing down the walk that bends to the right beyond the Memorial Gateway, and following it past Silliman and Seabury Entries, the visitor will come to the portal of Fitch Gateway, which leads into Killingworth Court. The gateways in the Quadrangle have been named in commemoration of men who assisted the college, in the period of its earliest struggles for a living, by their money or their efforts. This particular gateway is named in honor of James Fitch, of Plainfield, Connecticut, who gave practical demonstration of his faith in the college, at the very moment of its birth. On the day when the Colonial Assembly granted a charter to the Collegiate School, Fitch came forward with an offer of certain lands in the town of Killingly, to be used for the support of the college, and with the promise of glass and nails for a College House, when such should be erected. His generosity, standing ready in that hour of uncertain hope, must have been vastly cheering to the men who

were responsible for this new enterprise, and there is every reason why the name of the earliest of Yale's benefactors should stand written on the stones of these memorial buildings.

Like everything else in the Quadrangle, the various passageways have been given individuality. No two of them are alike, in stonework or in vaulting, and every one is interesting. The visitor should not allow the glimpse of alluring things beyond to draw him so rapidly through the passageway that he does not take time to notice the vaulting and the irregular stonework of the walls. The lanterns which light these passageways are sure to catch his eye and to stimulate his imagination; for they carry the suggestion of the elder years upon them, and it would be easy to believe that each one of them had borne a part in Yale history: that this one, for example, had swung in the cabin of John Davenport's ship; or had stood beside the door of Abraham Pierson's parsonage, where he might catch it up as he started on the round of his barns and stables, after the fires had been covered and the single student of the Collegiate School had been sent to bed.

Emerging from the passageway, the visitor will find himself surrounded by loftier buildings than he has seen in Branford Court. These northern walls are lifted up to catch the sun, which falls upon them over the lower roofs to the south; and they have a boldness and ruggedness that are not a part of the walls that surround the other courts. Nevertheless, the same friendliness that is to be found everywhere else within the Quadrangle pervades these enclosures. Gables, dormers, and chimneys have no air of having been marshaled in stiff procession, merely to make a formal show; they seem, rather, to be conscious of their share in the creating of a home, where fires will be lighted for the mutual comfort of fast friends, who draw in their chairs for a good talk at midnight; and where young men will look out at the windows into a bright springtime world, to make sure that fair weather looks down upon what may turn out to be the most momentous day of their lives.

Pleasant and irrelevant things are to be seen in Killingworth Court, as elsewhere in this group of buildings. At the visitor's right, just before he enters the court, is a stairway leading to a terrace surrounded by a low parapet and paved with flagstones, around which the English

ivy is getting its roots well into the soil before it essays the walls. The stairway and the parapet give promise of a doorway beyond, but if the visitor mounts to the terrace he will find no such matter; the thing is just a bit of pleasant byplay, affording a new vantage point from which to view the court and continuing the line of the high wall, to the left of the gateway, which masks the entrance to the service stairway.

Beyond the portal is a larger terrace, from which a short flight of steps leads down to a lower level, where the court opens out into a broad lawn, with elm trees casting their shadows on the tall surrounding walls. A stone bench, close to one of the trees, holds out an invitation which the visitor is not likely to overlook—if his legs grow a bit weary with standing—and he will find that this place has been well chosen for a moment's rest. Above the southern wall of the court, where the buildings drop to a lower level, he will have a glimpse of the Harkness Tower, looking into this enclosure as it looks into every court of the Quadrangle; and at its left, clearly etched against the sky, the jewel tower rises almost to the same height, as one sees it from this angle. Facing him is the western wall of the court, its buttresses crowned with grotesques that look down upon him with strange, fixed gaze; and on either side are walls broken into interesting, irregular lines by all manner of devices.

If he lowers his eyes, they will rest upon a most interesting relic, set into the flagstone walk at his feet. It is a millstone, similar to that in Branford Court, and an inscription in its center gives information that in "A.D. 1667 this millstone was in use in the town of Killingworth." On October 7, 1921, a yoke of oxen brought this stone into New Haven, along the post road from Killingworth, and it was set here, beside this bench, as a definite link between this court and the old Connecticut town whose name it bears. The stone had been the property of a citizen of Killingworth, Mr. Everett E. Lord. His letter to the architect, offering this ancient relic for use in the Quadrangle, tells us the story of its singular fortunes.

"A tradition," he writes, "often told to the writer by his Uncle Martin Lord, who died thirty years ago, aged eighty-four, has it that early in the Revolutionary War an old grist mill in the town of Killingworth,

run by the water of the Menunketesuck River, was operated by an ardent sympathizer with the English forces. This Tory was forced to abandon his mill and leave the town, and did not return. The old millstones were removed and new ones installed that grain might be ground for the Continental troops. The nether millstone of the discarded pair lay for more than a century by the roadside near the old mill and years ago was secured by the writer as an item of local interest and moved to the grounds of the old Lord homestead which was built in 1798."

The ancient stone must have seen some two score years of service before the first Yale student came to begin his studies at Rector Pierson's parsonage, on the main street of Killingworth. That was more than two hundred years ago; and in those two centuries, while the Tory's gristmill was falling into ruins, and the town of Killingworth dozed in the sun, the Collegiate School, which began its labors in the white parsonage beside the village meetinghouse, has grown most vigorously and had almost forgotten the years of its beginnings. The millstones in Killingworth, Branford, and Saybrook courts are a part of the effort of these memorial buildings to recall the past and to make it vivid for the future sons of Yale.

One more link between Killingworth Court and the early life of Yale is to be found in the eastern wall of the court, midway between the two entry doors. It is a replica of the tombstone of Abraham Pierson, the Killingworth parson, who served as the first Rector of the Collegiate School and may be called, if you please, the first President of Yale. It had been the intention of the trustees of the school that he should give his whole attention to the rather onerous duties of conducting the new educational institution; but his flock at Killingworth, distrustful of this enterprise, which had been none of their devising, held him rigidly to his covenant with them, and for the last five years of his life, he discharged the two-fold duties of village pastor and college president. The first thirteen students at the Collegiate School received their instruction at his hands and lived at his parsonage.

To the right of this replica of Rector Pierson's tombstone is Woolsey Entry, named for Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of the Class of 1820, the

brilliant scholar and firm-handed executive, who was President of Yale during the middle years of the nineteenth century. To the left is the entry that commemorates the two Oliver Wolcotts, father and son, both distinguished in the life of the nation. The elder, who was graduated in 1747, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and the younger, of the Class of 1778, was Washington's Secretary of the Treasury. The sword hilt and the seal, carved upon the stones, commemorate their services in time of war and peace.

A row of flagstones, set into the turf, cuts across the northeast corner of the court to Winthrop Entry, which preserves the name of Theodore Winthrop, of 1848, the young novelist, whose life was cut short by the Civil War. In April, 1861, he wrote to his uncle, President Woolsey: "I go down to the front for the purpose of lending my aid to the great work of attempting to get rid of slavery in this country"; and not two months later, while leading his men to the charge, he was shot down by a drummer boy. He was the first Union officer to die in action in the Civil War. His achievements as soldier and as writer are symbolized here by the helmet, upon one side of the doorway, and grave Minerva's bird upon the other; and the intertwining leaves of laurel and of bay are his due meed as hero and as poet.

At the left of Winthrop Entry, which is deeply recessed in the angle of the court, are the stained-glass windows of one of the Common Rooms; and beyond them is the portal of Berkeley Gateway, which leads out into Elm Street. The gateway is named for the illustrious George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, Bishop of Cloyne, philosopher and man of letters, who was a resident of New England for some few years, and who, upon his departure from our country, made a gift of land and of books to Yale.

Through Berkeley Gateway, the visitor will have a disheartening glimpse of Elm Street, and the rattle of the city's noises will come once more to assault his ears. He will hardly care to go on through the gate and to pass beyond the quiet of the inner places of the Quadrangle. He will go only far enough to notice the vaulted ceiling, which is made of the worn brick of a city pavement, and to pause before Willis Entry, which opens off the vaulted passageway at the left, opposite the door

of the Common Room. Nathaniel Parker Willis, of the Class of 1827, was once well known in the world of letters; but at this late day, his fame is somewhat withered, and few who pause before this doorway will have read any of his sparkling pages. Nevertheless, he has his right to a place in the Memorial Quadrangle, in the midst of life and youth; for he carried youth and gaiety close to his heart through all his journeyings and all his labor; and down to the day of his death, he preserved the rare art of making young men happy in his society.

Returning to Killingworth Court again, and passing along its northern walk, the visitor will come upon Whitney Entry, another that bears two famous names. Eli Whitney, of 1792, we have already seen on one of the southern buttresses of Harkness Tower. Josiah Dwight Whitney, of 1839, is perhaps not so well known to the general public as is the inventor of the cotton gin; but many Americans have elsewhere looked upon a grander monument that bears his name. Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, was named for him, in recognition of his ten years' labor in making a geological survey of the State of California. He was one of the scientists who carried the reputation of Yale from one coast of the country to the other in the last century.

At the northwest corner of Killingworth is the doorway named for Andrew Dickson White, of 1853, the well-loved President of Cornell University; and above, near the top of the stair tower, is a carved relief, representing the parsonage of Abraham Pierson, where the work of our college began. Midway in the western wall of the court, just opposite the millstone and the bench, is Webster Entry, with the Dictionary itself spread open above the door as a memorial of the great achievement of Noah Webster, of the Class of 1778, whose figure stands looking in this general direction from one of the northern buttresses of Harkness Tower. In the corner of the court, two steps mount to a small enclosure, behind whose walls is the entry named for Morrison Remick Waite, of the illustrious Class of 1837. Across Branford Court is the doorway that bears the name of his classmate and intimate friend, William Maxwell Evarts. Both were leaders in the profession of the law in their generation, and they were joined together as a Yale majority on the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal. Evarts reached the culmination of

his brilliant career as Secretary of State, and Waite ended his life as Chief Justice of the United States.

Waite Entry is the last the visitor encounters in his circuit of Killingworth Court. Perhaps he will linger to give one more glance about him; and he will pause long enough to take notice of the carved heads, to the right and left of the archway, representing Vance McCormick, of the Corporation's Committee on Architectural Plan, and Director Chittenden of the Scientific School. Then he will pass once more through Fitch Gateway, back into Branford Court.

IV.

Linonia Court

Directly opposite him, as he emerges from the passageway, are the windows of Trumbull Commons, and, carved above them, the name of Nathan Hale, "Athlete, Scholar, Patriot." Hale was a loyal member of the ancient literary society which took upon itself the name of Linonia, Goddess of the Flax, and it is fitting that beneath the wall where his name is carved, the gateway should stand wide to lead the visitor into Linonia Court.

The three smaller courts, at the southern end of the Quadrangle, are named for the famous literary societies, which flourished for a hundred years or more at Yale. Every member of the student body, in those days, belonged to one or the other of these societies, and in their later years, they grew to an unwieldy size, which made it something of a burden to continue their exercises; but in their earlier days, their membership had been small enough to permit the closest intimacy, and they were then one of the most decisive factors in the making of friendships. Like the three courts that wear their names, these societies were naturally suited to the development of intimacy among the many different sorts of men who come to Yale.

The gateway which leads into Linonia Court is named for Col. Philip Livingston, of Livingston Manor in New York, who sent his four sons to Yale, and, having been pleased with the training that Yale gave them, signified his gratitude by making the college a gift, which was used for

the establishment of our first professorship. Until 1863, the man who occupied the Chair of Divinity at Yale wore the title of Livingston Professor, and a part of his salary was paid by the interest upon Col. Livingston's gift of twenty-eight pounds, ten shillings. Livingston Gateway leads the visitor up a slight but perceptible incline toward the court beyond. Over his head he will find the stone vaulting made vivid by small crowns of old brick; and beyond the portal, he will see the walls of Linonia glowing with a warmth of color. These walls are of antique red brick, mingled with seam-faced granite; and their friendly surfaces, catching and holding the sunlight, make Linonia Court the cheeriest corner of the Quadrangle. The texture of the bricks has been softened in the processes of cleaning them, and they have been laid with picturesque irregularity. The seam-faced granite—the same that is used elsewhere in the wall surfaces of the Quadrangle—adapts itself most agreeably to association with the brick; and in the higher walls, that rise at the corners of the court, it gradually and quite naturally reasserts its predominance. Within the court, however, the red bricks give the predominating tone to the walls, and they surround the place with warmth and color. Linonia Court is a cheerful gatehouse to the Quadrangle, standing under the shelter of Harkness Tower, and its walls give welcome to anyone who approaches the courts through its outer gateway.

The buildings have here laid aside every suggestion of austerity and height and are quite content with friendliness and good cheer. Along the southern side of the court, the long roof comes down close to the tops of the first-story windows, and three solid buttresses give an air of comfortable and sturdy strength to the walls. Above the outer gateway, at the southeast corner, is a row of windows that look out from under the eaves, suggesting the comfort of a low-roofed attic room, well suited to the temperament of some youthful scribbler, living under the spell of poetry; and beside the gateway, the southern buildings of the court rise to their greatest height in a sharp gable, which stands up, straight and tall, in striking contrast to the sloping roofs on either side.

The other walls of Linonia rise somewhat higher, but every one of them is strongly marked with horizontal lines, which keep them in touch with the spirit of the low southern walls. There is only the Hark-

ness Tower, rising above the northeast corner of the court, to remind us that this place of low-hanging eaves is a part of the same group which has achieved such loftiness in other portions of its design.

In this intimate enclosure, the entry doors stand close to us, each in its corner of the court. Here at the foot of the tower is Bushnell Entry, which preserves the memory of two men whose fame was achieved in the midst of storm and conflict. David Bushnell, of the Class of 1775, while still a senior at Yale College, invented a torpedo which was destined to revolutionize naval warfare; and during the months immediately succeeding his graduation, he built the first submarine vessel ever navigated. Torpedo and submarine were both given a trial during the war of the Revolution, and although they failed to inflict much damage upon the British Navy, they ushered in a new chapter in the history of war.

The wars in which Horace Bushnell, of 1827, was engaged, very much against his own inclinations, were of a different but a very ancient and perdurable sort. He was the clearest-headed thinker in the Christian ministry in America in his generation, and like other clear thinkers, of earlier and later ages, he had to live through many of his days in conflict with bigotry. But he brought his own soul unclouded and unembittered through his battles with the sour prejudice that rose up to crush him, and left the spiritual life of his people purified and deepened by the power of his thought.

Just within the passageway that leads out into Library Street, is the doorway of Calhoun Entry, named for John Calhoun, whose statue the visitor has already seen upon Harkness Tower; and in the southeast corner of the court is Cooper Entry, marked with the Indian, the arrow, and the deer, in remembrance of the Deerslayer. From the doorstep of Cooper Entry, there is a most impressive view of Harkness Tower, soaring above the stair turret over Bushnell Entry; and there on the corner buttress is the novelist himself, in full sight from the doorway that bears his name.

Cooper's neighbor, in Linonia, is a very different sort of man,—one Manasseh Cutler, of the Class of 1765. In the year 1786, the adventuresome Massachusetts parson accompanied a band of settlers who went

out into the wilderness of Ohio to begin the new empire of the Northwest. He lingered among them in their forest settlement but a little while, but his personality left its mark upon them and their successors; for he was one of the authors of the Ordinance of 1787, under which the Northwest Territory was governed. It was his hand which draughted the articles making provision for education in this section of the country, and that fact alone would give him a distinguished place in the annals of education in America, for the state universities of the country virtually owe their existence to his wise prevision. The man himself was one whose vigorous and interesting personality loses none of its color in such distinguished company as that of Bushnell, Calhoun, and Cooper. By profession, he was only a country parson, but there was such vitality in him, and such a variety of talents and interests, that he made himself scientist, explorer, and empire builder as well.

In the northwest corner of Linonia is a stone bench, placed in a recess behind the shelter of a low wall, and just beyond it is the doorway named for Jonathan Dickinson, eldest of all the men commemorated in the entries of the Quadrangle. He was one of the pupils of Rector Pierson in the Killingworth days, and he was graduated at the Collegiate School in 1706, a dozen years before the name of Yale descended upon our institution. Thereafter, he was country parson, like Manasseh Cutler, serving at the parish of Elizabethtown, on the extreme western border of the white man's domain. He was one of the most vigorous supporters of the project of founding a college in the colony of New Jersey, and he had served for five months as President of the new institution—now called Princeton—when death came upon him. He is one of ten college presidents whose names are to be found over these entry doors.

V.

Calliope Court

Calliope Court, just to the west of Linonia, is a thing of quiet tones and even lines, clothed in a shimmering fabric well chosen to set off its individuality. The walls are of coursed ashlar, predominantly gray in tone, but carrying elusive traces of delicate colors; and the surface of the

stone, which was sawed with shot and sand, is smooth and irregular at once, like the texture of some heavy silk. Calliope, indeed, seems clothed in a fabric woven by processes unknown to modern man. Under any light, her walls shimmer in cool loveliness, as if she were dressed for some moonlight festival, such as made the night merry in great plantation houses of the South, before the Civil War.

The Society of Calliope, youngest of the three organizations whose names have been given to these smaller courts, was founded in the year 1819 by certain young gentlemen from the South. Its membership was recruited entirely among southern students, of whom there were many at Yale during the years of its existence; and while Linonia and Brothers in Unity campaigned vigorously and noisily for freshman members, this society stood aloof, attracting the southerners as a matter of course, and admitting no others. Its exercises were much the same as those of the elder organizations—debates, speeches, and occasional dramatic exhibitions—but the real essence of its vitality, as of theirs, was its power to foster friendship. For its members, the name of Calliope must have signified good friends and pleasant hours of chat and long evenings spent in mirth; and what better sort of name could one find for this corner of the Quadrangle, where all these idle, profitable things will be renewed, year after year, for a long time to come?

There is but one entry door opening on Calliope Court, and it stands directly opposite the gateway, with a broad flagstone walk leading to its doorstep. More than any other doorway in the Quadrangle, it has the appearance of leading into a private house; and a very enviable dwelling place it is,—a perfect unit in itself, a complete picture, framed between the side walls of the court. A simplicity, which is almost severe, has molded its lines and shaped them into symmetry, as different as anything well could be from the easy irregularity of the buildings in Linonia Court. In the first story, the windows are cut in plain rectangular lines and are set with square panes of glass. Above them, the roofs come down in long, sloping lines, broken on either side by a slender dormer, with high-peaked roof; and in the center are twin gables, surmounted by graceful chimneys, and pierced with windows that are permitted the extravagance of mullions and diamond panes,

in contrast to the simplicity all about them. To the left and to the right, the lofty chimneys and gables of the surrounding buildings close in this most delightful dwelling place; and the branches of a tall elm tree rise above its roofs, giving a final touch of grace to the picture which the visitor sees as he emerges from the passageway into Calliope Court. The only entry door within the enclosure is named for James Dwight Dana, of the Class of 1833, teacher of geology at Yale and explorer of the south seas.

Calliope is the only court of the Quadrangle that has but one entrance leading into its seclusion; and when the visitor has given a last glance about him, he will make his way back through the same broad, low-vaulted passageway by which he came, pausing to take note of its interesting structure. Each of the four central piers is of different design, and their responds, along the side walls, carry out this freedom from conformity. The varied ornamentation of the capitals, the profile of the vaulting ribs, the warping of the plan, which accommodates itself to the unbalanced entries on either side of the passageway: all these things carry the visitor back hundreds of years in the history of building. In the vaulting over his head, the stones have been set with picturesque irregularity, but with careful attention to the matter of their color. The vault panels are of seam-faced granite, and they show the extreme range of color that the quarries afforded. In each panel, the stones of lightest shade have been set at the crown of the vault, and the tones grow darker as the vault slopes downward to the supporting piers. In the walls of the passageway as well, the builder has set his stone with a view to exhibiting the variety of shade and texture in this seam-faced granite. There is no place in the Quadrangle where the visitor will gain a more vivid sense of the personable nature of this stone, which the architect chose as the principal material for his buildings.

Two doors open into the passageway. In the western wall—to the visitor's left as he returns toward Branford Court—is the doorway named for Jonathan Edwards, of 1720, the great theologian, whose statue the visitor has seen upon Harkness Tower. Across the passageway, a broader stairway leads into Dwight Entry, named for the two Timothy Dwights. The elder of the two, who was graduated at

Yale in 1769, was scholar, poet, and man of letters; and when he became President of the college, brought to the office a wider national distinction than it had ever had before. If no one any longer reads his New England epics or spends an hour over the leisurely pages of his *Travels*, it is no great matter; the man's literary reputation—save as it is kept alive by a few fine old hymns—is almost a forgotten thing, and it may be that the world has dealt most gently with him in forgetting that he wished to be an epic poet. In the Memorial Quadrangle, we would more gladly remember the influence he had upon young lives, touching and shaping them with forceful fingers. We would remember his classroom, where his mind caught other minds in its energetic grip and forced them to face the painful toil of thought, and his hours with the senior class, when he was wont to talk over with them, man to man, the problems that they were facing, not scorning to listen even to their callow blasphemies, and giving them cool and honest thinking in return for the fiery but nebulous ideas seething in their hot brains. It is these things, rather than his high-blown reputation as one of the "Hartford Wits," that give the name of Timothy Dwight an honored place in the annals of Yale.

Some seventy years after his death, his grandson, the younger Timothy Dwight, was inaugurated President of Yale; and new memories and affection began to gather about the honored name, while the plans that the elder man had begun to form for the making of a University out of the little Connecticut college took definite shape under the hand of the grandson. The two Timothy Dwights did much for Yale, and the name they both bore enriches this sheltered passageway in the Memorial Quadrangle with the most gracious memories.

VI.

Wrexham Close

Coming once more into Branford Court from the shelter of the passage to Calliope, the visitor may turn, if he pleases, to the left and find the gateway that leads into Brothers in Unity, the third of the southern courts. If he prefers, however, to follow the course that will make the

variety of the buildings most vivid, he will bend his steps toward the other of the northern courts, taking the walk that leads along the western side of Branford toward Dummer Gateway.

Jeremiah Dummer, for whom this passageway was named, was colonial agent in London for His Majesty's Colony of Massachusetts Bay. It was he who first called the attention of Elihu Yale to the existence of the college in the colony of Connecticut; and it was he who went about, among the literary men of London, collecting books for the college library. Without Dummer's aid, there might very well have been no college in New Haven, and had it not been for his intercession, it probably would not have received the benefactions, nor borne the name, of Elihu Yale.

The double gateway that is named for Jeremy Dummer pierces the lower story of the gatehouse which juts out into Branford Court at the foot of Wrexham Tower,—a separate unit among the dormitories of the Quadrangle, with paneled study below and bedrooms above, at present the home of a fortunate member of the faculty, who has this inducement to remain a bachelor; and the door that leads into his dwelling place stands just within the passageway, where the sunshine is reflected from the broad lawns of Branford Court. A few steps beyond, the passage takes the visitor into the cloistered garth that is called Wrexham Close.

This is a place of quiet and seclusion, entirely shut off from every other portion of the Quadrangle. One likes to think that its atmosphere is one that would have pleased Ezra Stiles, whose name stands over the single doorway of Wrexham Close. President Stiles, in many ways, was a medieval figure, with his vast and miscellaneous lore, his experiments in alchemy, his ascetic piety. Perhaps, when midnight falls into the Quadrangle and quiet and darkness come to Wrexham Close, the little man descends out of some room, high in the tower, where he has been contemplating the stars, takes down the lantern that hangs beside his doorway, and makes his round of the college, to be sure that his "young gentlemen students" are decorously disposed within their chambers, safe against the grievous perils of a wicked world. And having made his rounds, before he ascends again to his high chamber and

the medieval studies that he pursues so zealously, he is sure to linger a moment in the cloistered passage, walking up and down and passing the acts of this latest day in review. A moment later, he will be at his study table again; and his last act, before he puts the extinguisher to his candle, will be to make entry in his diary, retelling the routine doings of the college, commenting dolefully, perhaps, on the unhappy state of his soul, and recording the readings of the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer.

From the doorstep of his entry, had he looked behind him before he entered, the good Ezra might have had a glimpse of the crown of Harkness Tower, just seen above the roofs of Branford Court. At night, gathering light from some mysterious source, it shimmers in white radiance, like the ghost of some fair lady known to the poets of long ago. Even at noonday, this glimpse of the tower is strangely compelling, and the visitor will hardly leave the court without lingering here, under the archway of Stiles Entry, to impress this new vision of the tower on his mind.

As his eyes come back from its height, they will rest for a moment on the graceful façade of the cloisters. Along the cornice, they will discover certain heads, which they had not noticed before. Four of them are symbolic—a philosopher, a poet, a maiden, a warrior—but the other two are taken from life. One is the head of Otto Eidlitz, chief of the firm that built the Quadrangle,—a great builder, whose experience, energy, and taste gave power to the organization that did this work of building. The other is the head of Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of the University at the time the Quadrangle was erected. It was he who first suggested that the Wrexham Tower be incorporated in the group; and it is fitting that his head should be carved here, facing the stone sent by the Wardens of St. Giles's in Wrexham to take its place among the stones of this new tower.

Returning to the passageway, the visitor will pause again to look about at some of the details of the cloisters. He will notice the oak timber of the ceiling and the graceful pillars that support the arches. Looking closely at the corner piers, he will see certain serious faces peering into his. They are studies of the Yale bulldog under different aspects:

the athlete, the graduate in cap and gown, the soldier, the care-free undergraduate with unruffled brow and wide eyes, looking out through tortoise-shell spectacles upon a wonderful and happy world. They are all very grave little pups, as befits the dignity of their headdress, and seem to view the life of the college world quite as seriously as the most earnest undergraduate. It is interesting to reflect that after two hundred years, they may still be there, looking just as intently at the Yale men of that distant era.

In the wall of the passageway is a carved tablet, set there in honor of James Gamble Rogers, the architect of the Quadrangle. It is the work of Lee Lawrie, the sculptor, whose fine statues adorn the Harkness Tower; and it is an expression of the friendship and admiration which the men who had a share in the making of the Quadrangle felt for their chief. The carving shows Mr. Rogers in profile, and beside him is a miniature of the great tower which dominates this group. It is a most eloquent expression of the loyalty which Mr. Rogers inspired among the men who worked beside him, and it was a sure instinct that placed it here in the cloisters of Wrexham Close, where every visitor to the Quadrangle pauses to enjoy the sense of quiet and of peace which this master builder has provided, in the heart of a busy city.

VII.

Saybrook Court

Beyond the cloisters, a door leads into another gatehouse, similar to that which stands at the other end of Dummer Gateway; and a few steps further on, the passageway terminates in Saybrook Court. An elm tree, the largest within the Quadrangle, is lord over Saybrook Court. Its crest is lifted up against the sky; and the walls at the northern side of the court, the highest buildings in the entire group, rise opposite as if they had caught their inspiration from the tree. Loftiness is the first impression that Saybrook Court conveys to the visitor as he emerges from Dummer Gateway. These northern buildings have permission to climb as high as they please, for they form the outmost barrier of the group in this direction, and cannot shut out the sun from any other

dormitories behind them. Indeed, they seem themselves to be climbing up into the sunlight, ascending till they look over the roofs of all the other buildings of the Quadrangle and stand, like this tree, in subordination only to the towers at the corners of Branford Court.

Another elm, more slender and not so tall, stood in the center of the court when the buildings were first completed. Unfortunately, death has already claimed it, the first casualty of this sort within the Quadrangle. The circular stone bench, which was built around the base of its trunk, no longer holds out the allurement of shade, save when the waning afternoon brings it into the shadow of the great elm tree which dominates the whole court.

Across the easterly end of the court is a high terrace, which provides a sheltering screen for the buildings behind it, and by taking off some of their height, with its strong horizontal lines, produces a contrast with the opposite wall. Within the semi-seclusion of the terrace, which can be reached by a corner stairway or from the lower windows of the dormitories beyond it, a section of fence has been built, to afford a lounging place for springtime evenings. Years ago, in the days of the Old Brick Row, such a fence as this marked the confines of the College Yard; and the convenient perching place, which its round, comfortable rails provided, rapidly became the very center of college life. Unless the weather drove them indoors, the Yale men of that era made the Fence their lounging room, and the homely structure, carved thick with initials, left like the rings of an old tree to commemorate the many years that it had known, found its way into the heart of every undergraduate. Until Osborn Hall came to displace the Fence, the thing was in the nature of an institution, and Yale men who remember those days will be glad that the Memorial Quadrangle has provided means to revive the ancient tradition.

It is from the terrace that the visitor can see Saybrook Court most advantageously. After the intimacy of the smaller southern courts, this larger enclosure is at first a little bewildering, and it is not so easy to reach the secret of its personality. There is a greater severity here, a larger boldness in design, than one encounters elsewhere in the Quadrangle. Even the other northern court, though it has much the same

dimensions and has received something of the same treatment, by no means makes an identical appeal. There was loftiness there, too, and a certain severity, as compared with the southern courts; but the sunken lawn, the smaller elm trees, the playfulness of the useless corner terrace and the grotesques along the western wall gave Killingworth just a suggestion of the sort of domestic intimacy that one finds in Linonia. Though the Harkness Tower looked over its southern wall, the jewel tower close at hand seemed just as lofty, and appeared, indeed, to be the dominant feature of the sky line, suiting well with everything else one saw within the court.

In Saybrook, on the other hand, it is the strength and height of Wrexham Tower that dominate the sky line. As the visitor looks upon the court from the terrace, he might almost believe that the tower was built solely as a portion of this particular group of buildings, to give the ultimate and fullest expression to what they are striving to say. The very color of the buildings in the southern wall, with their gray limestone trim, seems to have been affected by Wrexham Tower; and all about the court, the buildings have a certain stateliness, a suggestion of aspiration, as if they felt the influence of the tower. The great elm, itself, which we have called the lord of Saybrook Court, is vassal to this queenly tower, and holds his head high as if he were giving greetings to his royal mistress.

Saybrook Court was named in commemoration of the most trying and perilous chapter in the history of Yale. After the death of Rector Pierson, six years after the college was founded, the Collegiate School, cast out of his parsonage, was left without a home. After much bickering, the infant institution was at last transferred to Saybrook Point, at the mouth of the Connecticut. Here, for ten years, the college struggled through the lean period of the French and Indian Wars, hampered by poverty, by the apathy of the colonial government, and by the inconveniences of its location. A student body inclined to be mutinous and to mutter against the mental sustenance spread before them was, perhaps, the sorest of the trials that those dark days brought to the young Mother, who was trying so valiantly to rear her brood.

But there was a stout heart in the good lady's bosom, and she saw the

thing through. Friends rallied to her assistance and brought aid that gave her hope. It was during these dark days at Saybrook that Jeremy Dummer collected books in London for the college library and bestirred himself to interest the wealthy Elihu Yale in this Connecticut institution of learning. Another friend who gave most practical assistance, using his influence in the colonial assembly to secure aid and recognition for the ambitious undertaking at Saybrook, was Gurdon Saltonstall, for seventeen years Governor of the Colony of Connecticut. It is appropriate that the two gateways that lead into Saybrook Court should have been named for these two men, whose efforts on behalf of the college were put forth during these uncertain years, when the poor infant was passing through its due period of mumps, measles, and whooping cough in the unwholesome atmosphere of Saybrook Point. Appropriate, too, that the name of Saybrook should be preserved in this portion of the Memorial Quadrangle, where the architecture reaches the loftiest expression of strength, austerity, and aspiration.

Descending the terrace stairs and following the walk that leads along the wall, the visitor will come upon the third of the colonial millstones that have been included in the Quadrangle as mementos of the pioneer days of the college. This stone, presented to the University by the Selectmen of Saybrook and placed in its present location in 1921, was in use as early as 1636 at the Lion Gardiner Mill at Saybrook, and must have been turning there at the time when the college was leading its precarious existence at the Point.

Following the eastern walk to its termination, at the corner of the court, the visitor comes face to face with Tilden Entry, named for Samuel Jones Tilden, of 1837, who stood as candidate for the Presidency of the United States in the days of the carpetbagger, and was defeated in the electoral college by the dubious margin of one vote. It was a bitter contest, not without some pretty shady business on one side, if not upon the other; and there were men of Tilden's party who were far from ready to concede their defeat without trying more violent measures than the Constitution provided for settling the doubtful issue. Tilden refused to listen to their counsels. Though victory had come to him, he could not have brought more honor to Yale by being President of the United

States than he brought by his unshaken honesty and loyalty through his victorious defeat.

In a happier time, and under more favorable auspices, another Yale man stood for the Presidency and was elected by no uncertain declaration of the people's preference. William Howard Taft, of the Class of 1878, is the only man whose name has been placed over one of these doorways during his lifetime. No one is likely to question his right to this distinction. A life of public service, so ably performed that it has carried him to the highest position in two branches of our federal government, makes him easily the most distinguished of the living alumni of Yale; and the honesty, the loyalty, and the great good nature with which he has served his country, whether his recompense were victory or defeat, have made him one of the most respected men in America.

Taft Entry stands within the Saltonstall Gateway, which leads out into Elm Street. It bears the American eagle over the doorway, and the name of another Taft who rose to high place in the service of his country. Alphonso Taft, of 1833, was the father of the President,—and of other sons who have been men of might in the Yale family. Sending one's sons to Yale, however, is not distinction enough to secure a place in the Memorial Quadrangle (else the number of entries would have to be enlarged to make room for nearly every Yale man who has reared a family of boys) and Alphonso Taft has distinction enough, in his own right, to win a place for his name beside that of the most famous of his sons. He served in President Grant's cabinet, at first as Secretary of War and then as Attorney-General; he went as Minister of the United States to Austria-Hungary, and later to Russia; and he rounded out fourscore years of life crowded full of interesting things, no small part of it devoted to the public service.

The visitor will have a glimpse, down Saltonstall Gateway, of the shops across Elm Street—soon to be replaced, we hope, with new buildings of the University—and he is not likely to go further down the passageway. Once more he will turn back into the quiet of the Quadrangle, quite contented that there is more for him to see within the enclosure before he emerges again into the city streets.

At his right, as he comes again into Saybrook Court, is the stair turret

that gives grace to the northwest corner of the court. The buildings at this corner stand slightly withdrawn behind a low wall, and in this recess is the doorway of Sill Entry, which commemorates one of Yale's best-known poets. The name of Edward Rowland Sill, of the Class of 1861, stands a little apart from the other names commemorated within Saybrook Court. These others were men whose achievements made them a place in the world of affairs; he dwelt, all his life, in the poet's world; and though he showed by his successful career as a teacher, at the University of California, that he could do plain, routine tasks in his generation, the genius that was in him carried him now and then to heights of feeling and of expression that give him a little place among those singers who belong to all the ages. For his "Fool's Prayer," and a few other lyrics, he is known now, some two score years after his death, as one of the most genuine of America's poets.

Along the western wall of Saybrook Court, there are two entry doors. The one to the north is named for Zephaniah Swift, of 1778, a great American lawyer, who published his *System of the Laws of Connecticut* in 1793. It was the first publication of the kind in this country and in its revised form as *Swift's Digest,* it did service all over the country, as an authoritative work in the training of lawyers and before the courts. As Chief Justice of Connecticut, moreover, Swift exercised an influence which has not yet ceased to be felt in the courts of this state and of others.

The entry to the south of Swift is named for William Graham Sumner of the Class of 1863, Sociologist and Economist, and the greatest teacher at Yale during his generation. Many Yale men who stand before the doorway that bears his name will remember the hours that they spent under the spell of his powerful mind,—hours that were always shorter than any others they had known in their experience of lagging minutes in the classroom. They will remember the irresistible logic, the unflinching bravery of thought and of expression, with which Sumner tore off the decaying vestments of outworn words and ideas, under which the truth is usually left shrouded. Perhaps the years of compromise have now descended upon some of these former pupils of his, and they no longer dare to look straight at the world, as he taught them to

do; but they will all remember the excitement of learning from him the fearful joy of thinking. They will remember, too, the sense of vitality coming out of him, as he faced the crowded lecture room, at the beginning of the college year, and laid down the rules by which his course was to be conducted. "This rule applies to everybody"—the authoritative voice still echoes in their ears—"it applies to graduate students. It applies to undergraduates. Applies to you. Applies to me. It's a good rule. I made it." From these first few minutes of their experience with him, they knew they were in the presence of a great man.

VIII.

Brothers-in-Unity Court

Beyond Sumner Entry, the walk leads the visitor again toward Dummer Gateway. There now remains only one of the courts of the Quadrangle that he has not visited. The gateway leading into it stands directly opposite him as he emerges from the cloistered passageway into the central court; but before he makes his way through its portal, perhaps he will step aside into Mather Gateway, to pay his respects to a most interesting Yale man, whose name is commemorated in Humphreys Entry, just within the passageway. David Humphreys, of the Class of 1771, Aide to General Washington, Minister of the United States to Portugal and to Spain, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, poet and man of letters, was surely as versatile a man as was graduated from colonial Yale. For many years he was a great figure in the Yale world, for his affection for the college kept him in contact with her life at New Haven. His magnificent figure and his stately manners must have been most impressive to the youthful collegians who saw him stepping across the Yard with Ezra Stiles or Timothy Dwight.

Having made his bow to Humphreys Entry, the visitor will turn into Branford Court and approach the gateway that leads into the court named for Brothers in Unity, the society of which General Humphreys was so valuable an ornament. This gateway is named in honor of Jared Eliot, who gave the first funds for the support of the College Library. He was himself a graduate of the Collegiate School, in its

Killingworth days, and served for thirty-three years as one of the Board of Trustees. By profession a parson, he occupied the pulpit at Killingworth for forty years; but in addition to the faithful discharge of his duties as pastor, he contrived to make himself a figure in the world of learning. He was physician, botanist, inventor, and authority on agriculture; and his publications attracted such attention that, like Humphreys, he was made Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

Beyond the passage of Eliot Gateway, with its startling brick walls and vaulting, the visitor will see the light playing upon the surface of walls that have softer colors in them than he has seen anywhere else in the Memorial Quadrangle. Brothers-in-Unity Court is built of old bricks. They have been cleaned by the sand blast, their rough edges and corners have been rounded, and their raw colors softened to the delicate shades of a pastel. Bricks of five different colors and of seven different sizes have been used in the walls of this enclosure, and they have been laid with picturesque irregularity, as if the builders had picked them up at random.

Indeed, there is a very pleasant air of the impromptu about the architecture of Brothers-in-Unity Court. The incredibly sharp gable, that rises so steeply in the southern wall, has all the boldness of imagination, unsubdued by cool afterthought. The startling contrast between the gable and the low-hanging eaves, which come down at one side of it, offers a sort of delight that many years of experience with the formalities of an architecture only half alive have taught us not to expect in our university buildings. When such things as these have been attempted before, they have usually been as disagreeable as the ineptitudes of an undisciplined schoolboy; here they carry the authentic note of imagination. Youth and life are astir in these glowing walls. They have breathed upon these old bricks, which here have entered upon their second and better incarnation, and they seem to make their presence tangible in the walls and roofs and gables of this most imaginative of all the courts of the Quadrangle.

Crosswalks lead into every corner of Brothers in Unity, passing under the shadow of a graceful elm tree, which stands in the center of the court; and from every corner, the visitor will have glimpses of sharp

gables and tall chimneys, rising close about him. As his eyes run upward to the higher gables of the eastern and western buildings of the court, he will find that the brick yields place to granite, as in Linonia; but the stones have been chosen with great care, to blend with the softer tones of the lower wall surfaces, and the same radiance pervades the whole court, from the ground moldings to the loftiest chimney pot. The warmth of the noontide in spring is in these walls, and the bleakest winter day cannot chill the welcome they hold out to the visitor.

In the northwest corner of the court, to the right as the visitor enters by Eliot Gateway, is the entry named for Nathan Hale, of the Class of 1773, the young Captain in Knowlton's Rangers, whose life was cut short by his capture, within the enemy's lines, in the disguise of a Dutch schoolmaster. Commanding officers have a short way with spies, and this young man was caught with incriminating evidence upon him. He was executed the following morning, September 22, 1776, "at 11 o'clock in front of the Artillery Park." Hale had reckoned with the possibility of capture, and he had put the fear of death and the thought of shame behind him. "I wish to be useful," he had said to a college friend of his, who expostulated with him when he spoke of undertaking to get the information that his commander needed. These words, like those he spoke in a mood of greater exaltation, just before his death, will always be remembered at Yale.

Our college is a place of strange contrasts, as startling as those which the visitor has encountered as he has made his way from court to court of the Memorial Quadrangle; and the conditions of our life are continually drawing together into intimacy the most divergent types of men. By the simple accidents of our daily life, poet and man of affairs grow by imperceptible stages, and with shyness on both sides, into friendship of the deepest sort. Something of this quality in our lives—which has sometimes been mistaken for "democracy"—has been reflected in the naming of the entries of the Quadrangle. Since the names that were chosen have been distributed in alphabetical order, in the manner of our college catalogues, two neighboring doorways may chance to bear the names of men of the most extraordinary differences. Where, for example, could we find a pair more strangely assorted than Nathan

Hale and Josiah Willard Gibbs, whose name is found over the doorway at the northeast corner of Brothers in Unity? The eager young soldier and the retiring scholar, in this intimate corner of Yale's new home, will be friends and neighbors through many years to come; and each of them, one would say, might find the other a most inspiring companion.

Willard Gibbs has been called the greatest American scientist of his generation. He was the discoverer and interpreter of the laws of Chemical Equilibrium. The whole science of Physical Chemistry, indeed, took shape in his brain; and the slow labors of experimentation, which have followed upon his discoveries, have merely succeeded in establishing his *a priori* conclusions. His name, passing through the world of science, has taken the name of Yale with it; and men who knew nothing else of our university have known that it was the home of Willard Gibbs. He gave the greater part of his life to service on the faculty of Yale, and the fame of his astonishing achievements—unparalleled in the history of modern science—was a gift he made, in modest unconsciousness of his own greatness, to the college where he taught.

In the southern buildings of Brothers in Unity is a single doorway, standing at the corner. It is named for Daniel Coit Gilman of the Class of 1852, first President of the Johns Hopkins University. The work that Gilman did at Baltimore, founding a university in this country upon new and high ideals and raising the whole standard of study throughout the nation by the example that his institution set, was the most notable of his achievements; but the Yale man will like to think, also, of the years in which this brilliant executive served so patiently as Librarian of the college, parting his meager salary to hire an assistant, that the Library might be kept open for a longer period each day, and shivering through long winter mornings, half congealed but uncomplaining, in the chilly Gothic building with its single stove.

Another pioneer in the educational world is commemorated in Gallaudet Entry, which stands just within the gateway that leads out of Brothers-in-Unity Court into Library Street. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, of the Class of 1805, devoted the best years of his life to the cause of instruction for deaf-mutes in America. The work which he began spread rapidly through the land, as the result of his interest and his

efforts; and before his death, institutions had been established in many states of the Union in imitation of the American Asylum at Hartford, which he had founded in 1817, and of which he served as Principal until 1830. All through the land, the prisoners of silence, who had been neglected till he came among them, found the shades of their prison house lifted by the assistance and the hope that he brought them.

The gateway upon which the visitor must enter, in order to approach Gallaudet Entry, is a fine bit of building, with old red brick in its walls and in the barrel vaulting overhead, and a delicate carved band running along the wall on either side, at just the proper height to bring its intricate design within the level of the eyes. This gateway to the Quadrangle has been named for John Davenport, the founder of the colony of New Haven, and its outer portal is marked with the full-rigged ship, as symbol of his achievement. Davenport was one of those puritan statesmen, at once clergymen and empire builders, who founded many of the settlements through New England in the mid-seventeenth century. It was in 1638 that he landed at New Haven and began in this spot his attempt to create a church state, which should embody in its life the best ideals of the Puritans. It had been his dream that his settlement at New Haven should be a center of learning, as well as of pious living, and he had hoped to found a college here. It was not till many years after his death that the Collegiate School, after its years at Killingworth and Saybrook, was brought up to New Haven and established in the College Yard; but one likes to think that John Davenport knew of the realization of his hopes and that, after two centuries, he can take satisfaction in this group of buildings, which commemorates his own efforts and the efforts of many other men to make his settlement at New Haven a home of Light and Truth.

IX.

The Quadrangle from the City Streets

Although the charm of the Quadrangle is best understood within the inner courts, the group is a splendid spectacle as one sees it from the city streets. Certain aspects of its nature, quite unsuspected by those who

have studied only the walls that enclose the seven courts, are here made manifest. In a circuit of the streets that enclose the buildings, the visitor will find enough to engage his admiration and to compensate him, in some measure, for his regret that his hour within the courts is at an end.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of the Quadrangle, in its relation to its surroundings, is its adaptability. Certainly the architect who had to build in this location, with the traffic of a busy city going by on every hand, faced a severe handicap at the start. The buildings of Yale, through the power of decisions made long ago, are condemned to stand hemmed in by the pressure of the city's life. The site chosen for the Memorial Quadrangle was no spacious expanse of lawn or hillside, where the architect could rely on the natural advantages of the setting to enhance the beauty of his work. He was compelled to do his best with a site that any man would admit to be, at the best, unpromising.

Accepting this handicap frankly, the architect has turned his very difficulties to the advantage of the Quadrangle. Studying the nature of the different streets which bounded the site, he adapted the nature of his buildings to the conditions that would surround them. Along Library Street, which has never been more than a quiet lane, seldom invaded by the city's traffic, and which has now been closed, the buildings of the Quadrangle are intimate and delicate, with a friendly air about them which suggests their consciousness of standing upon what might be a by-street in some little town. The long, two-story structure is broken only by the high gable ends of the buildings that run north and south, forming the side walls of the three southern courts; and the whole façade is far withdrawn behind a low parapet and a deep moat, where shrubs and vines have been planted.

This moat, with its surrounding parapet, is one of the most interesting features of the exterior of the Quadrangle. Here, too, the architect has considered the environment of his building, and has used parapet and moat to shelter the buildings more completely where the city's life flows in greater volume around the confines of the Quadrangle. Along York Street, where the trolley cars run and the carts rumble by, the moat becomes shallow, but the wall rises higher around it and the first-floor

level of the buildings behind it rises too, till both the wall and the first-story windows reach their greatest height at the corner of Elm Street. On High Street, as well, the surrounding parapet rises to its greatest height at the corner of Elm Street, and the level of the first floor rises in proportion; but opposite the Old Campus, where the new buildings look out upon the original home of the college, the wall sinks again to a low parapet, which scarcely separates the old Yale from the new.

These are matters which the visitor will notice later, as he walks around the Quadrangle, studying it from the other city streets. At the moment, emerging from the portal of Davenport Gateway, over the bridge that arches the moat, he will do well to cross directly to the farther side of what once was Library Street, where he can command a view of the whole southern façade of the group. The low buildings, dappled with the shade of the elm trees that line the street, form a most agreeable picture as one sees them from this angle; and Harkness Tower, looking over the roof tops, brings a note of loftiness into the background. The architectural spirit of this part of the group is Gothic of a rather early period, quite untouched by any suggestion of the Renaissance, such as one finds in the northern façade of the Quadrangle, along Elm Street. The simplicity of an early epoch of our race is in these lower buildings. The bay windows seem designed for the telling of old tales "of mirthe and of solas,"—of knights and monsters, of elf-queens and ladies fair. One finds himself thinking of the ballads of the border minstrelsy, as he passes along the street front or peers in through the uneven windowpanes. It seems almost possible that the hero of one of those famous stories might have lived here,—the stout Earl Percy, or Sir Patrick Spence, or the bonny Earl of Murray, who was a braw gallant and played at the ba'. It is no great surprise to come upon Saint George, carved upon these stones, with his lance poised to give the *coup de grace* to the dragon. He and his dragon are almost credible once more in this atmosphere.

All this is appropriate enough in the quiet of Library Street, where the modern world seems scarcely to have set foot. Just around the corner, in York Street, the present comes rushing back upon us, with a great clanging of bells and yelping of horns; and Saint George and his

dragon, knights, elf-queens, and ladies fair vanish again into the twilight land of ancient poesy. The buildings of the Quadrangle that stand along this city block have none of the color of the times when Saint George and his dragon were credible. They belong rather to an epoch of quickened intelligence and the surge of a new way of progress, just beginning to make itself felt in the life of the world. The walls rise higher here, and the line of the roofs is broken by towers that carry the eye upward. Vertical lines are everywhere more prominent, and the upper reaches of Wrexham Tower, rich in carving, tracery, tourelles, and pinnacles, stand against the sky as the ultimate expression of the spirit of these buildings.

There is but one gateway leading into the Quadrangle from York Street. It is named for Cotton Mather, colonial theologian and man of letters, whose name is writ large over the history of thought in puritan New England. He was a Harvard man, and for many years watched over the destinies of his own college with the zeal of an anxious parent; until at last, growing discouraged at manifestations of infidelity at Cambridge, he came to feel that her younger rival, in Connecticut, might be a surer and safer home of the true faith. Moved by these considerations, he bestirred himself to help the Collegiate School, then struggling through the perilous years at Saybrook, and wrote to Elihu Yale, suggesting to him that he make his name glorious by endowing the youthful institution of learning. So the name of Yale came to us at the prompting of this Harvard man; and his own name has every right to stand over this gateway in our Memorial Quadrangle.

A little farther on, toward Elm Street, the famous words of Bishop Berkeley—"Westward the course of empire takes its way"—are carved under the second-story windows of one of the bays. They are as appropriate here as the carving of Saint George and the dragon on the Library Street façade. These buildings along York Street are expressive of the ambition and power of an age that essayed the unknown waters of the western ocean and explored new channels of endeavor in all the quarters of human life. Saints and dragons faded into incredible dreams and fancies before the impelling spirit of this newer epoch; and in these bolder and taller buildings, bordering on the loud tumult of

modern life, the words of the man who felt the lure of the empire that was building in the far places of the world, are given tangible expression. In the buildings along Library Street, the age of simple faith is embodied as a memory and a dream; in these buildings, with Wrexham Tower standing as their crowning glory, the power and pride of the age of empire building is revealed as a living fact.

The hand of the later ages, visible enough in the York Street façade, has set its stamp even more plainly on the buildings that line Elm Street. Here are the loftiest and most rugged of the buildings of the group, strongly marked at either end with the vertical lines of prominent buttresses and towering gables. The porches of the two gateways that lead into the northern courts stand forward with vigorous assertiveness, and the repeating arcade, which occupies the lower story of the central portion of the buildings, flaunts its traceried openings with something more than a suggestion of self-consciousness. Arcade and gateways are entirely in the spirit of the later era. Indeed, as the traveler makes the half-circuit of the Quadrangle, from Library Street to Elm, he finds spread before him, told in simple lines, the story of Gothic building, from the days when the first colleges at Oxford were erected, down to the colonial era, when our ancestors were planning their college in the colony of Connecticut.

The decoration of the exterior of the Quadrangle, unlike that in the seven courts, touches but seldom on the intimate affairs of our college life. The curious, however, searching the upper reaches of the Elm Street façade, will see certain symbols carved upon the stones, just above the upper windows of the oblong bays. They are the emblems of the three Senior Societies in Yale College, once familiar enough to the eyes of the campus world, when the members of these organizations displayed the golden tokens of their allegiance on their neckties, but now seldom seen. A veil of silence, never quite understood and hardly explicable, hangs over the life and the power of these strange institutions. Some day, perhaps, when our undergraduate life has entirely altered, and the Senior Societies have gone the way of Linonia, of Brothers in Unity, and Calliope, some antiquarian will spread the story of their ways before the world, as a singular chapter in the annals of Yale. For the

present, the visitor who is a stranger to our ways will find that his queries meet with baffling evasions and vague uncertainties. There these symbols are, overlooking the passing crowd, as the institutions for which they stand have overlooked the life of Yale for the better part of a century, affecting it and guiding it in ways that are hard to understand; but just what these institutions are, or how they have gathered their power, are matters that lie behind a cloud of mystery. While the societies stand, the visitor will find no Yale man who is ready to answer his questions about them; and no man who has not lived through his four years at Yale can form even the vaguest notion of what these things may be.

Around the corner, in High Street, the visitor finds yet another treatment of the problem of bringing the architecture of the Quadrangle into sympathy with the spirit of the surroundings. Here is Harkness Tower, opposite the open space to the north of the Old Library; here, too, is the jewel tower, which rises above the northeast corner of Branford Court. Horizontal lines play little part in the composition of the buildings that stand adjacent to these towers, and the whole portion of the Quadrangle that looks out toward the Old Campus is permeated with a spirit of loftiness and aspiration. To the elder Yale, that fought its way to greatness within the confines of the single city square, the towers and gables of this new Yale call out their messages of high courage and good hope.

X.

Student Rooms

So the circuit of the Memorial Quadrangle is completed, and the visitor stands again at the foot of the Harkness Tower, where his journey of inspection began. These buildings now have no new thing left to show him, unless they open their doors and admit him to the rooms within. If he has a friend or acquaintance among the undergraduates, he may gain admittance to one of the entries and have an opportunity to see what lies behind the inviting windows that look out into these courts; but lacking that open sesame, he must be content with such second-

hand knowledge of the penetralia of the Quadrangle as he can gain from a description.

Within each entry door is a hallway lined with rough-faced brick, of a warm color that catches and reflects the light filtering in from stairway windows. There is a plainness and honesty about these walls, and the same qualities are expressed in the stairways that curve upward through the stair well above. The treads are of solid American travertine, and look as if they would resist the hasty steps of many generations of hurrying youth. The steps are built into the wall at one end only, on the cantilever principle, and at the other end they support a simple wrought-iron balustrade, with teakwood handrail. The balustrade alone brings the note of ornament into these halls and stair wells, and it is ornament that rests on the truest principle of design, which admits no ornamental feature that is not a part of the construction. Every detail of these stairways and halls is appropriate to the serviceableness for which they are intended.

The fundamental principle that underlies the planning of the student rooms, to which these stairs and hallways lead, is variety. There are more than six hundred apartments within the Quadrangle, and no two of them are exactly alike. The variations in external architecture, in the first place, produce variety within; for in out of the way corners, where irregular spaces under the roofs have been utilized, the plan of the rooms takes on a wayward, almost accidental form, which could not well be duplicated. Variety has been secured by other devices as well. In these days of standardization, it is difficult enough to build a house that is not the duplicate of a thousand others being built in Portland, Los Angeles, or Kalamazoo; very much more difficult to put some twelve hundred rooms under one set of roofs and still secure variety. Individuality has been secured, however, in these rooms in the Quadrangle, and by the simple device of applying the laws of permutation and combination. If it is impossible to secure mantels, woodwork, and fireplaces that are not standardized according to the sacred laws of Quantity Output, at least these items may be combined in different ways. In the student rooms in the Quadrangle, there are five different types of woodwork, five different types of mantels, and five different

finishes for the fireplaces. Different combinations of these standardized wares provide the widest possible variety in the detail of the interiors.

The wainscoting, for example, has been done in very different ways. Every one of the studies is wainscoted in oak, to the height of three feet or more, and the chimney breast is usually wainscoted to the ceiling. The patterns, however, are of various sorts. Some of the wainscots are of English panels, some are of chamfered boards, and still others of alternate boards and molded battens. In some rooms, moreover, yet another effect is secured, with one or the other of these patterns, by leaving the heads of the wrought-iron nails exposed.

Most effective of all the devices used for the purpose of securing variety is the carving of the woodwork. Here and there, throughout the rooms of the Quadrangle, the wood carver has added some slight touch of his artistry to the simple finish of the room; and his work has been done out of his free imagination, without the congealing influence of set designs. The fortunate students who live in rooms embellished with these carvings are living in contact with a sort of craftsmanship that is not very frequently permitted, in these latter days, to contribute to our dwelling places. Here again, as in so many features of the Memorial Quadrangle, the medieval spirit of building has animated the work and brought to the buildings an individuality that is all too rare in modern architecture.

The general effect of the student rooms, considered as a whole, is one of simplicity and strength. The floors are of broad oak planks, showing the wrought-iron nailheads and the marks of the plane. The walls, above the oaken wainscot, are of rough plaster, stained in light browns and grays, and the ceilings are of the same plain hues. There is a fireplace in every study, sometimes faced with travertine, sometimes with sandstone, in brown or green, and lined with either brick or stone, as the case may be. Every room has its window seat, and concealed beneath it is the steam radiator, a modern convenience which is not always an ornament.

The windows of the Quadrangle have occasionally called forth unfavorable comment. A visitor with an unpleasantly sharp eye for deficiencies has sometimes detected a narrow casement, scarcely large

enough to admit a really full-grown sunbeam, and his heart straightway has fallen into a great pity for the poor undergraduate left darkling in a room lighted in so medieval a fashion. His pity, if he could know the truth, has run to waste on dull logs of wood; for these little windows, for the most part, give light to the closets provided for the storing of cordwood for the fireplaces. A few, also, pierce the stair wells. If one must find some fault, it were more just to cavil at the overconscious art by which the effect of age has been simulated, in the "mending" of windows that never have been broken. The windows in themselves, one would say, are quite picturesque enough. Their steel casements are set directly in the stone jambs and mullions, without wood trim, and their surfaces have been broken into panes of rectangular or diamond shape, offering a pleasing contrast to the usual uninteresting expanse of glass, which looks out from the typical modern dormitory room. It seems hardly necessary, and something of an affectation, to attempt anything further by way of making these windows picturesque; and one rather regrets the conscientious irregularity in the leading, by which the repairing of broken panes has been indicated. That last touch, it would seem, might have been left to future years to furnish.

Less questionable than the irregular leading of the windows was the happy thought of including in these windowpanes some record of the whims and fancies of an elder generation of Yale students. Pictures out of college publications, devices of defunct societies and student eating clubs, grotesque caricatures of campus figures have been rescued from the oblivion of scrapbooks and bound volumes and are here preserved for the delectation of the occupants of the rooms in the Quadrangle. These window decorations, painted and fired into the glass, show the student mind ranging widely and merrily over the realm of fancy, as young minds will, and finding something to please its sense of the ridiculous in many aspects of campus life and of the life of the world outside. They will bring the personality of an elder epoch at Yale to live in these bedrooms and studies with the young men of each latest generation of undergraduates.

Bedrooms and bathrooms in the Quadrangle are built with every

consideration for cleanliness and sanitation. Like the studies, the bedrooms have a baseboard of black slate, set at an angle to facilitate cleaning, and the cement floors of the clothes closets are flush with the top of this baseboard, so that dust cannot blow in under the doors. The bedroom walls and ceilings are of rough plaster, painted in the same shades as the studies, and the woodwork is here restricted to doors and moldings. The floors are of oak planks, somewhat narrower than those used in the studies.

There are twelve hundred and sixty-six rooms within the Quadrangle, and they house approximately six hundred and thirty men. There are suites for two or three men, with study and bedrooms, and single rooms for the men who prefer to live alone. Among all these rooms, there is such variety that every dweller in this place may feel that his home has its own individuality. From his windows, he has his own particular view of the court in which he lives, a glowing picture of walls and gables and pinnacles, which will sink gradually into his consciousness and become a precious part of the memories he carries away from Yale. Within his own four walls, there is an individual beauty of detail or design, which makes it worth his while to give some effort of thought to his own furniture and decorations. And in one of his windowpanes, by the seat where he sprawls to study, to talk, or to dream, there is a droll little figure, child of the fantastic brain of some earlier student at Yale, whom he can come to know as a friend, a roommate whose queer, entertaining personality he will remember through the years that stretch beyond his parting with the Memorial Quadrangle and the rich and intimate life of Yale.

XI.

The Common Rooms

The Common Rooms of the Memorial Quadrangle were included in the plans of these buildings in the belief that some meeting ground, other than the student apartments themselves, might fill a want that has been vaguely felt in the undergraduate life at Yale. As yet they have not been received with warmth enough to indicate that the want

was a crying one, or that the usual meeting places of our college world are not sufficient to satisfy the needs of the student body as it exists today. Official attempts to coax the men into the Common Rooms have, of course, availed but little; and the undergraduates themselves have hardly troubled to find any way by which the rooms may be brought into service in the daily life of the college. Perhaps, as the years roll on, and institutions and customs change, the rooms will come naturally into functions that are necessary and useful in our life together. In the meantime, they stand desolate, their own beauty furnishing their only reason for existence.

That alone is certainly enough to justify the architect in giving them room beneath these roofs. Over the principal gateway to the Quadrangle, there is a little meeting room which one approaches by the winding tower stairs. There is so much to see, within the narrow compass of its walls, that a visitor turns almost bewildered from one thing to another. His eye rests on the wooden spoons that form the brackets for the sconces along the wall; then it roves upward to the tiebeam roof and runs up along the beams, where a procession of figures, in cap and gown, seem marching upon some mysterious business, or some other quaint design teases the curiosity as it weaves its way into the shadows. Along the wall, he finds dwarfed and crook-backed figures, clad for war and intent upon each other's slaughter. Here are the puritan settler and the redskin with his bow and arrow; there the Minute Man and the Redcoat; and beyond, the Rebel and the Union soldier. Above them is a frieze with carved and painted symbols, whose significance one can interpret to suit himself: the beehive, the flying wheel, the scales, and the key. Under the beams are painted figures, in whose faces can be traced the qualities they represent; and beneath them are carved in stone the Lion, the Lamb, the Pelican, and the Eagle, as keys to their characters. At the center of the tiebeams are Columbus and the *Santa Maria,* and the Puritan of Plymouth with the *Mayflower*. So the history of our land, from the very dawn of its discovery, is blended with the symbols of the ideals and activities of our national life, and with memorials of our college customs, in the decoration of this narrow room.

Under the low, sloping roof, mullioned windows look out to the west, into Branford Court; in the east wall, the deep window recesses are pierced in but two places, with very narrow lancet openings that give glimpses of the trees and buildings of the Campus; while in the south wall, a traceried window looks into the gallery of the Memorial Room, in the trunk of Harkness Tower. The room seems a retreat where the life of centuries long gone by has been preserved, and one looks out at its windows into the life of the present with a certain sense of strangeness. The fan vaulting of the Memorial Room, dimly seen through the gallery window, seems to belong more naturally to the epoch of this interior than the twentieth-century students whom one sees, through the other windows, in Branford Court or on the Old Campus.

At the present writing, the Student Council of the College holds its meetings at the long table that occupies the center of this room. Their filing cabinet, the typical modern contraption of glaring golden oak, stands in the corner and shrieks a discordant note, which it is hard to forgive; but one can overlook a modern filing cabinet in the thought that this room is actually playing a part in the life of modern Yale. One would guess that the business of the Council would be transacted with a higher sense of responsibility, a greater willingness to undertake the hard task of deliberation, since its meetings are held here.

This room, then, has already found its way to contribute to the life of the college. Another of the Common Rooms, at one time, was given some part to play in a section of undergraduate affairs. Under the shadow of Eliot Gateway, which leads into Brothers-in-Unity Court, is the door to the Cabinet Commons, named for the building which once housed the nucleus of Yale's geological collection. Not long ago, a piano was given leave to stand within this room; and although it, too, like the filing cabinet in the meeting room above the Memorial Gateway, was a thing of shiny and obtrusive modernism, it was the means of bringing undergraduates into this delightful room. On certain nights in the week, voices of glee-club men filled the Cabinet, and floating out into Brothers-in-Unity Court beyond, woke the echoes there, until they were sometimes answered by other voices, passing unfavorable comment upon the strains that broke the quiet of the court.

Whether or not the young men who have gathered in the Cabinet to sing were too intent upon the music they were making to give attention to their surroundings, at least they have had beauty enough about them to add luster to their songs,—particularly if they sang of the sea. Carved in the stone over the mantel is a great, full-rigged ship, which seems to come sailing out of a deep bank of cloud. The carving was inspired by one of the most picturesque of the colonial traditions of New Haven. On a certain afternoon in June, 1648, out of the clouds that hung over the harbor, came the vision of a ship, a clear portent that hung upon the sky for some minutes and then dissolved into cloud wrack and was seen no more. Local superstition at once accepted the vision as a messenger of evil tidings, and it was universally believed that the wreck of the cloud-ship betokened the ill fate that had overtaken the vessel of one Captain Lamberton, which had put forth from the port of New Haven in January, 1646, and was never heard from again. This disaster and the portent that superstition has associated with it are of the stuff that gives flavor to the traditions of an old community like New Haven, and it is well that such things should be commemorated in our architecture, as the local history and superstitions of the feudal lands were recorded in the carvings and the windows of the Gothic cathedrals. There is a haunting beauty in this ghost-ship, which the sculptor has conjured out of the cloudy stone. It fills the mind with thoughts of the terrors of the sea, of the courage that sets these terrors at defiance, and of hearts troubled with forebodings and journeying the dark road of hope deferred, until dread becomes at last a hopeless certainty. It is just a simple old myth that the sculptor has seized upon and immortalized here in stone over the mantelpiece, but he has given it a depth of meaning that links the ghost-ship of New Haven to the long chain of episodes in the warfare between man and the sea.

The ghost-ship is the first thing that anyone will notice as he enters Cabinet Commons, but there are other things to make the room worth a visit. The mullioned windows at each end of the room and in the wall along the passageway may be the thing that attracts the eye as it strays at last from the carving over the mantel. The portraits in glass and lead, the work of the firm of Owen Bonawit of New York, are a particular

feature of these rooms. In the Cabinet, we have the eighteenth century bowing at us from the window glass: the dancing master and his pupil, the be-powdered lady with her fan or her *badine,* the gallant approaching his Belinda with the extravagant graces that belong to the age of knee breeches and silk stockings. These figures hold the center of the windows; but in the lower panes are other mementos of the century of the American Revolution: the stagecoach, the spinning wheel, the printing press Ben Franklin made and used. Here, too, are things which glance directly at the chapter of strife that gave our country its existence as an independent nation: the device this same Ben Franklin employed to drive home his advice to the squabbling colonies, "Unite or Die"; a note for Sixty Dollars, in Continental currency, dated September 26, 1778; a revenue stamp for eleven shillings, six pence, issued in 1775 by the government of King George the Third for use under the abominable Stamp Act.

The light that streams into the rooms through the windows set with these mementos of eighteenth-century America falls upon the simple paneling of the walls; on the great flagstones that pave the floor,—stones of a marvelous texture that exhibit an infinite variety of patterns in their graining; upon the carved moldings, close under the ceiling, where, amid oak leaves and elm leaves, one finds the names of three of the Presidents of Yale. The wealth of the room comes gradually to view, much as all the riches of the Memorial Quadrangle reveal themselves bit by bit. Its treasure is drawn from both the present and the past and is offered with picturesque indifference to the cold formalities of chronology. The building of South Middle in 1718 and the establishment of the Alumni Fund in 1870 are recorded in carvings upon the same wall, as if they were events of a single decade; and the change of title by which Yale College became Yale University, in 1887, is recorded above the window that contains the eighteenth-century spinning wheel and the revenue stamp of 1775.

With the same disregard of pedantic distinctions between the years, well-nigh a whole century of student life is bridged by the back of a settle. If one drops into the corner of one of the benches that stand before the windows of the Cabinet, he may be surprised to find that his

hand is resting upon the head of an undergraduate of the year 1819. It is a truculent little fellow, armed with the knotty cane which the young gentlemen of the college used to carry into the streets of New Haven, in that era of Town and Gown Riots and College Bullies; and from between his knees peeps forth the engaging visage of a formidable bulldog, the early forerunner of "Handsome Dan." At the farther end of the settle stands another figure, carved in the likeness of a football man of 1890, and he, too, is guarded by the same amiable dog.

Handsome Dan deserved a place in the Memorial Quadrangle; but it was good judgment to give him just such a place as this, where his prominence will not be great enough to flatter his overweening conceit. If we read his history aright, he was as outrageously aware of his own importance, while he still encumbered the ground, as a dog well could be, and his ugly mug thrust itself into too great a prominence as a symbol of the Yale spirit. One cannot help loving the old fellow, of course, if only for his uncompromising ugliness, but it is rather refreshing to find him occupying a place of becoming obscurity in the Memorial Quadrangle. Comrade only of the more rugged moods of college life, Handsome Dan is in the place he ought to occupy, here in Cabinet Commons, as companion of the Bully of 1819 and the line-bucking fullback of 1890.

What one finds in the interior of the Cabinet is not unlike what is to be found within the other Common Rooms. Each of them is a sanctuary, where memories of days gone by are given shelter. The windows are the dwelling place of men and women out of the distant past: the Elizabethan huntsman, pressing close on the sobbing deer; the medieval scribe, writing at his desk with grey-goose quill, while the saffron candle flame quavers in the draught that creeps down the gusty hall; the lovely chatelaine, with ounded tresses showing pure gold under the lace caul—her foot, in its slender, pointed shoe, pressing the treadle of her spinning wheel, while her eyes rest upon the book spread out before her—reading, perchance, the tale of Launcelot de Lake, "that wommen holde in ful gret reverence." The light that streams in through the windows, where these figures, in the bright-colored vestments of an earlier age, are busy all day long over their old-time occupations, falls

upon oak panels or upon rough stone and beams, which hardly seem to be part of the walls of a modern building. These rooms seem really to belong to the age of the huntsman, the scribe, or the chatelaine, and it would not be so surprising to see one or the other of them step down out of the windowpanes and move across the room to the fireplace. Perhaps, when all the Quadrangle is still, and a late moon has risen on the sleeping college, they do step down, one and all, and frolic in these rooms, where the past is quite safe against intrusion.

Although all the Common Rooms make a similar appeal, each of them has its individuality and is marked by certain features of design or decoration which are its own. Of the four, Trumbull is the lightest and most spacious. The seven windows in the southern bay, looking out upon the warm brick walls of Linonia Court, bring the radiance of that cheerful enclosure into this room; and through these windows and those in the opposite wall, the light streams in upon the interior, leaving nothing in the shadow save the alcove where a doorway leads into the Memorial Room. The stonework of the walls glows in the reflected light with a surprising warmth, and the woodwork has the soft radiance of old pewter. The other rooms are seen as well, perhaps, by artificial light, but this room should be seen only when the sun is shining.

Around the walls of Trumbull are portrait cases, set into the stone and wood. They were placed there to contain portraits of men actively connected with the life of Yale, as teachers or administrators, in the years when the Quadrangle was built; but the experiment, upon trial, proved a perilous one. So very few of the eminent gentlemen whose features were displayed were satisfied that the artist had done them justice that the portraits were at last withdrawn. At present, the cases stand vacant, save for those over the mantelpiece, where portraits of Dana, Lounsbury, and Silliman have recently been placed, together with some autograph letters. Trumbull Commons is named for the first art gallery of Yale, the tomb-like structure built behind the Old Brick Row to house the paintings of John Trumbull. The gallery stood in the College Yard from 1832 until 1901, and the painter and his wife lay buried beneath it. It was Professor Silliman who secured the Trumbull

paintings for Yale College, and it is particularly fitting that his picture should be one of those displayed in this room.

As in all the other Common Rooms, there is some very fine wood carving to be seen in Trumbull, not only in the linen-fold paneling, which covers part of the walls, but in out-of-the-way bits of decoration that the eye will not detect at once. Under the mantel, for example, are two highly studious young men, in cap and gown, who are carrying huge folio volumes. Under a beam, across the room, is another figure in academic costume, displaying a scroll that announces the date of the first award of the degree of Master of Arts for "specific scholastic attainment." Over the archway that surrounds the recessed doorway to the Memorial Room is a graceful spray of oak leaves, commemorating the foundation of the School of Forestry in the year 1900.

One bit of decoration which appears over and over again in the Memorial Quadrangle is represented here in the rose, the thistle, and the elm leaves carved in the mantel. The Yale man will know what these things signify, appearing thus together, but the outsider might be puzzled by the constant recurrence of these united symbols. They have reference to an old song, which, in its original form, declares the fondness that the son of Erin has for the place where the shamrock grows; but as Yale men sing it, it runs as follows:

> Show me the Scotchman who does not love the thistle,
> Show me the Englishman who does not love the rose,
> But show me the true hearted son of old Eli
> Who doesn't love the spot—where the elm tree grows.

The song has not been sung so much of late upon the Yale Campus as it once was, but the affection for the place where the elm tree grows runs as deep as ever in the hearts of the sons of Eli. They will recognize these symbols which the architect has placed so frequently upon the walls of the Memorial Quadrangle, within and without, and their hope will be that the men who are to occupy these buildings, through the years to come, will not let the sentiment of the old song die.

The undergraduates of the present day may pass by the doors of the Common Rooms, neglectful of the invitation that they offer to drop in and share their quiet and seclusion through an idle hour; but it is hard

to believe that their appeal will always be disregarded. One conjectures that half the trouble, at present, lies in the furniture which the rooms hold,—beautiful enough, to be sure, and appropriate to the design of the rooms, but far too straight and hard to allure the children of this age of deep upholstery. Perhaps, if a piano and a filing cabinet can penetrate these fastnesses, a leather divan or two may eventually follow; and although the anachronism will be far from pleasing to the judicious eye, the invasion may be justified if it gains its end and the undergraduates who live in the Quadrangle can be brought to form the habit of using these rooms. After all, if they come at all, they will bring with them their modern apparel and all the chatter of the modern age; what matter if they bring modern furniture as well? The past can hardly be driven from these rooms: it broods upon the walls, where the records of days gone by are carved in the oak; it looks in through the windows, where the men and women of by-gone centuries are portrayed in glass and lead. Coming in, out of the racing currents of their own life, the undergraduates of any age will find that they have stepped into a quiet shelter, where the murmur of the past is louder than all the clamor of the present, and where nothing that life holds is so pleasant, for the moment, as the telling of old tales.

XII.

The Memorial Room

In the shaft of the Harkness Tower is the Memorial Room, dedicated to the memory of Charles William Harkness, in whose name this group of buildings was given to Yale. It was the express wish of his mother, the donor, that the Quadrangle should be a memorial, not to her son alone, but to the whole past of the college, and his name has been given only to the great tower. Loyalty, modesty, and generosity were of the essence of the man's own character; and he would certainly have approved the wish that the gift which was made in his name should be not merely his own monument, but a witness to the valorous past of Yale.

On the other hand, the buildings would not be complete, were there no sanctuary within their walls where the devotion and the grief, from

which the gift had its being, could be perpetually remembered. The life of one man, among the many inconspicuous lives that have shaped themselves under the influence of Yale, is a matter of no great moment to the world. It molds itself into its own momentary color and splendor, like the leaf that comes into being on the elm tree in Branford Court; it unfolds, under the impulses of life, and makes the world, in some almost unnoticed way, more beautiful by its own unique perfections; and when its time comes, it drifts down into oblivion, undistinguished by the world at large. But the love that it has kindled is an immortal thing and cannot be done away. Upon its passing, there is music that still lingers in the hearts that it has touched, and as it moves into silence and oblivion, it leaves the murmur of its joy behind it, an inheritance *in perpetuo,* which is handed down from generation to generation and grows in sweetness as it passes down the years.

Within the quiet of the Memorial Room, the value of the individual life has been made a visible thing. There are many memorials to the famous sons of Yale in sundry places in the Quadrangle; but there is none that has such power to stir the heart as this memorial to a man who won no especial fame. The affection of his friends and of his family, the serenity of his own life, the "little unremembered acts of friendship and of love" are the things of which this room would tell us; and under the power of the beauty which has gone into the making of this monument, we see at once that these things are of great moment to the world, after all, and are as worthy of remembrance, could we know them to their depths, as the winning of battles and the writing of books. In this college world of ours, at least, where friendship is among the fairest of the fruits we grow, and where men are promoted to great place—more often, one would say, than in the outside world—in recognition solely of the quiet charm that is in them, the true feeling that the Memorial Room expresses will always meet with understanding.

In the paneling that lines the lower part of the walls, the tools of the carver have conjured a veritable pageant of life out of the dead surface of the wood. The whole history of Yale, from 1701 to 1921, marches before us here, with eager step and earnest zeal. Here at the right of

the fireplace are the Connecticut clergymen, met at the parsonage of Parson Russell of Branford, on an October day in 1701, to take the first solemn step in their daring enterprise. The books that they are believed to have brought, "to found a college in this colony," are on the table before them, and their faces are alight with satisfaction as they view this tangible evidence of their common determination to accomplish something for the cause of learning.

Even more satisfactory signs of progress appear in the next panel, where Rector Pierson is presiding at the first Commencement at Killingworth, and is bestowing the degree upon a senior class—of one! The third panel reveals another step forward,—the arrival of the books which Jeremy Dummer had collected in London for the Collegiate School. Isaac Newton—the carving records—gave a copy of his *Principia* from his own bookshelves, but he was not the only Londoner who aided the infant college, under the tactful insistence of the efficient Mr. Dummer. It was a very considerable library, judged by the standards of eighteenth-century New England, that Dummer collected, and its arrival upon the landing stage at Saybrook Point was a great event in the early annals of Yale.

The placid scene that stands next but one in the pageant, showing the oxcart laden with books headed toward New Haven, marks a victory not accomplished without some clamor and exchange of blows. How the disappointed inhabitants of Saybrook, loath to see the Collegiate School departing from among them, opposed the efforts of the Sheriff to remove the college books, is told in another place in this volume. Knowing the history of that stormy little incident, the imaginative visitor may believe he detects something like an expression of satisfaction on the face of one of the oxen that are portrayed here, passing the guidepost that points the way to the final resting place of the Dummer Library.

The figure of Elihu Yale with the bales of goods with which he endowed the college and won immortality for his own name; the oxcart that brought up the books from Saybrook; the representation of the first Commencement at New Haven, in 1717, with the profile of the original College House in the background: these three carvings record a very

happy epoch in the history of the college, a time of prosperity and renewed hope, when the infant school, after years of bitter struggle and some disappointments, began life again in the place that had been destined for its home when John Davenport first dreamed of a college in Connecticut.

The next five panels tell the story of years when peace and war, prosperity and sorrow, passed over the college, in sunshine and cloud. The familiar building which we still know as Connecticut Hall, calling it by the name that it was given nearly two hundred years ago, stands peaceful and unshaken between two panels that commemorate the spending of young life and energy in the bitter service of war. Those were days of destruction and of waste, in which Bushnell and Hale spent themselves for an almost desperate cause; days to be followed by a more hopeful time of refounding and replanting. Appropriate enough that the good citizen who planted the streets of our city with elms, in that period of new hope and energy, should have his place in this pageant of our history, amid the memorials of the days of revolution and disorder; days when the peace of New Haven was shattered by invasion, and when even the inoffensive business of training young men in knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew was interrupted by the imperious demands of war.

Beyond these panels, which record the days of the Revolution, come scenes of quite another nature, recalling times of untroubled progress and peaceful diversions. Here is a lusty young orator, freeing his mind on some topic of tremendous importance before the members of his Debating Society. His audience, to tell the truth, looks far from impressed, and one feels no little sympathy for the unfortunate speaker, wasting his eloquence on the dull clods before him; and with the sympathy comes a further understanding of the value of that association in the societies of Calliope, Linonia, and Brothers in Unity, where men tried the mettle of their minds upon each other,—and learned in the process not to set too high a value on their own eloquence or their own ideas.

While the Debating Societies grew and flourished, the college grew, too, and prospered, drawing gradually about it a group of elder scholars,

who were preparing themselves very definitely for certain professions. The earliest steps on the road toward the forming of a university under the name of Yale are recorded here in the panels which commemorate the beginning of medical education at New Haven, and the establishment of the Divinity School and the School of Law.

These events are peaceful enough, but the years to which they belong were not all passed in perfect peace. The two panels that have their place at the right of the entrance to the room record tumultuous hours in the streets of New Haven, when the college students went armed with most provocative canes and bangers and rallied about their Bully at the first alarm. The tale of the warfare between Town and Gown is told in another place in this book. Here in the Memorial Room, it were well, perhaps, to pass by these indiscretions of adolescent Yale with only a curious glance at the gnarled old club, which was once the emblem of the highest office in the student world, and at the cannon which a revengeful public once trained upon the buildings of the Old Brick Row.

Beyond the doorway, the dignity of the academic world reasserts itself, against the memory of Bullyism and Town and Gown Riots. Here is the *Lit.,* eldest of the college publications of America, standing shoulder to shoulder with the dignified Old Library, two children of the same period in the last century, whose characters, established in a period of new enthusiasm for letters, are still exerting their influence in modern Yale.

Along the eastern wall of the room, below the great window, the scenes of the pageant alternate between the grave and the gay, the inconsequential frolics of youth and the sober plans of graver men for the enlargement of the service Yale could render. The dawn of undergraduate athletics is commemorated by the panel that recalls the beginning of boating at Yale, and by the rather inaccurate representation of Football on the Green. The undying enmity between young gentlemen at institutions of learning and certain of the subjects provided for the improvement of their minds, finds its memorial in the carving that portrays the uncouth rites of the Burial of Euclid. The savage glee which animates the countenances of these young men will be comprehensible

at once to those who understand that they are met—at midnight on Prospect Hill—to bid farewell forever to Required Mathematics.

While these irresponsible youngsters are reveling about the grave of Euclid, or tussling with each other for the honor of their class on the city green, more sedate and constructive affairs are going forward in the panels just beyond. The founding of the Scientific School, the building of the Art School and Alumni Hall, represent the fulfilment of hopes long cherished by some of the greatest of the Yale men of the mid-nineteenth century and were the fruition of long and faithful toil on the part of devoted men. These things are not so stirring as the tales of Town and Gown Riots, nor so whimsical as the records of undergraduate frolics; but they represent the plain, hard work by which alone an institution like Yale can grow and prosper.

When we reach the panel that shows the Fence along College Street, we have come down almost to modern times. It was not until Osborn Hall was built, in 1889, that the Fence was removed from its position at the borders of the College Yard; and the men who have gathered at that convenient roosting place for an hour of laughter and talk and song are still numbered by the thousands among our alumni. Not so long ago, either, since the Junior Class used to choose its most popular member to receive the honor of the Wooden Spoon. The festivities which marked the conferring of this trophy are described elsewhere in this book; but if the visitor is lucky enough to come hither under the guidance of some sedate alumnus, perhaps he can have an account of that grave occasion from the lips of an eyewitness.

The rites of the Wooden Spoon, like the Old Fence and the Burial of Euclid, are now things of the past; but Tap Day still has its place on the calendar of the college year. The Thursday afternoon in May, when elections to the Senior Societies are given out, is one of the seasons when the life of the student world knots into crisis. There are some forty or fifty minutes of tension: swift-striding figures approaching the crowd, breaking their way back and forth through the throng, singling out the men they have come for, striking them on the back with the energy of men who have been themselves under a strain of anxiety; there is the explosive racket of approving cheers, by which a lot of nervous men

greet the success of their comrades; there are strange silences, such as settle over men in grave suspense, while some senior searches anxiously for his man; there are jokes, which rouse a rattle of high-pitched laughter, starting up like the crash of musketry and dying as suddenly; there are moments of confused din, when some junior, smitten between his shoulder blades, refuses to budge and is exhorted by his friends either to stand firm or to be off to his room; there are the intermittent groups of men, going off the Campus in twos, the junior moving ahead with a face that is trying not to show too much pleasure, the senior striding along behind with a face that expresses nothing. All this the world can see for this brief hour; and then the crowd disperses, the Campus settles into the peace of a spring evening—and the crisis is over, for another year.

After the excitement of Senior Society elections, there is nothing that seems very momentous, from the undergraduate point of view, in the remaining scenes of the pageant. Most Yale students will doubtless be glad to know that Professor Marsh discovered the bones of some dinosaurs, though they would have been just as well content if those interesting remains had been left slumbering in the earth; and the fact that Yale College changed its title, and became a university, adding to itself Schools of Music and Forestry, are matters that do not concern them in the slightest,—unless they have a personal taste for courses in Music or in Forest Botany. Even the undergraduate, however, takes a pride in the new college growing up in the swarming province of Hunan under the auspices of Yale. "Yali" is sometimes the subject of campus jests, and the life of this oriental grandchild of Yale is often the occasion of humorous conjecture in the pages of the *Record;* but in the depths of his heart, every Yale man is genuinely proud of this sensible missionary enterprise, and the directors of Yale-in-China never have difficulty in finding seniors who are ready to give their services for a year or two to this labor that goes on so far away under the honored name of Yale.

The last scene of the pageant that the panels present records the forming of the Yale Battery, which did so much to prepare the sons of Yale to enter the service of their country, when the call to arms went

through the land in 1917. It was not much fun drilling through the long hours on the Campus, learning how to serve the guns, but it was work done with a dogged determination, and it gave Yale a conspicuous place in the Artillery service during the Great War. The founders of our college, whose faces we have seen depicted on the panel just beyond the fireplace, may take satisfaction that the institution which they founded on that day in 1701 still holds true to their ideals of service.

The best and the finest that there is in Yale is given expression in these memorial buildings, and there is no place in the whole group where it is so clear as it is in this room that this great gift was given to that end—to make the spirit of Yale a vivid and tangible presence in the midst of our college life. Her past, if we would seek it out, is carved on these panels for our ignorance to read; the children of her house are named for us in the carving under the high vaulting, where the names of the colleges that Yale men have founded are inscribed; and over the mantelpiece is the inscription that dedicates this room to the memory of a high-souled and modest gentleman, who shall stand for all time as the type and symbol of those sons of our college who achieve no glowing fame by the brilliance of their deeds, but carry into the life of our country, nevertheless, a rare gift of sympathy and understanding, which they have learned at the knees of Mother Yale.

Emerging from the Memorial Room, the visitor stands again under the archway of the gate to the Quadrangle; and the city street, dazzling bright after the subdued light within, reminds him of duties to be done. The time he has to give to the Quadrangle is doubtless at an end; but as he crosses High Street, and takes his way once more across the Old Campus, he will walk slowly, pausing now and then to glance again at the great tower, and pondering in his heart the beauty that has been brought together, in this modern city, out of the present and the past.

Every true work of art is most strangely made of something that is very old and something that is new. Without the one, it were an imitation and a hollow sham; without the other, it might contrive to gain the applause of those who dote on innovations, but it could never win the hearts of many men. Both old and new have their share in the fascina-

tion of the Memorial Quadrangle. Perhaps it is the power of tradition, speaking through the Gothic form of the buildings, which first lays hold upon the visitor. Voices that long ago went silent seem to call out to him from these walls and towers, in half familiar words that stir vague memories within him. Though he may never have seen anything of the kind before, it does not seem altogether a new thing that he sees; as sometimes, in a dream, the strangest things seem suddenly familiar. This is the profit that art takes from paying its debt to the past: that all men are aware that this thing is of their kindred, having taken its shape under the very forces that made them what they are.

On the other hand, the Quadrangle is no alien, come among us out of some distant age in garments that are all uncouth. The ancient beauty that is in it has been reshaped into something that belongs naturally and thoroughly to this age in which it was built and this spot on which it stands. Symbols, not of the feudal past, but of our own younger traditions, are carved upon it. These are no medieval figures which stand in the canopied niches upon the tower buttresses, but heroes of our own brief history. A more timid sort of art might have feared to put them there, in such state as we associate instinctively with saints and princes; but the art that created this tower had no such fear, for it was building something true. A living faith—not so profound, to be sure, as that which built the Gothic cathedrals, but just as true and honest—was the new, vitalizing force which went to the making of these buildings; and the traditions of the well-loved institution, to which that faith was owing, have the best right in the world to a visible place in the finished work. Wherever the original suggestion for these walls and towers may have come from, it was not in distant lands or distant times—not in the great Gothic era, nor in old St. Botolph's town across the seas—that the architect found the real power of his inspiration, but in this new-world college, which he had known and loved.

Perhaps, while the visitor stands under the elms of the Old Campus, pondering these things and taking his farewell of the Quadrangle, the noon will overtake him, lingering here, and the chimes of the tower will ring out their noonday song, as if the buildings were bidding him godspeed. The bells were cast in England, in a foundry in Lough-

borough which has been making bells since the days of Saint Thomas à Becket; and at curfew, they play a certain very ancient melody, which sounded once down shadowy Gothic aisles, in days before Thomas à Becket had become a saint. But at high noon, when the life of this modern city is riding at full tide, the notes they send out over our roof tops are a strain from Dvořák's New World Symphony. So the old world and the new speak through the voices of the bells, as they speak through the whole fabric of the Quadrangle.

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